The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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NOVEMBER 1931

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LOVE GHOSTS

Secret Shams of HOLLYWOOD

DECEMBER

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present

WILLIAM POWELL

as
The man men remembered
and women couldn't forget
in

The ROAD to SINGAPORE

DORIS KENYON
MARIAN MARSH
Based on a play by Roland Pertwee
from a story by Denise Robins
Directed by
ALFRED E. GREEN

A greater William Powell—more intriguing than ever before . . . See him as Warner Bros. present him: Suave gentleman! Debonair lover!...See him at the glamorous height of his dramatic power, in a story of tropic nights; of love under a languorous moon; and of a key given but not used . . . See him experiment with love in The Road to Singapore—the finest screen play of his career—a great Warner Bros. production worthy of William Powell's talents . . .

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Madge Evans

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The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

One of the Tower Magazines

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"I don't mind your knowing it... I am 37"

SAYS MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Famous Screen Star declares years need not rob you of Youth...

"I REALLY AM 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the freshness of youth can be charming at most any age. Stage and screen stars *must* keep their youthful charm.

"Above everything else they guard complexion beauty. They know that a lovely skin is always appealing. I've discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap does wonders for my skin. I've used it for years."

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Marjorie Rambeau's complexion secret is shared by countless other beautiful stars of the stage and screen!

In Hollywood of the 613 leading actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use this fragrant white soap. It is official in all the film studios.

Your skin should have this gentle, luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU. A recent photograph of this lovely stage favorite, who has become a popular screen star. She is appearing currently in *The Secret Six.*

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

DECEMBER

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

JOHN McCORMACK is placing in his repertoire two new songs by Ernest Torrence. "God Gave Me Flowers" and "Smiling Kitty O'Day." Indications are that they will go over as big as the McCormack song written by Torrence last year, "What an Irishman Means by Machree."

The music for Gloria Swanson's newest release, "Indiscreet," was the product of De Sylva, Brown and Henderson and is in their best vein.

Sam Coslow has written two new songs for Ruth Chatterton. In her new picture, Sam's "Just One More Chance" is featured.

Arthur Freed is the composer of "Island of Love," heard in the MGM feature picture "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

Another gigolo picture, this time, "Dance, Gigolo, Dance." Ricardo Cortez is to be featured by RKO.

In First National's "Men of the Sky," the musical numbers are the work of Jerome Kern.

A record was established by RKO when ten thousand feet of music were recorded by Max Steiner, the musical director, in six hours.

ONCE more we hear from a new band and this time they seem to hail from the sunny isle of good old Cuba, which should be a good climate for raising musicians, and these boys seem to prove it. You would naturally expect them to record something on the order of a rumba or a tango, but here they fool us, and come forth with the new popular success, "I'm All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart." I'm pretty sure that you will enjoy this record. The boys pep up the tune with a good lazy rhythm chorus, and the number features Arthur Tracy, "The Street Singer," who does his part very well indeed.

The other side, also by Manolo Castro, "There's No Other Girl," is done just as efficiently as the first. Although it has almost the same rhythm, it is played in a nice manner and goes to make two good sides for one record. Arthur Tracy also does the vocal refrain. (This is a Victor record.)

"I Love You in the Same Sweet Way" is next on the list and also a good one. Ted Black and his orchestra do the honors and you're sure to like them. Their execution is almost identical with Guy Lombardo with the same easy swing. In some ways this band might almost be classed as better than the famous Royal Canadians. There is a vocal chorus by Tom Brown. And strangely enough he sounds to me like Rudy Vallee. (This is a Victor record.)

Now we get around to the dark end of the business and we hear some good hot music, none other than our old friend, "Minnie the Moocher." The Blue Rhythm Boys do the mooching and how they can do it! As you know, this is Cab Galloway's number and it's hard for a strange band to put over a number after it has made such a conspicuous success, but the Blue Rhythm Boys do just as good a job as Cab, and that's saying a lot. Perhaps you know that this band is filling Galloway's place at the Cotton Club while Cab is on tour, and that means we will hear more from

(*Please turn to page* 77)

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"I'm All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart," fox trot—played by Manolo Castro and his Havana Yacht Club Orchestra (Victor)

"Little Girl," fox trot—played by Joe Venuti's Rhythm Boys (Columbia)

"Black Rhythm," fox trot—played by Cab Galloway and his orchestra (Brunswick)

"I Love You in the Same Sweet Way," fox trot—played by Ted Black and his orchestra (Victor)

"Minnie the Moocher," slow fox trot—played by Mills' Blue Rhythm Band (Victor)

John McCormack, the popular Irish tenor, is singing some new songs by the veteran Scotch actor, Ernest Torrence. Torrence has written several song hits.

Follow the Popular Song Hits in This Unique NEW MOVIE Department Every Month

Best paid young woman in his office today

... yet once he nearly let her go because of 'B.O.' (Body Odor)

"FROM the very first we could see she had *brains*. But she hadn't been here a week before others were complaining.

"If she'd been 'just average', we probably would have dropped her fast. But so clever and willing a girl was worth making an effort to keep. So the office nurse had a frank talk with her . . . Pretty soon there was no more 'B.O.'—*body odor*—to trouble those about her. And she has forged ahead ever since."

Everyone not so fortunate

Lucky girl—to be *told* about her fault! So many times the "B.O." offender is simply allowed to take the consequences—lose friends, jobs, opportunities, without knowing why. For people shrink from mentioning an intimate matter like *body odor*—even by its popular name, "B.O."

Don't take chances. Remember, pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. Make *sure* of not offending. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, purifying lather penetrates and *deodorizes* pores—ends "B.O." dangers. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're cleaner, *safer* with Lifebuoy!

New complexion beauty

Make Lifebuoy "facials" part of your daily complexion care. Watch dull skins grow clear and lovely. Work the bland, deep-cleansing lather well into the pores. Then rinse. Clogged impurities gently loosen. Complexions glow with fresh, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

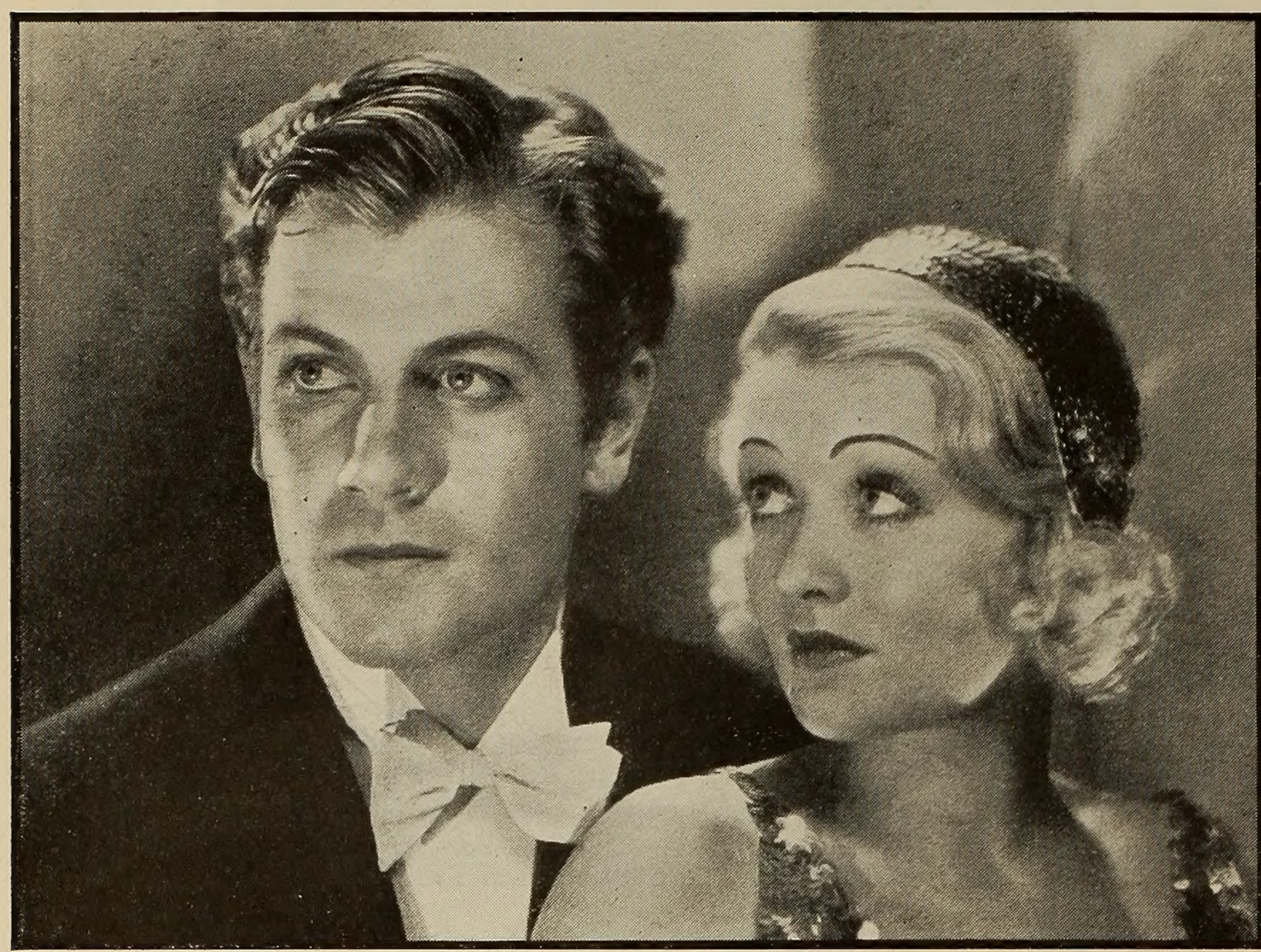
A product of LEVER BROS. CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor

DECEMBER

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



One of the big box-office hits of the year is RKO-Pathé's filming of Robert Chambers' novel, "The Common Law." Constance Bennett is delightful as the model and Joel McCrea is excellent as the artist.

AA indicates a motion picture of extraordinary merit. A is used to mark a film that is excellent in every way. B means a good picture. C is fairly good and D is just fair. You can't waste your time or money on motion pictures carrying NEW MOVIE'S *AA or A award of merit.*

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Bought. Constance Bennett, who is becoming one of the most important stars of the day, gives a smart performance in this interesting adaptation of a story that makes good picture material. *Warner.* Class A.

The Common Law. Once again Constance Bennett reveals her superiority, appearing in a famous drama by Robert W. Chambers. Richard Bennett, father of Constance, also contributes an enjoyable performance. *RKO-Pathé.* Class A.

Young As You Feel. Good clean comedy with America's favorite cowboy humorist leading the laughs. You will also like Fifi Dorsay as a chic French singer responsible for Rogers' rejuvenation. *Fox.* Class B.

Sporting Blood. A story of the track developed with considerable skill and profiting by plenty of human as well as equine interest. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

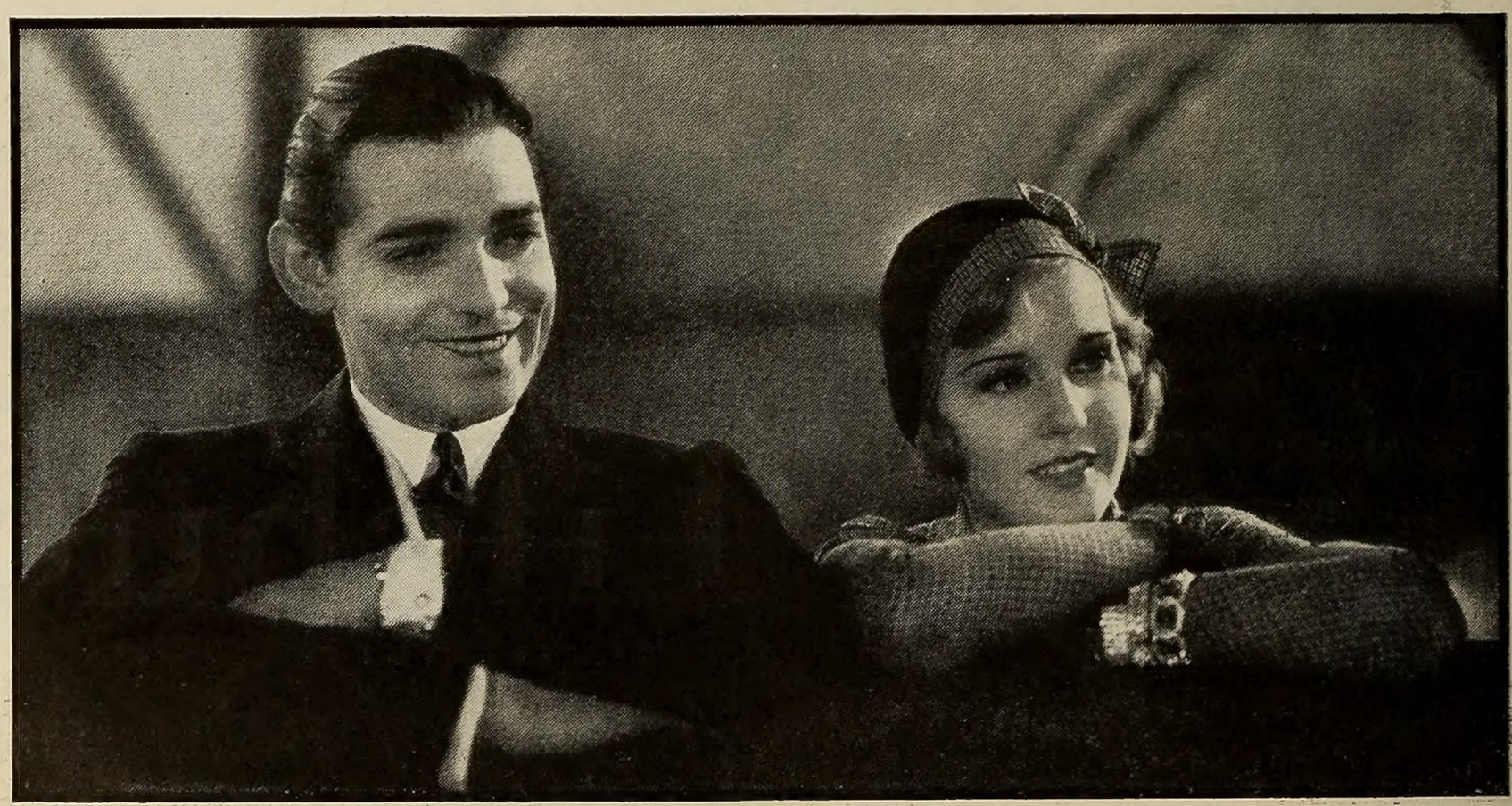
Son of India. The racial clash between East and West in a romance colored with Oriental glamour. Ramon Novarro, as a handsome Arab, is ably supported by Madge Evans. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

An American Tragedy. The much discussed version of Theodore Dreiser's famous work as adapted by Josef von Sternberg. Without holding any brief for the novelist, it may be observed that the screen production lacks the warmth and the solid substance of the original work. Phillips Holmes is well cast as the boy. *Paramount.* Class B.

Rebound. A smart comedy, perhaps a bit too smart, with Ina Claire portraying the methods of a modern woman out to get her man. *Pathé.* Class B.

The Woman Between. Without the engaging personality of Lily Damita this would be thin entertainment, indeed. The French actress gives a touch of bloom to a pale story. *RKO.* Class B.

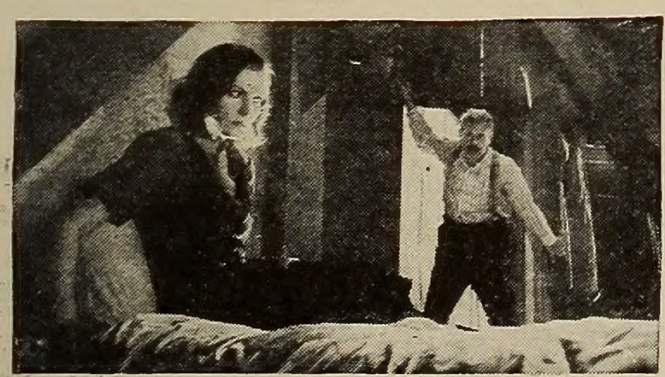
The Black Camel. Another in the series of Charlie Chan adventures with Warner Oland giving one of his smooth portrayals of an Oriental. *Fox.* Class B. (*Please turn to page* 10)



"Sporting Blood" is a remarkable and exciting motion picture saga of a race horse, but there are plenty of opportunities for humans in it, too, notably Clark Gable and Madge Evans.

THE ONE AND ONLY GRETA GARBO IN THE ARMS OF FASCINATING CLARK GABLE! WHAT A PAIR OF SCREEN LOVERS THEY MAKE!

GRETA GARBO



Sold by her father, she runs away.

The circus owner shows his true colors!

magnificently thrilling in
David Graham Phillips classic love story—

SUSAN LENOX

(HER FALL AND RISE)

with an all-star cast including

CLARK GABLE Jean HERSHOLT John MILJAN

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production

Get ready for the supreme, exotic thrill of your picture-going days! Here truly is gorgeous Greta Garbo in the picture that will make you forget all her previous triumphs. Come and be thrilled!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(*Continued from page* 8)

Constance Bennett gives a corking performance as the heroine of "Bought," the new Warner film, with Ben Lyon opposite. This is emotionally compelling. Constance's dad, Richard Bennett, plays in this picture, too.

Maciste in Hell. A silent Italian film suggesting the spectacles of a decade ago. Nothing to brag about from any angle. *Excelsior.* Class D.

Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour. A well contrived Sherlock Holmes episode turned out by an English studio with English actors. It is a pleasant variation after an abundance of impolite gangsters. *Warner.* Class B.

Enemies of the Law. Our friends the gangsters again, with Lou Tellegen and Johnny Walker heading opposing factions. A fairly entertaining film. *Warner.* Class C.

Women Men Marry. The old problem of modern marriage, extravagance and threatened disaster. Sally Blaine is the unsophisticated bride from the South who nearly comes to grief. *Headline Productions.* Class C.

Women Love Once. Highly dramatic and utilizing effective methods for extracting tears from a sympathetic audience. A picture of marital infelicities. *Paramount.* Class B.

Gentleman's Fate. John Gilbert is the gentleman in question and we trust that his fate may not be decided by this racketeering story. He deserves at least another chance. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Sweepstakes. If you like horse racing you will enjoy this simple yarn of thoroughbreds. Eddie Quillan is the jockey and James Gleason a comic trainer. *RKO.* Class C.

The Man in Possession. Robert Montgomery brings a light touch to an interpretation of a young Englishman assigned to occupy the house of an insolvent debtor who happens to be a charming lady. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Broadminded. Extravagant farce with Joe E. Brown stretching his mouth to its widest capacity, which is considerable. A silly picture, but easy to laugh at. *First National.* Class B.

First Aid. Here we find all the conventional ingredients of gangster pictures rolled into one strip of film. The result may leave an audience unmoved because of the too obviously contrived situations. *World Wide.* Class C.

Politics. Admirers of Marie Dressler will find this comedy, interspersed with a few serious moments, to be much to their liking. Needless to say Miss Dressler is entertaining. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Donovan's Kid. Sympathetic acting by Jackie Cooper and Richard Dix in a nicely fashioned drama. *Radio.* Class A.

Three Girls Lost. These wandering maidens find themselves alone and astray in Chicago. They are not alone for long. *Fox.* Class C.

Too Young to Marry. The bickerings and misunderstandings in a small town are shown with considerable fidelity. *Warner.* Class B.

Dude Ranch. Jack Oakie as a dolled up cowboy on a dude ranch will satisfy his admirers. *Paramount.* Class B.

Don't Divorce Him. Rough and tumble farce with Clyde Cook leading the funmakers. *Educational.* Class B.

Daybreak. The more glamorous side of army life with Ramon Novarro as a dashing Austrian officer. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Doctors' Wives. Seemingly, it is more fun to be a patient of a popular physician than it is to be his neglected wife, even if pretty, like Joan Bennett. *Fox.* Class B.

Virtuous Husbands. The extreme modesty of a young bridegroom almost proves to be the ruination of a pleasant romance. He learns better, however. *Warner.* Class B.

Young Sinners. One of the best of the many pictures dealing with the taming of hot-blood youth. *Fox.* Class B.

Party Husband. Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie tackle the marriage problem and make it interesting. *First National.* Class B.

Bachelor Apartment. This pleasantly furnished apartment is used for lessons in love as taught by the experienced Lowell Sherman. *Radio.* Class B.

The Public Enemy. Likely to live longer than the average run of crime pictures. Genuinely dramatic throughout. *Warner.* Class AA. (*Please turn to page* 106)

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1360 Pocket Cook Book
1361 Who Killed Jesus?
1362 Law for Women
1363 Law for Auto-Owners
1365 How to Build Vocabulary
1371 Sins of Good People
1379 President Harding's Illegitimate Daughter
1380 Flesh and the Devil
1382 Is Our Civilization Over-Sexed?
1385 Defense of Devil
1388 Are the Clergy Honest?
1389 Tobacco Habit
1392 Confessions of a Gold Digger
1395 Instantaneous Personal Magnetism
1412 Stories of Tramp Life
1413 My Prison Days
1419 Unusual Deaths
1420 Why Wives Leave Home
1421 How to Get a Divorce
1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
1426 Unusual Love Affairs
1430 Shorthand Self Taught
1434 How to Think Clearly
1436 Strange Marriage Customs
1437 Curiosities of the Law
1439 Intelligence: How to Test It
1440 Can Man Know God?
1442 Facts About Graphology
1445 Wild Women of Broadway
1448 Character Reading from Faces
1450 Do We Live Forever?
1455 End of the World. McCabe
1459 Psychology of Criminal
1460 American Statistics
1471 How to Become Mentally Superior
1475 Best Jokes of 1928
1476 What You Should Know About Your Sensations
1477 How Glands Affect Personality
1480 Causes of World War
1481 The New Immorality
1484 Why Preachers Go Wrong
1491 Power of Women
1493 Wine, Women and Song
1496 Sexual Factor in Dicorce
1497 Companionate Divorce
1498 M. U. Sex Questionnaire
1500 Why I am an Agnostic. Clarence Darrow
1501 Mussolini and the Pope
1503 Effective English in Speech
1504 Overcome Self-Consciousness
1508 Facts About Poisons
1513 Statistics: How to Understand Them
1514 Edison's Inventions
1516 Facts about Gonorrhea
1523 How to Avoid Catching Venereal Diseases
1531 Can We Follow Jesus Today?
1532 Don Quixote
1534 How to Test Urine
1535 How to Throw a Party
1536 Facing Death Fearlessly
1538 Rational Sex Code
1542 Who Started World War?
1543 Is War Inevitable?
1544 Against Capital Punishment
1548 Chinese Cook Book
1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
1554 Exercises for the Heart
1555 Rules for Success in Business
1556 How Sun Gives Health
1559 Can We Change Human Nature?
1563 Marvels of Sunlight
1565 Catholicism and the Public Schools
1566 How to Conduct Love Affair
1568 Full Text Edison's Scholarship Questionnaire
1569 Boccaccio—Lover of Love

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Enclosed please find $_____which is payment at the rate of 20 books for $1 for the following popular copyrights which I have listed by number on the lines below.

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DECEMBER

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

From a School-Teacher

Seattle, Wash.

The films have taught me to be more artistic in the arrangement of my home; more sophisticated in my manners; and more particular in the selection of my clothes. They have even taught me to replace plain gingham frocks and lingerie with dainty garments. The complete result? A lingering, self-satisfied feeling. And the movies aren't a good influence? Well, I'm still a respectable school-teacher!

Kay Matthews,
6300—14th N. W.

Praise for Una Merkel

Chicago, Ill.

It seems to me that producers are overlooking a great comedienne in Una Merkel. Her brand of comedy is appealingly funny. I don't think I shall ever forget her as Tallula in the picture, "Don't Bet On Women." I saw the picture twice on her account.

She has but a stingy part in "Daddy Longlegs", but she does that well.

I trust some enterprising producer will give her a nice, fat part and then watch her run away with the picture.

Joseph Goraber,
3447 Sunnyside Ave.

There's Only One Pola

Sacramento, Calif.

It was with the greatest of pleasure that I read of Pola Negri's anticipated return to the screen. Her unique, outstanding personality has been sorely missed these few years that she has been off the American screen, and I can hardly wait until the first talkie under her new contract is completed and released.

Garbo may be great, Dietrich just dandy, and Landi simply luscious, but there will always be just one Negri —Pola, the pulchritudinous Pole.

Freda Richardson,
524—40th Street.

Praise from Germany

Braunsberg, Ostpreussen, Germany.

I get your splendid magazine from one of my American friends. Both my friends who have read it, too, and I are very enthusiastic about it. THE NEW MOVIE is by far the most interesting and finest magazine we ever encountered. We wish we could read it every month. You see, we are all very eager friends of the talkies, and this magazine tells us all about the life and activity of our favorite stars. I say, everybody ought to read THE NEW MOVIE!

Erich Schwarz,
2 Wasserstrasse.

Cheers for Leslie Howard

Winchendon, Mass.

The Hollywood producers ought to give Leslie Howard major parts. Why should an artist of his experience and ability be relegated to inferior rôles like that of Dwight Winship in "A Free Soul"? It is true, after seeing that dramatic vehicle, I cannot imagine any other players than Barrymore, Gable and Shearer in the characters of Ashe, Ace and Jan, but Mr. Howard's was a part for a secondary actor and, although he played it sympathetically (as always), he is a superior actor. As such the plums in the cinematic pie are for his fingers.

Adele Thane,
55 Highland Street.

Times Square in '16

Revere, Mass.

The talkies be praised. At last Richard Dix has been rescued from the former insipid rôles allotted to him and given rôles worthy of his splendid talent. I missed "Cimarron" but recently I saw "Donovan's Kid"—a splendid picture with noteworthy performances. There was a brief scene in the first part of the picture, of Times Square with Roxy's theater showing in the rear. The year was 1916. How come?

Beatrice L. Chyet,
74 Centennial Avenue.

"Lucky Old Devil"

Canton, Ohio.

Here's to the sweet old girl who styles herself "Lucky Old Devil."

We are the "Lucky Old Devils" to be able to see and hear her. I would walk ten miles every night and twice on Sunday for a glimpse of that beaming countenance. She radiates love no matter what rôle she is cast in. Even as hard old Min, I wanted to snuggle right up to that drunken old breast and try to console her. To me she is the greatest and grandest star in Hollywood.

Down with so many "Flaming Youth" and "Sex Appeal" pictures and let's have more true-to-form pictures in which our beloved Marie stars.

Mrs. J. Loper,
114 E. Tusc.

More Cheers for Marie

Centralia, Washington

Nearly everyone has a few favorites among the film stars. I could name more than a dozen, but Marie Dressler stands alone in her work as a comedienne. More than fifteen years ago, in the days of silent pictures when comedy and drama were as pleasing and popular as the talking pictures are now, I saw Marie in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" with Charlie Chaplin, to which she refers when interviewed by Jim Tully.

Her acting was just about perfect and I've never seen a better comedy since. I believe her success has been largely due to her personality, and because she has used her gift of comedy to bring

(*Please turn to page* 14)

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.

In your family, too

MEN PAY TOO MUCH FOR GARTERS

(—*and get too little*)

You know how it is when a man needs new garters. The old ones give out and commence to slip down. Every night for a week he grumbles because he has forgotten again to buy new ones. Finally he does remember...and that's that till the next time!

Where does he buy them? Anywhere...wherever he is when he thinks of it. How much does he pay? Any price... *and it's probably too much.*

It's up to you to change all that. Tomorrow. At Woolworth's. Bring each of your menfolks a pair of the new Milford Rotary garters. Show them the clever new rotary grip that does away with all binding and pulling. Show them the strong fresh webbing. (Extra fresh, every time, because goods don't stay long on the shelves in a busy Woolworth's store.)

Then tell them the price. Ten cents a garter. Much less than half of what they've probably been paying. And a more comfortable and longer wearing garter at that.

Do that. And from tomorrow on for the rest of their lives, you'll know right where to find your men on garter-buying days. They'll be at Woolworth's—getting better garters for less money.

Made by
A. J. DONAHUE CORPORATION
MILFORD, CONN.

MILFORD
ROTARY GARTER

10c EACH GARTER

Sold exclusively by
F. W. Woolworth Co

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

DECEMBER

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 12)

pleasure and enjoyment to thousands of people. I was much interested in Mr. Tully's story of her life and work in the July issue of the NEW MOVIE.

Mrs. Harries W. Holmes,
313 S. Gold St.

Thoughts and Opinions About the Movies

Wants Musical Films

Wilmington, California

I don't mean to be too critical, but why when one picture of a new type goes over big, are we deluged with that type? When we protest they are cut off entirely. Take musical comedies, for instance. I think there is no type so restful as a musical comedy but too much is sufficient. Still, why can't we have just a few? I think a little sifting of types together would be advisable, don't you?

Elda M. Heines,
1303 Lagoon Avenue.

Step This Way, Isaiah

Washington, D. C.

Every so often in a picture there is a small part that flashes like a meteor across the screen. It is often remembered after other characters in the picture are forgotten. Such a part was taken by a colored boy in "Cimarron." It was the part of Isaiah. The acting was genuine and true, and the pathetic ending of his young life during the bandit raid was superbly acted. Let us have more of him where colored boys are needed. It is the human touch in pictures that makes them popular.

J. H. Allen,
2544 17th Street

We Like Her, Too

Marlboro, Mass.

While most everyone is talking about Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, I have seen a new actress who I think is even better than Garbo and Dietrich. The actress is Elissa Landi of "Body and Soul." She is a talented actress whose eyes are as mysterious as Garbo's or Dietrich's, and whose laugh is as gay as Nancy Carroll's.

Myrtle Larbour,
39 Maplewood Avenue.

The Film Great

Boston, Mass.

I'm fed up on pediculus pictures, with only a few really good ones thrown in for good measure, so I've made a movie budget and now I attend only such talkies as those rating a "rave" by such capable critics as those on your staff.

Here are a few that were included in my budget, and they weren't in the least disappointing. "Skippy," "The Millionaire," "The Front Page," "Cimarron," "A Free Soul," "The Smiling Lieutenant," "Young Donovan's Kid," "Smart Money" and "Daddy Long Legs." They aren't all 100 per cent perfect, but they're grand entertainment and you can promise yourself they won't be disappointing in the least.

Gladys M. Connaughton,
159 W. Newton St.

Tribute to George Arliss

New York, N. Y.

Let's pay a tribute to that superb actor, the greatest of them all—George Arliss. He has never failed to put a picture over to the audience. His convincing performances in "Disraeli," "Old English," "The Green Goddess" and "Millionaire" make us all look forward with eager expectation to "Alexander Hamilton."

His great public wish him his usual success in the future. And let's see his sweet wife with him again.

Betty Fulless,
277 Park Ave.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Old-Fashioned Romance

Washington, D. C.

I have just had the pleasure of seeing Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs" and to say that I enjoyed it is but putting it mildly. What a relief from the sordid, sexy and gangster stories of the past year.

Do let's have more pictures based on old-fashioned romances, and the crowded theater must be proof enough that I am not the only one who would welcome a return to clean, wholesome stories.

Dora C. Herbert,
3413—13th St. N. W.

Take a Bow, Herb

Springfield, Mass.

Of all the movie magazines that I have read (which is saying quite a lot), I have never found a more interesting, witty and humorous writer than Herb Howe. NEW MOVIE ought to be proud that they have him in their possession.

Won't the Herb Howe fans be jealous when I tell them that I have a picture of Herb? He looks just as I imagined he would, which was quite all right, thank you.

Sally Carlin,
184 Marion St.

For Scientific Films

Indianapolis, Ind.

The film companies have practically ignored one of the richest and most fertile fields upon which to base their pictures—the field of science. Of course, there have been a few rare exceptions, such as "The Last World," "The Mysterious Island," "Metropolis" and "Just Imagine." But these worthwhile efforts have been virtually buried in the deluge of Western, love, and crime pictures.

I wonder if the indifference of movie producers to science pictures is due to a mistaken idea on their part that the public doesn't care for science fiction. I suppose they are afraid to venture, not knowing their changing public. The fact is, however, that this popular type of literature was never more popular than it is today; the public is alert to scientific progress, and has received enthusiastically the few science pictures which have appeared.

Henry Hasse,
1126 Trowbridge St.

And What About Yancey's Son

Jersey City, N. J.

Richard Dix was at his best in "Cimarron." It was a highly interesting picture from beginning to end. But what I want to know is this—the land rush started in 1889, at which Yancey's young son must have been two or three years of age; and in 1929, when the mother of the boy is appointed to Congress, the same son grown logically should (*Please turn to page* 100)

CREATORS OF IMMORTAL "CIMARRON" BRING YOU THE FABULOUS STORY OF MODERN YOUTH.... A MOTION PICTURE WHICH LIFTS A CLARION VOICE TO WARN A GODLESS GENERATION!
PUT IT IMMEDIATELY ON YOUR CURRENT MOVIE LIST
Super-drama that strides boldly from out the ranks of routine productions and lays bare the amazing story of many of today's young moderns . . .
The growing boy and girl . . . lashed to the Twentieth Century Juggernaut of Mad Ideals . . . are the most dramatic figures of our whirlwind civilization.
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT THAT STRIKES STRAIGHT TO YOUR HEART . . . and assuredly not a gang picture!
Directed by Wesley Ruggles
From a story by Howard Estabrook
The cast includes:
Eric Linder, Ben Alexander, Arline Judge, Roberta Gale, Rochelle Hudson, Beryl Mercer
YOUTHS ON TRIAL
COURT
"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"
RKO RADIO PICTURE

DECEMBER

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE

Mae Clarke loves deviled crabs—and she has two splendid ways of preparing them, described on this page, as well as other shell food dishes.

DEVILED CRAB doesn't sound a bit like Mae Clarke, but it's her favorite dish none the less. And she has not just one but two recipes for making it. Recipes that have been handed down in her family along with others for unusual lobster and shrimp dishes and the ultra in the way of soups—terrapin.

But of them all, it's the deviled crab, just as it is made by the old darky peddlers that haunt the Atlantic sea coast towns to shout their wares, that brings a sparkle into her brown eyes just at the mention of it and sends her into the kitchen with a ready-made appetite.

For years Mae lived in Atlantic City and her favorite shell fish dishes recall to her school days and the sound of the surf luring her away to go fishing and crabbing, clam bakes and oyster roasts in the shelter of the coves along the ocean.

Here are her own recipes:

Deviled Crabs

1 quart crab meat
1½ pints milk
Let milk come to a boil
1 tablespoon of flour rubbed into 3 tablespoons of butter
Yolk of 1 egg

Pour on boiling milk. Put on fire and let thicken. Take off fire and season to taste with cayenne pepper, mustard, Worcestershire sauce and salt.

Put into crab shells and cover tops with fine bread crumbs. Put in oven to brown lightly.

Deviled Crabs

2 cups crab meat
¼ teaspoon mustard
¼ teaspoon mace
2 cloves
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 egg, separated
Salt and pepper (red and black)
½ cup wine or sherry flavoring
Cracker or bread crumbs

Add the seasoning to the crab meat, stir in the melted butter and the beaten egg yolk. Add the cooking sherry and season to taste with salt, cayenne pepper and black pepper. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. Fill the crab backs (or put into a buttered baking dish, if canned crab meat has been used), sprinkle with cracker crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350°) for half an hour. Decorate the dish with claws of the crab as well as parsley, lettuce, lemon, etc. It is appetizing to behold.

No girl from the East or the West either would consider her education in the culinary art complete without a good recipe for lobster. Mae Clarke gives this one, which she has been most successful in preparing:

Lobster à la Newburgh

2 boiled lobsters
2 tablespoons fresh butter
2 small truffles
½ cup sherry
3 yolks of eggs
1 cup cream
¼ teaspoon onion, grated
Cayenne pepper and salt to taste

Cut lobster in one-inch pieces. Place butter, salt, pepper, grated onion and truffles cut in small pieces into sauce pan and cook for five (*Please turn to page* 104)

Movieland's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYERS
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Leo Carrillo	Revolt	Roland V. Lee	Drama	Constance Cummings, Leslie Fenton
Charles Bickford	Men in Her Life	William Beaudine	Drama	Lois Moran
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Dorothy Mackaill	Safe in Hell	William Wellman	South Sea Drama	Donald Cook
Marilyn Miller	Her Majesty, Love	Wilhelm Dieterle	Musical Romance	Ben Lyon
FOX STUDIO				
Elissa Landi	Yellow Ticket	Raoul Walsh	Drama	Lionel Barrymore
James Dunn	Sob Sister	Alfred Santell	Drama	Linda Watkins, Minna Gombel
Will Rogers	Ambassador Bill	Sam Taylor	Comedy Drama	Marguerite Churchill, Greta Nissen
Janet Gaynor	Delicious	David Butler	Musical Drama	El Brendell, Edward Crandall
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Charlotte Greenwood	Flying High	Charles Reisner	Musical Comedy	Kathryn Crawford, Pat O'Brien, Bert Lahr
Lawrence Tibbett	The Cuban	W. S. Van Dyke	Musical Drama	Lupe Velez, Karen Morley
Wallace Beery	The Champ	King Vidor	Drama	Jackie Cooper, Irene Rich
Joan Crawford	The Mirage	Clarence Brown	Drama	Clark Gable
Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro	Mata Hari	George Fitzmaurice	Drama	Co-stars
Norma Shearer	Private Lives	Sidney Franklin	Drama	Robert Montgomery
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Ruth Chatterton	Once a Lady	Guthrie McClintic	Drama	Ivor Novello, Regis Toomey
Richard Arlen	Touchdown	Norman McLeod	Comedy	Jack Oakie, Charles Starrett
Paul Lukas	The Beloved Bachelor	Lloyd Corrigan	Drama	Dorothy Jordan
Fredric March	Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde	Rouben Mamoulian	Drama	Miriam Hopkins
Phillips Holmes	The Man I Killed	Ernst Lubitsch	Drama	Not chosen
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Gary Cooper	Blind Cargo	Edward Sloman	Drama	Claudette Colbert
PATHE STUDIO				
Bill Boyd	Suicide Fleet	Albert Rogell	Drama	Robert Armstrong, James Gleason, Ginger Rogers
Eddie Quillan	The Big Shot	Ralph Murphy	Drama	Maureen O'Sullivan, Mary Nolan
R K O STUDIO				
Eric Linden	Are These Our Children?	Wesley Ruggles	Drama	Rochelle Hudson, Arlene Judge, Ben Alexander, Beryl Mercer
Phillip Lord	Other People's Business	William Seiter	Drama	Anita Louise
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Colin Clive	Frankenstein	James Whale	Drama	Edward Van Sloan, Dwight Frye
Walter Huston	Heart and Hand	Wm. Wyler	Drama	Kent Douglass, Helen Chandler
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Marian Marsh	Poor Little Ritz Girl	Archie Mayo	Drama	David Manners
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Ronald Colman	Arrowsmith	John Ford	Drama	Helen Hayes
Ina Claire, Madge Evans, Joan Blondell	The Greeks Had a Word for It	Lowell Sherman	Comedy	Lowell Sherman
Gloria Swanson	Tonight or Never	Mervyn LeRoy	Drama	Melvin Douglas
Billie Dove	Cock o' the Air	Tom Buckingham	Drama	Chester Morris

DECEMBER

Sob sister

He didn't believe in marriage but she believed in *him!* Reckless, seeking the flower of life in barren thrills. A girl and a boy, rival reporters—till the girl is taken for a ride—a dynamic modern drama with a tremendous climax. With lovely Linda Watkins and the brilliant young star, James Dunn, who recently made a sensational picture debut in the most popular picture of the year, Bad Girl.

THE CISCO KID

O. Henry's lovable bandit at his old tricks again—pursued and thwarted by the happy warrior of the law, Sergeant Micky Dunn. A picture as exciting and romantic as that well-remembered FOX epic, In Old Arizona—the first all-talking outdoor sound picture ever made. In The Cisco Kid, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are re-united in a wild, free action-thriller of the outdoors—another screen masterpiece by

FOX

KAY FRANCIS

The New Movie Magazine

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

JAMES CAGNEY

BILLIE DOVE

DECEMBER

Photograph by Hurrell

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Photograph by Otto Dyar

SYLVIA SIDNEY

DECEMBER

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DAVID MANNERS

Photograph by William E. Thomas

ANN HARDING

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

GRETA GARBO

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. IV NOVEMBER, 1931 No. 5

Gossip of the Studios

HOLLYWOOD approves of Clara Bow's latest boy friend, Rex Bell. Rex is very genuine. He is one of the few people who have been able to chase off the chiselers that have made Clara's life miserable. He has never tried to capitalize Clara's fame for his own benefit.

Barbara Stanwyck: At odds with her film bosses because of a $200 doctor bill.

Recently he was offered a big stage contract on the strength of being Clara's sweetie, but refused.

On his cattle ranch Clara is winning her way back to health out of the welter of worry she was in a few months ago. Rex had courage enough to go to the district attorney when he decided Daisy DeVoe was stealing money from Clara. Daisy was convicted and is in jail. Clara would never have gone of her own accord.

* * *

FREDRIC MARCH is making "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but Jesse Lasky has forbidden him to look at the silent version made by John Barrymore.

March admits he hasn't seen the other version and doesn't want to see it until he has his own finished. He is afraid there might be an unconscious imitation. So the talkie should be vastly different from the old version.

* * *

Wallace Beery took a crack at some of his cutter friends at the studio the other day.

He was on a hunting trip and sent them the following postcard:

"Game," he messaged, "is as scarce as close-ups in my last picture."

* * *

ANNA Q. NILSSON has returned to Hollywood and will seek a come-back in pictures after being off the screen for more than three years because of a broken hip, received when she fell off a horse.

THERE is an interesting yarn about Paul Lukas. He was an actor in Hungary, working as an extra under Michael Curtiz, when he stepped forward and demanded a "bit" that no one else wanted, which was going through a snowstorm (real), stripped to the waist. He got the part and since has been rising.

Curtiz is noted as a fiend for realism, and several people have been killed in his productions, it is said. Surely the list of injured on "Noah's Ark" was imposing. But he never asks anyone to do anything he wouldn't do.

He wanted an extra to jump off a high wall. The player refused, saying, "You wouldn't do it, why should I?"

So Curtiz climbed the 35-foot wall and jumped. He broke his ankle!

Mary Nolan: Trying a comeback to pay off debts despite bankruptcy release.

* * *

WHILE working in Universal's football picture, "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Lew Ayres expressed surprise when he learned that so many of the famous pigskin stars were already married, including the Four Horsemen.

In fact, Adam Walsh, captain of the team, has two sons whom he proudly boasts will some day be football players, while Harry Stuhldreher, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley and Don Miller brought their wives with them for a sort of supplemental honeymoon, and John O'Brien, a newlywed, brought his on their real honeymoon.

The announcement of Frank Carideo's engagement to a New Orleans beauty brought the conversation around to Lew and his prospects of joining the benedict class.

Lew shook his head. "I don't know. Maybe it's a good idea to get married — maybe it's not," said he.

"Well," said Adam Walsh, "we

HOLLYWOOD LIKES REX BELL, CLARA'S BOY FRIEND

The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the

Clark Gable: Used to flash a sporty red car but now, facing stardom, he uses a conservative Ford coupe.

all recommend it. That ought to help some."

"That's not the point," said Lew. "Do you guarantee it?" And not even the Four Horsemen could answer that one.

* * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Lew Cody was once a drug clerk in Waterville, Maine?

Neil Hamilton started out to be a minister?

Anthony Bushell studied to be a minister?

Zelma O'Neal was a telephone operator, then a dancer?

William Beaudine sold newspapers in the Bronx and raised chickens to get his pocket money?

Edward H. Griffith was a police reporter for years?

James Gleason stopped school when eleven years old?

Lawrence Grant studied for law and graduated into it?

Edmund Breese was a choir boy in Brooklyn?

Ann Harding started out as a stenographer?

Claude Allister was a broker's clerk in London?

Helen Chandler learned "Alice in Wonderland" by heart when small and became an actress because she wanted to play that rôle?

Irene Rich sold real estate?

Natalie Moorhead trimmed hats?

Ken Maynard graduated as an engineer at Virginia Institute?

C. Henry Gordon was an inspector with the Erie Railroad?

Roland Young was an apprentice in his father's hospital architectural office in London?

Ursula Parrott, the young novelist, once wrote fashion copy for the advertising department of a New York department store?

Frances Starr made fudge, sold it to the neighbors? She says her profit was small because on the long treks from house to house she would become fearfully hungry and keep nibbling—

* * *

WHEN the crew working on any picture declares that an actor or an actress is "swell," it usually means a lot, and that tribute is being paid Sidney Fox.

"Yes, and she's game, too," the assistant cameraman declared.

Sidney started work on a big picture and two days after it went into production she came down with "flu." Instead of weeping over her hard luck, she fought with the doctor to let her get out of bed and go to work. Finally, she was permitted to start and continued her performance only by the aid of a nurse who swabbed her throat out after every set-up of the camera. One day she fainted and had to be carried off the set, but she rested up in her dressing room and came back to work.

Not a word would she allow written about all this and finally, when the picture got under way, she was feeling great. Running off the set one evening she stubbed her toe on a cable in the dark part of the sound stage, sprained her ankle and was again helped from the set. For the remainder of the picture she had to go to the Universal hospital every day for light-ray treatments.

"I never could have gone through had it not been for the men in the crew. They were tireless in their efforts to help me and it is wonderful to know there are so many kind people in the world," said the little player.

And just to show that she really *did* appreciate it, on the last day of the picture she gave a perfectly grand party and on a huge cake in the center of the table were large letters—in icing—

TO THE CREW

Everyone came. The watchman at the door, the grips, prop boys, electricians, cameramen, sound technicians—all—the guests of honor!

* * *

WARNER BROTHERS are out to give Marian Marsh the ultimate in publicity to carry out their present plans of elevating the young actress to stardom. They dispatched the young girl to New York, accompanied by her mother, in order that she might meet the members of the press and while here they were established in a luxurious suite, which later became crowded with cameramen and newspaper reporters.

The crowd became so heavy that many of them were forced to stand in the hallway to wait their opportunity of seeing and talking to the new Warner star. One of the cameramen waiting to get a picture, remarked, "We ought to shift this to Madison Square Garden." Marian's mother replied, "Yes, she looks and photographs beautifully in a garden."

* * *

PARAMOUNT has finally settled with Carman Barnes with a cash consideration for the balance of her contract, which had six more months to go. Miss Barnes was discovered by Jesse L. Lasky in New York, after he was attracted to her ability as the author of a sensational book on boarding-school life. She was later sent to Hollywood where the studio applied every trick known in photography to bring out that certain screen magnetism so necessary to establish popularity, but the young girl would not respond to that mysterious element of camera lens with the result that Paramount decided it was cheaper to relieve themselves of the charge by making a cash settlement.

Meanwhile, Miss Barnes is said to be writing a novel about Hollywood in which, rumor has it, she'll tell tales.

* * *

Vaudeville trips once took

WARNERS HAVE BIG PLANS FOR MARIAN MARSH

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

Louise Fazenda and Lew Cody into the same town down south. They worked in different theaters for the week, and took the same train on to the next town. As they walked down the platform, the chimney of the engine fell off, and rolled at Louise's feet.

"I see that the old Mack Sennett personality follows you," remarked Cody.

* * *

SOMETHING we never knew until now:

Lilyan Tashman is the seventh and youngest daughter in her family. And there are also some brothers in her family making quite a set-up. They live in New York.

Seventh daughters are supposed to be favorites of fortune. Apparently true in this case.

* * *

SYLVIA SIDNEY has two vacations at once, or rather, one at two times.

Like this: She finished "Street Scene" and went to New York. She had no sooner arrived than she had to return to Hollywood for one day of retakes. This time she waited for an okay and then dashed back to New York where she now is.

* * *

TROUBLE, trouble, trouble. Nancy Carroll had Paramount officials on the West coast tearing their hair because she refused to be co-starred with Phillips Holmes in the new Lubitsch picture, "The Man I Killed."

Nancy made a flying trip to New York, went into conference and returned to the coast as tame as a lamb all ready to start work on the picture. Somebody must have done some fast talking. Nancy has dropped several pounds since her marriage and it is becoming.

* * *

There are dozens of animals whose movie pay checks mean a good living for their owners. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty persons in Hollywood have pets working for them regularly, besides many extras.

In the early days, Louise Fazenda owned a duck, "Waddles," which appeared in all the Mack Sennett comedies, and drew a regular salary for Louise.

The story about the goose that laid the golden egg is not so fabulous as it once seemed. A certain goose commands $35.00 a day in Hollywood.

One police dog, with a good "mike" growl, draws $200 a day.

There is a cat which earns $35 a day.

Parrots, canaries, love birds, even snakes all have their place among the many financiers of filmdom.

* * *

LEWIS (ALL QUIET) MILESTONE put over what he considered a good deal this Summer. He wanted to live in Matt Moore's beach home, but it hadn't a pool. So he made Matt a sporting offer. . . . He'd build a pool and Matt should rule out the rent. Matt liked the idea, and everybody's happy.

* * *

TALLULAH BANKHEAD spent a grand vacation on Hope Williams' dude ranch in Wyoming and is back now at Paramount's Eastern studio. Gary Cooper is to be her leading man, and he and Tallulah have been doing the Broad White Way together waiting for the picture to start. Gary is quite the social lion since his return from Europe. When questioned as to Lupe, he told reporters that she "gave him the air."

Thelma Todd: Wants to be known as Alison Loyd for numerology reasons, but Hal Roach is against it.

* * *

REPORTS from London bring forth the news that Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco, her very handsome husband, have decided to settle there for the time being. Corinne has danced with the Prince of Wales, which is the only right and proper introduction to London society. Walter has signed with Paramount's foreign distributing office and Corinne plans to continue her singing lessons. Perhaps we'll be seeing her in the movies again before long.

* * *

HERE and There!

Mary Pickford has taken up painting—now she has something to do when Doug goes off to golf.

Peggy Shannon, the white hope of Paramount, has a husband who is in vaudeville.

Buster Collier and Marie Prevost have patched up their difficulties, and are seen together again, on the sands of Malibu.

The Claudette Colbert-Norman Foster rumored separation is denied hotly by both parties.

Bill Haines' contract with M.-G.-M. expires in November and the option has not been renewed.

* * *

Charlie Murray bought a big new car. He drives it himself. Recently a friend, knowing Charlie's opulence, said: "Charlie, why don't you get a chauffeur?" "I don't need a chauffeur," said Charlie. "When I needed a chauffeur was when I had that old flivver and had to get out and crank." Charlie's old flivver was one of the Hollywood landmarks.

* * *

ALTHOUGH it has long been suspected that Jack Oakie and Charles "Buddy" Rogers were losing their star rating, it is now official that they are relegated to feature player billing.

Paul Lukas has stepped into the higher bracket and his first is "The Beloved Bachelor."

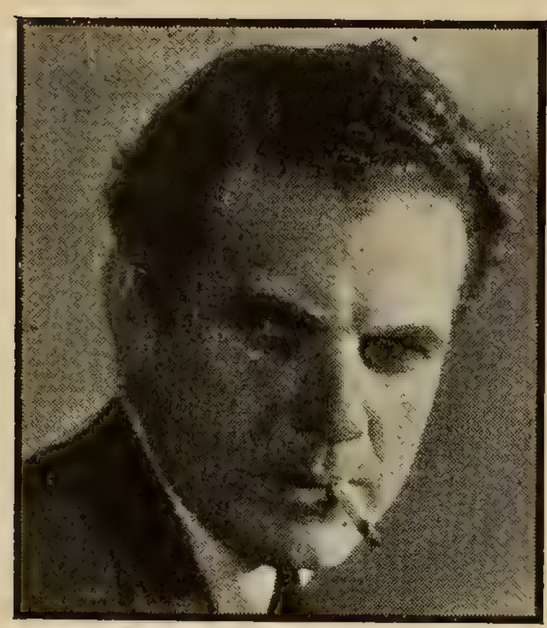
* * *

BERT LAHR, stage comedian, is a little peeved at the talkies.

CORINNE GRIFFITH DECIDES TO LIVE IN LONDON

DECEMBER

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Charles Bickford: Hard luck when his chicken ranch is flooded, speed boat wrecked and price of hogs drops.

Seems Lahr is a golf nut, and when he came to M.-G.-M. to make "Flying High," he visioned lovely California days on various links, here and there.

"And," he wails, "they've kept me so blinking busy that I am not going to have time to even look at a course."

"Why, I can't even dream golf and get away with it. I was polishing off a nice 68 the other night . . . when Assistant Director Sandy Roth phoned to remind me I had to be at the studio in something like half an hour."

* * *

ESTHER RALSTON'S long expected baby has arrived, weighing eight pounds, four ounces and is perfect. She has been named Mary Esther.

* * *

ANOTHER star *vs.* studio riot. James Cagney and Warner Brothers are the latest to start making faces at each other.

In spite of ironbound contracts held by the studios some players will insist on becoming dissatisfied with their contracts and demanding more money. It is not at all unusual for the player to win the argument, so let's stand by and see what happens in this case. It seems to be the Hollywood fever.

Cagney went all the way to New York, where things appear to have been adjusted. So he's back at work again.

* * *

GEORGE BANCROFT is viewing the future with alarm.

"With the flappers dictating the styles in men, what will the next generation be like?" demands George. "The girls are strong for the tomboy tenors.

"What kind of men will your boys be? Those growing up are sure to be impressed by this key to flapper hearts.

"We don't want a race of sissies. We want masculine men."

* * *

WHILE Warners are looking for a suitable story to serve as Dick Barthelmess' next starring vehicle, the actor is devoting his spare time to personally supervising the construction of his new home at Malibu. This will serve as Barthelmess' permanent and only home while on the coast.

* * *

M.-G.-M. is quite a place for "holiday" birthdays. William Haines, Marion Davies and Charles Bickford were born on New Year's Day. Lew Cody and Robert Young first saw the light on Washington's Birthday. Roland Young was born on November 11th, Armistice Day. Wallace Beery is an "April Fools Day" baby; Catherine Moylan was born on July 4th.

And now comes Pat O'Brien with a whole family of birthdays. O'Brien was born on November 11th, Armistice Day; his father on Oct. 12th, Columbus Day, and his mother on Feb. 14th, St. Valentine's Day.

* * *

REGINALD DENNY had a funny idea as to how to spend a vacation he took recently at his mountain lodge near Lake Arrowhead, California.

His daily schedule during this "rest" period, included a one-mile swim, a ten-mile horseback ride . . . and a couple hours chopping wood.

* * *

CHARLES BICKFORD, Hollywood's red-headed heavy, has been having a run of bad luck.

The recent floods in central California flooded his chicken ranch, ruining his equipment and killing most of his prize birds. He has sold his whaling vessels, due primarily to slow conditions in the ancient activity. A new speed-boat with which he has been experimenting was badly damaged in the heavy seas off Catalina Island and his Eastern hog ranch is suffering from the low market price of bacon on the hoof.

True to red-head fighting spirit, he is re-stocking his chicken ranch, re-building his speed-boat, and holding the hogs for better prices. He is, however, letting the whales take care of themselves.

* * *

NAVY blue tailored suit ensembles will be the rage this fall if Greta Garbo's sartorial previews are adopted by her feminine fans. The exotic Swedish star blossomed out in the new outfit, a semi-sport creation, with a lighter tinted beret and brown oxfords on one of her infrequent appearances at the Ambassador Hotel luncheons recently.

* * *

Jean Harlow is still wondering if she should feel complimented, or hire a brace of expert and willing gunmen. A critic . . . and the name is deleted because Jean might decide to hire the gunmen . . . was asked this simple question:

"What do you think of Jean Harlow on the screen?"

And the critic answered:

"When I see her on the screen, I can't think."

* * *

WHEN Clark Gable first came to Hollywood, he purchased a long, black, shiny, eight-cylinder roadster with striking dashes of brilliant red. Pipe in mouth, soft hat on one side of his head, the good-looking car and Clark were quite a feature to be seen in town.

Now, with approaching stardom and sudden popularity, Clark has discarded the roadster for a conservative black Ford coupe. He still has the pipe and the hat, however, and continues to cut a dashing figure, even when he isn't recognized.

JAMES CAGNEY MAKES FACES AT HIS FILM BOSSES

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is secretly working on a travelogue picture, which he obtained during his last jaunt around the world. Though very few people know the exact contents of this new picture, it has leaked out that one of the novel touches to be incorporated is Doug's international golf course. By some trick employed, he will be seen in the finished picture driving a ball from a tee in Japan and landing it on number one hole in Russia, the game is concluded at the eighteenth hole in Hollywood after making the rounds of the important countries and cities of the world.

* * *

GROUCHO MARX, fourth member of the four Marx Brothers, is now relaxing in his Long Island home from the heavy job of participating in the Marx Boys' last Paramount picture, and during heavy breathing spells is writing a new book, which he will list in an encyclopedia of "Practical Jokes," mostly discovered during his stay in Hollywood. Groucho's last literary effort, under the title of "Beds," has reached the 25,000 copy mark.

* * *

AFTER hearing about Robert Louis Stevenson getting the inspiration of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" from a dream, numerous Hollywood scenario writers are installing dictaphone machines by their bedsides to record worth-while ideas from dreams. All the writer needs to do when he comes out of the fog is to roll over, speak quietly into the mouthpiece and presto! the idea is recorded for posterity.

* * *

A prominent director has many business interests, including a share in a large garbage incinerator. We see, you anticipate the tag.

Well, anyway, once upon a time this director was in the midst of rehearsing a big scene. An hour before he had been killing time by dictating business letters to his script girl secretary. But now he was the soul of artistry. He rehearsed and rehearsed the players until they were ready to drop.

"Put more feeling into the part. Hold her closely to you . . . look into her eyes . . . speak your line. . . ."

Then the great one turned to his secretary. "Miss Blank," he said, "what is that new dialogue I gave you just before lunch?"

The script girl searched through her notes. "Oh, here it is," she said. "Two carloads of garbage incinerators to Detroit."

* * *

MARIE DRESSLER probably receives as many begging letters as any other star in Hollywood. It is due to two things, no doubt, her age and her general motherliness. People write and ask her for things they would not dare to mention to the younger players.

The requests in her daily mail have ranged from new roofs to college educations and for sums of money, from ten dollars to eight thousand.

The climax was reached when she was summoned to the long-distance phone the other afternoon. Chicago was calling. Marie answered, thinking it was from one of her Chicago friends, to be answered by a tearful and frantic voice, begging Marie for five thousand dollars immediately to save the unknown Chicagoan's house and furniture.

Nancy Carroll: Has cross-country argument with her employers about co-starring with Phillips Holmes.

* * *

AL JOLSON has closed his $10,000-a-year apartment at the Town House in Los Angeles, leaving it in charge of his chauffeur who, aside from being his personal confidant, is acting as his local housekeeper and secretary. Al and his chauffeur have been life-long friends, having started in grammar school days when both used to be in the same classes and played truant together.

* * *

HAL ROACH and Thelma Todd are still squabbling over the latter's determination to be known from now on as Alison Loyd. Miss Todd signed a contract with Roach under the name of Thelma Todd and she will be known in this series under this name as far as Roach is concerned. As for Miss Todd, she was prompted to change her professional name to Alison Loyd and because of her staunch belief in numerology will insist on its use whenever or whoever she signs a new contract with.

* * *

OUTBOARD motoring has become the popular sport among the feminine members of the picture colony, who organize and participate in week-end regattas and races at the various outlying bay districts around Los Angeles. The rage is anticipated to grow to such limits that a club is now in preliminary formation for the purpose of staging an annual race within the picture circle to determine a championship. Mae Clarke, who herself is quite an ardent fan and capable driver of the outboard motor, is heading this movement.

* * *

MARY PHILBIN has crawled out of her retirement shell and is looking seriously upon the outlook for a possible screen come-back. The young actress is taking vocal lessons from a prominent voice coach and is being seen in the very best places frequented by the picture set in the company of Milton Golden, young State Assemblyman from Hollywood.

* * *

Carl Laemmle is the only film executive to have had his biography written by the pen of John Drinkwater. It seems that Mr. Drinkwater also wrote the biography of a man by the name of Abraham Lincoln. The other night at *(Please turn to page 76)*

DOUG FAIRBANKS IS MAKING SECRET TRAVEL PICTURE

Charlie Chaplin's romances have cost him great fortunes. He paid over $100,000 for his freedom from Mildred Harris. His divorce from Lita Grey ran a cost of over a million. No wonder Chaplin exclaims bitterly: "I shall never marry again."

Chaplin Buries his LOVE

Past Middle Age, Possessing a Great Fortune, the Famous Comedian Says There Will Be No More Romance in His Life

By A. L. WOOLDRIDGE

ONE year ago, in September, Charlie Chaplin in his studio office signed his name to a check for $50,000, glanced at it briefly, then tossed it into the basket along with other letters to be mailed.

Fifty thousand dollars, the last of a $625,000 cash alimony payment to Lita Grey! There remained two more years during which he must place to her credit $1,000 a month. Next year he will establish a trust fund of $200,000 for the two sons Lita bore him and the slate will be clean. Eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a wife of less than two years; more than a million, counting costs, for a mistake he will remember the rest of his life.

"I shall never marry again," he said to me one day when the settlement with Lita had been adjusted. "This is the finish."

It wasn't the loss of the million which hurt. He had other millions at his command. It was the feeling that he was alone in the world, rich, yet unloved by any wholesome, honest young woman to whom he could turn with pride. His marriages to Mildred Harris and Lita Grey had left him miserable—hating the fate and circumstances which brought them together. "I shall never marry again!" he said.

I believe he meant it. I believe he means it still. The story coming recently from France that he was enamoured of Mizzi Muller, a Czecho-Slovakian girl, was totally unwarranted. She was his secretary-interpreter, nothing more.

TWICE—and only twice, I happen to know—has Charlie been really in love. One occasion is only a memory, yet it is to that memory he oftenest turns now in hours of retrospection. He never has and never will forget little Hetty Kelly, the girl he knew in London streets during the days when both were poor. Whenever he goes to London, he still takes time to

The children of Charlie Chaplin and Lita Grey Chaplin: Charles and Spencer. Chaplin seldom sees his children now. He provides for them handsomely but there is naught of the love which centered about "The Little Mouse," child of his first marriage.

Pacific and Atlantic Photos

THREE WOMEN WHO PLAYED A VITAL PART IN CHAPLIN'S LIFE

Top (left) Myrna Kennedy; top right, Georgia Hale; center, Pola Negri. Chaplin's greatest friendship has been and is with Miss Hale, who played with him in "The Gold Rush." She understands his moods and temperament.

visit the places where he and Hetty, hardly more than children, dreamed their dreams of love and envisioned the time when they could earn enough to be married. No woman ever has displaced the image of her which Chaplin still holds in his heart. No one ever will. Yet he never mentions her name. Once in his book, "My Trip Abroad," written in 1922, he told the story of Hetty—told it frankly, honestly, then closed the chapter forever, so far as its recital to the outside world is concerned.

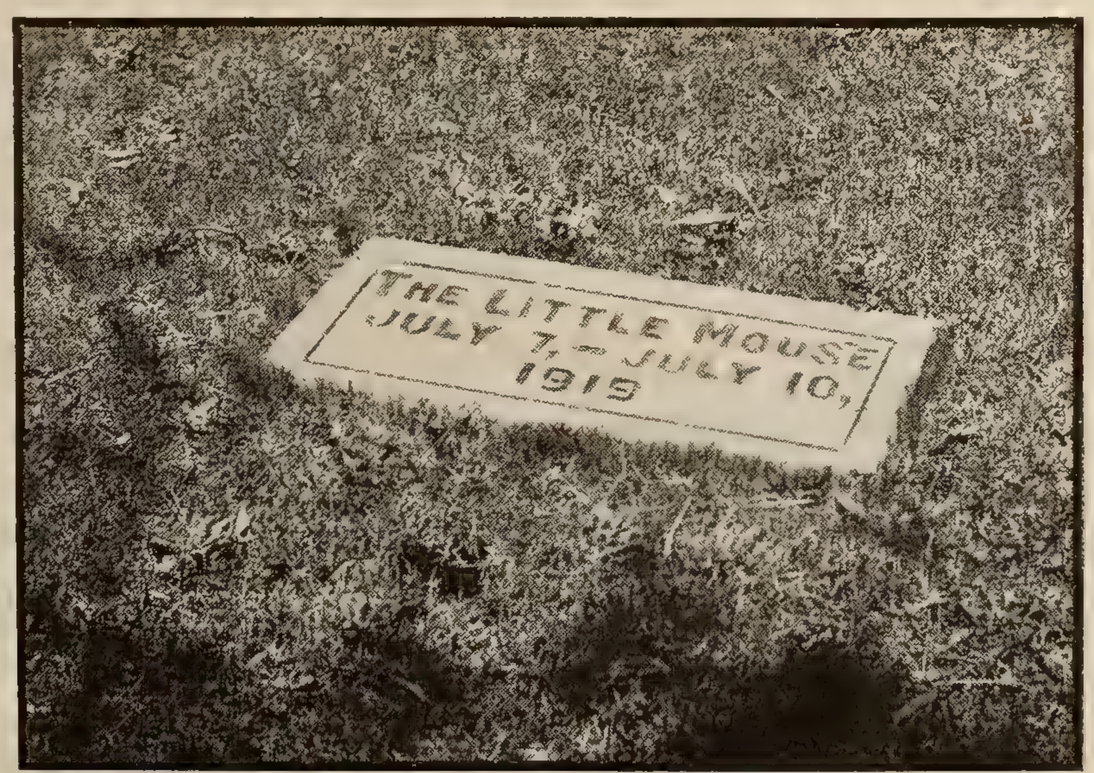
"The taxi is going up Kennington Road, along Kennington Park," he wrote. "Kennington Park! How depressing Kennington Park is. How depressing to me are all parks. The loneliness of them. One never goes to a park unless one is lonesome. And lonesomeness is sad. The symbol of sadness, that's a park.

"But I am fascinated with it now. I am lonesome and want to be. I want to commune with myself and the years that are gone. The years that were passed in the shadow of this same Kennington Park. I want to sit on its benches again in spite of their treacherous bleakness, in spite of the drabness.

"Kennington Gate. That has its memories. Sad, sweet, rapidly recurring memories. 'Twas here, my first appointment with Hetty. How I was dolled up in my little tight-fitting frock coat, hat and cane! I was quite the dude as I watched every street car until four o'clock, waiting for Hetty to step off, smiling as she saw me waiting.

"I get out and stand there for a few moments at Kennington Gate. . . .

"The Little Mouse," tragic child of Chaplin's union with Mildred Harris, lies buried in Inglewood Cemetery. The little grave is by the side of a pool shaded by the boughs of pepper trees.



I am seeing a lad of nineteen, dressed in the pink, with fluttering heart, waiting, waiting for the moment of the day when he and happiness walked along the road.

"The road is so alluring now. It beckons for another walk, and as I hear a street car approaching I turn eagerly, for the moment almost expecting to see the same trim Hetty step off, smiling.

"The car stops. A couple of men get off. An old woman. Some children. But no Hetty.

"Hetty is gone. So is the lad with the tight-fitting frock coat and the little cane."

THERE Charlie lets the story of Hetty end. The ensuing tragedy, he omits. What he might have added was that when he came to America in 1909 to appear in the burlesque skit, "A Night in a London Music Hall," Hetty was dancing in the chorus of a revue. When he prepared to board the boat, she tearfully placed her arms about his neck and bade him goodbye and godspeed and they again plighted their troth, as both of their hearts ached.

"I'll be back for you!" Charlie said.

Thereafter Hetty's sister, Edith, married Frank Gould, the son of the American multi-millionaire, Jay Gould, and Hetty soon was clothed in silks and her fingers bejeweled. When Charlie's New York engagement ended two years later he hurried back to London, his purse containing more than it ever had held in all his life. He was going right back to his Hetty, the girl in little cheap dresses, unsophisticated, unspoiled, and still obscure.

"My Hetty!" he said in his eagerness.

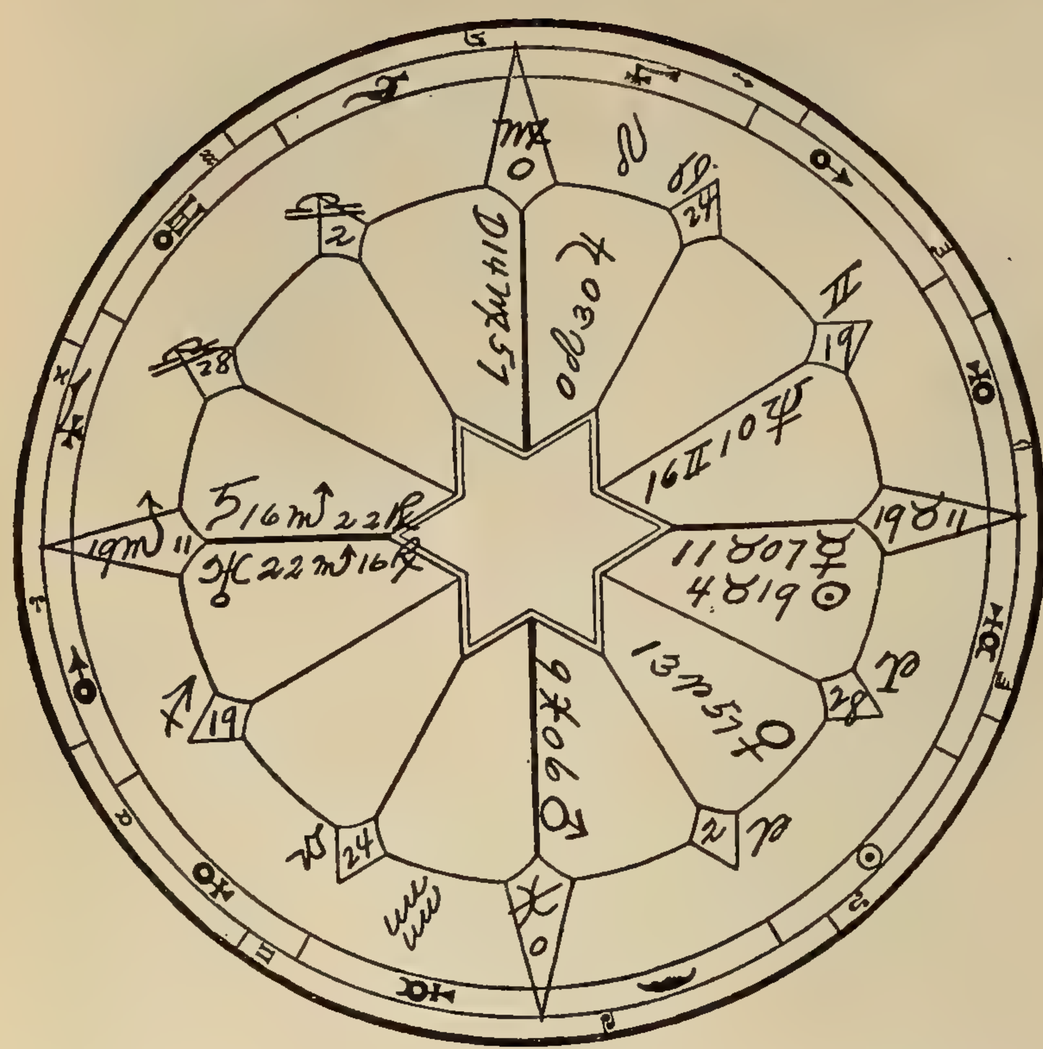
Alas for his illusions! Time and circumstance had made a change just as time and circumstance always make a change. The little dancing chorus girl in her almost shabby dresses had been transformed into a

(*Please turn to page* 82)

DECEMBER

The Talkies and Their

The Celebrated Astrologer Casts the Horoscope of the Sound Pictures—and Predicts that Five Years Hence Some Radical Things Will Happen to Your Favorite Form of Entertainment



The horoscope of the old silent films, based on their birth on April 23, 1896. Saturn was rising, indicating a slow and tedious progress. The position of Uranus indicated that the movies would be subject throughout their career to the workings of the unexpected. The Moon, governing dealings with the public, was favorably placed.

CERTAINLY, the Movies have a horoscope.

And the Talkies, too.

Same as people.

All businesses have. And movements. Yes, even nations! For example, the United States was born in Philadelphia at 3:03 in the morning, July 4, 1776, the moment when the signers of the Declaration of Independence reached a positive decision to declare to the world their independence of England. Mars, the planet which gives ambition, initiative, courage and aggressiveness, was rising when the United States was born. So was Uranus, the planet which discards worn-out customs and forms of government, and has dominion over inventions in general and electrical inventions in particular, fields in which American genius has set a new pace for the world. So was Jupiter, the most powerful and the most American of all the planets, because it gives honor, glory, wealth and the most sought-after thing in America, success.

IT was the same way with the Movies. On the evening of April 23, 1896, when the first motion picture program was shown at the old Koster and Bial's Music Hall in New York, the astrological heavens presented a picture not at all like that presented when the United States was born, but similar to it in the strength of its influence on the infant movement's subsequent history.

When that crude instrument, the Vitascope, billed flamboyantly in true showman fashion as "Thomas A. Edison's Latest Model," sputtered and flickered in the smoky old theater in Herald Square, two of the planets which were rising over the Eastern horizon were Saturn and Uranus, both destined to play a featured role in the unfolding drama of the silent screen. People born with Saturn in this position achieve success slowly, with much labor and travail, almost never reaching the heights of which they are capable during the first thirty years of their existence. And those of us who are old enough to have followed the painfully slow, frequently halting progress of the motion picture from the flickering "chases" of the nickelodeon era up to those magnificent last productions of the silent screen of, say, 1926—the Movies' thirtieth anniversary—need no further evidence of how Saturn's influence has been felt in the cinema world.

Uranus, besides indicating that the new device would profit by the continued efforts of inventive genius, as indeed it did, indicated that it would be subject throughout its career to the workings of the unexpected. This latter influence was further intensified by the fact that Neptune, the planet which not only rules the Shadow Stage, but presides over shadow things in general, was in that part of the heavens which is unfavorable to partnerships and contracts, indicating that there would be much strife and legal difficulty over patents, licenses, and business dealings generally. Mars, the God of War, was also so placed when the Movies were born as to further strife and dissension among those participating in their exploitations, especially at the end.

I WOULDN'T have you think that all of the planets in the Movies' chart are unfavorable. The moon, most influential of all the heavenly bodies in dealing with the public, was in the mid-heaven that night in 1896; and both the Sun and Mercury were so placed as to lend power to dealings with the masses. Moreover, Venus, the planet which governs not only our love affairs but good times and entertainments of every variety, was in the House of Pleasure.

There is one indication in the horoscope of the silent screen which is particularly interesting to an astrologer. Jupiter, ruling prosperity and success, was in a part of the heavens when the first Movie was born which would indicate that its greatest achievements would be won by moving far away from the place of its birth, particularly to the South or Southwest. This indication is further strengthened by the fact that Saturn and Uranus, being in the Eastern part of the chart, promised only delays and unexpected happenings so long as the principal activities of the new art remained in the East. In short, according to astrology, the silent Movie had to move from New York South-Southwest along the Apache Trail to California to achieve its highest destiny.

If you have had no previous experience with astrology, it may surprise you that the horoscope indicates in such minute detail the destiny of the individual or enterprise for which it is cast; but to an astrologer the experience is in no sense an unusual one. In this connection, I am reminded of the story which I have told many times before of the manager of a well-known tourist agency

FATE

THE FAMOUS ASTROLOGER CONSIDERS THE FUTURE OF THE SOUND FILMS

By
EVANGELINE ADAMS

The Talkies were born on August 6, 1926, and this is their horoscope, as prepared by Evangeline Adams. Pisces, ruled by Neptune, was rising and hence their progress was very rapid. This horoscope should confound the sceptics, who look upon the Talkies as a fad, for six of the nine planets are in what is called fixed positions.

who came to me and said that he had chartered the *Mauretania* for a Winter cruise and would like to have me read the horoscope of the ship.

After consulting the launching date and the proposed sailing date, I wrote this man that the cruise promised to be "more of a social success than a financial one." It interested me, too, that the moment when the *Mauretania* was launched would have been most propitious for phenomenal speed in an individual, but with a tendency to weakness in the legs, or "propelling machinery!" As a matter of fact, the voyage was an extremely successful one from the standpoint of the passengers—but the tourist agency came out so badly that it had to beg for a reduction in the rental price of the big ship. I was reminded, too, of the other phases of the reading when I saw, not many months later, that the *Mauretania* limped into port after an accident to her "propelling machinery"; and again when she sailed proudly into New York harbor after placing to her credit the speediest crossing in the history of transatlantic travel.

BUT I must be getting on to the horoscope of the talking picture. On the night of August 6, 1926, when the first talking picture program, featuring John Barrymore in "Don Juan," was shown at the Warner Theater, New York City, Uranus, the God of the Unexpected, was rising, just as it was thirty years before when the silent picture blossomed forth as a form of public entertainment, but it was not accompanied, as on the previous occasion, by the delay-causing Saturn. Instead, the facile Pisces, Neptune's sign, was rising, indicating that the progress of the Talkies—as has indeed been the case—would be as rapid as the progress of the silent Movies was slow. Saturn, on the other hand, is in the House of Death, indicating that the new art would profit—as indeed it has—by death, presumably the death of the old art.

Not only is Venus, the Goddess of Entertainment, in the House of Pleasure in the Talkies' chart but also the Moon, which governs relations with the masses. This planetary combination may be regarded as a double-barreled guarantee of the Talkies' popularity with the public. Incidentally, Mars, the planet which rules mechanical devices, was in the sign of Taurus ruling the throat; and Jupiter, the God of Success, was in the Eastern portion of the Talkies' chart, indicating that their greatest achievements may be attained in the once abandoned motion picture studios of the East.

There are significant features about this most interesting chart which would seem to indicate the birth of a new and higher type of entertainment coincident with the birth of the talking picture. Jupiter, the most influential of all the planets, is rising in the sign Aquarius, suggesting that the new art will find its greatest success when it is used to forward humanitarian, educational, perhaps even scientific endeavor. There are other powerful astrological factors; the Sun, Mercury and Neptune are in the noble sign of Leo, which has dominion over entertainment, especially entertainments on the higher plane. Under the influence of such vibrations it is impossible, astrologically speaking, that the talking picture, whatever its state at the present may be, should not ultimately be more ethical and less sordid than its silent predecessor.

The death of the talkies, says Evangeline Adams, will come quickly when it does come. There is a suggestion that, about five years from now, when the Sun will be in conjunction with Neptune, something radical may happen that will affect drastically the form of entertainment which the new art will be called upon to offer to the public. This may mean that television at that time will come into its own, or more likely some combination of sight and sound which will constitute a new step forward in the history of the screen.

THERE is an indication in the Talkies' chart that the death of the Talkies, when it does come, will come quickly; and there is a suggestion that, about five years from now, when the Sun will be in conjunction with Neptune, something radical may happen that will affect drastically the form of entertainment which the new art will be called upon to offer to the public. This may mean, although there is nothing in the chart that specifically indicates it, that television at that time will come into its own, or more likely some combination of sight and sound which will constitute a new step forward (*Please turn to page* 115)

DECEMBER

The pose of recluse started with Lillian Gish and has been perfected by Greta Garbo. In neither case was it a false pose. With both stars it grew out of their unusual shyness. But in both cases it added to their fame.

The POSE Pays

By HARRY CARR

NOW that Legs Diamond is in the Big House and Al Capone has tearfully confessed, all of the rest of us might as well walk up to the Amen Bench.

I never did much with beer. The racket I knew was making movie stars like something they were not.

It's still going on—the Trappist-monk-like silence and taciturnity of Greta Garbo—the Latin volatility of Dolores del Rio—the intense marriedness of Joan Crawford . . . the good-old-palishness of Hedda Hopper—the J. Pierpont Morganness of Corinne Griffith. . . .

The newest "act" to come pecking out of the shell here just happened. It was invented by Herb Howe and Pola Negri. It is terrible. It just ain't fair to the other girls. If it proves catching, all the little stars will drag you behind a corner of the set and tell you the secret diplomatic intentions of Briand—how the German admiralty scooped the world with the new cruisers—the secret war plans of the French air service—what is behind the mechanization of the American cavalry. Gosh! Gosh! Gosh!!

THIS thing started—largely through my evil machinations in the days of the Mack Sennett beauties.

One day I got an unfortunate hunch to show the domestic and softer side of Hollywood and its queens by telling all about a lovely new bungalow belonging to one of our beauties. As I remember it, the young lady selected was the delectable Mary Thurman. Mary happened to be sharing a shabby apartment with another girl—Juanita Hansen. That wouldn't do at all. So we decided gracefully to give Mary a house. This was done by the simple process of planting her in the driveway of the first good-looking house we saw; rigging her up in a sun bonnet with her apron filled with near-roses and—well, there you were—Mary and her nice new house. . . .

What we hadn't figured on was the jealousy of the other beautiful young ladies. They all demanded new houses and the stars gave us plainly to understand that we couldn't get by with the bungalows that we gave the girls who were just in stock.

Big and better houses became the Valkyrie cry.

In desperation we went on and on.

In the end I gave Phyllis Haver the castled towers of the magnificent Southwest Museum in Los Angeles as her Hollywood cottage. Straightway I found myself in hot water with Gloria Swanson. I squared myself as well as I could my making her a present of the $50,000,000 Huntington Library in Pasadena as her little homey nook. Then I struck before some other lady could demand the Grand Central Terminal.

STRANGE to say, the next publicity racket had to do with Lillian Gish—who does not fit into rackets.

Lillian had been made a star and, in the opinion of many critics, she made the best job of the acting part of any girl who ever showed on a screen. But she wasn't getting the necessary fame. Fame makes cash customers. It was not a question of vanity. It was a question of selling the goods. Other girls of lesser ability were driving Lillian right off the front pages.

We tried to make her talk to reporters—to do stunts. She just couldn't. She was a very timid, shy girl. She almost passed out with the prospect of meeting reporters; the idea of making a public appearance left her in a fainting condition.

All that was left for us was to make the best of a bad matter. To our surprise, our desperate device made a sensational success. We planted Lillian as the recluse—the little "she" monk who remained alone with her thoughts. We would like to let the reporters talk to her, y' understand, but Lillian was cast for the part of a French peasant girl and—during this period of spiritual preparation—she ate only French food; thought French thoughts—read French books—associated only with French people. Gosh, man! What cha wanta do—just jar her out of her art by posing for a picture laying the cornerstone of the Old Ladies' Rest Home?

It worked, but more has been done with the idea since. Garbo has given it the Tiffany finish.

EVERYTHING has to start out in a crude way. Even Robert Fulton didn't launch the *Ile de France* when he invented the

The monastic seclusion of Ramon Novarro was built by his press agent advisers. So picturesque a background had been created for him that the press men feared he couldn't live up to the act. Hence the seclusion. The pose paid, as you know.

The Hollywood Racket of Making Movie Stars Into Something They Are Not Goes Merrily On

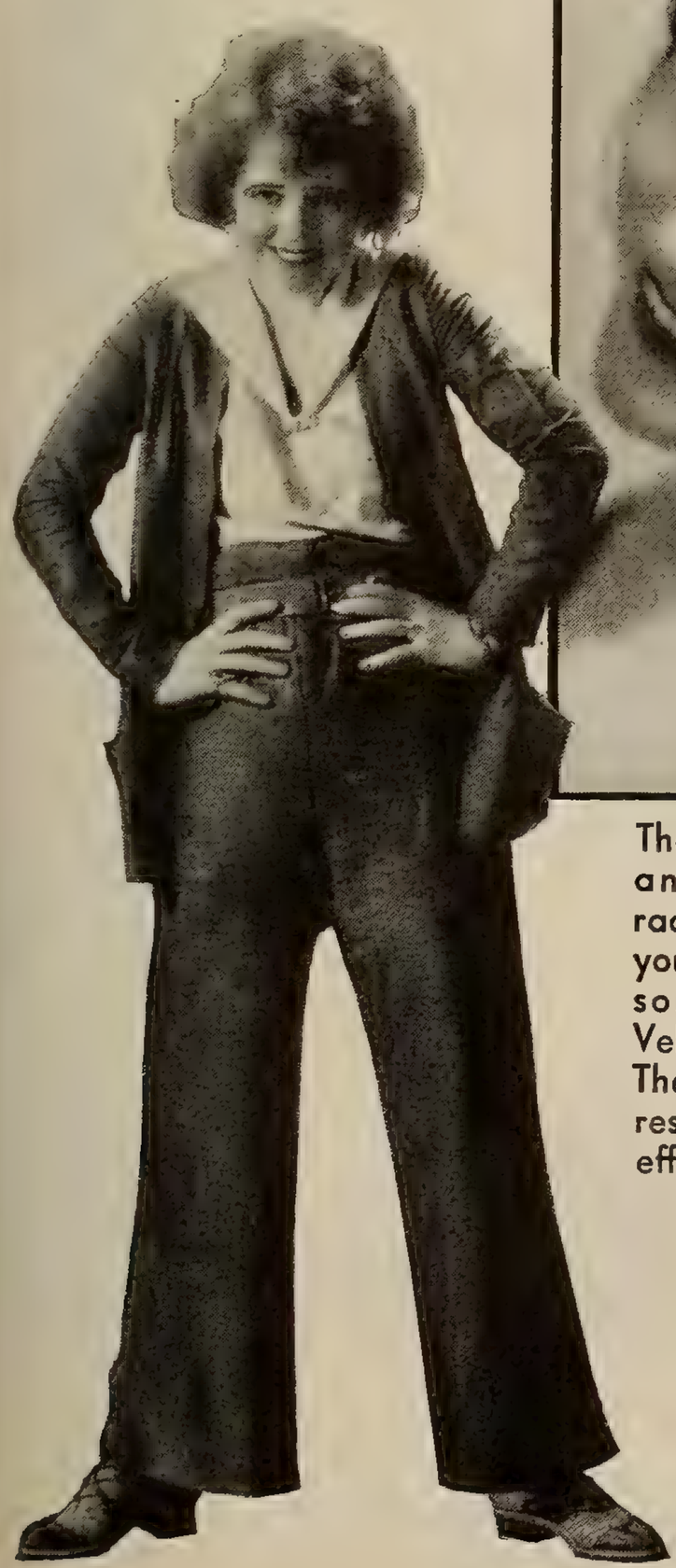
steamboat. So it was left to years and to others to work this gag up to the Garbo point of efficiency.

The truth about Garbo is that—like Lillian Gish—she is very timid and frightened. And there is also another compelling reason.

Greta was brought to the United States by Stiller, the great Swedish director. He was more than just a director. He was a near diety in Europe. When a print of a Stiller picture came out, all the other studios grabbed it. The other great directors stopped work and rushed to the projection rooms—with stenographers. They took down breathless bulletins—"he showed a close in silhouette," "he panned down from the sixth story over the front of the hotel," etc., etc.

You can imagine what it meant to Garbo to be the pupil and protégée of such a man. He told her how to act; how to eat; what to say—like "Tommy Atkins" in the old song—"how to walk and where to place his feet." Life was filtered down to Garbo through Maurice Stiller. In the United States, a movie miracle happened. Stiller, the great director, flopped; Garbo, the little protégée and pupil, became a great star. He died of a broken heart. Without him Garbo was not sure what to do. She was a ship without a rudder. As a cautious Swede, she solved the problem by keeping out of sight and saying nothing.

The best-dressed-woman-in-Hollywood racket has been worked by many stars of stage and screen. But no one ever brought it to the state of perfection won by Gloria Swanson. Miss Swanson hates to dress up for the films—but it is the only sure way to success.



There is the "wild-and-tempestuous" racket and the "hot youth" racket, personified by Lupe Velez and Clara Bow. These brought instant results, but the final effect isn't so good.

She probably knows what to say now, but keeps up the act for two reasons. It is a good commercial gag and if she started in to talk now—after so much thought and studied silence—she would have to say something at least equal in importance to Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. So no reporter can see her; she will not go to parties; she mingles not at all.

NOT so very long ago a great publisher was giving a party to some Big Shots. He wanted Garbo there. He issued an invitation that was a royal command. Greta refused. She said she was too tired. The studio publicity men pleaded to no avail. Mary Pickford was delegated to herd her in. No go. At last Garbo told the real truth. To a last appeal she whispered pathetically, "I can't go. I'm afraid."

To one party of girls she was inveigled. She came in boys' shoes and a boy's coat. Nobody saw her after she got there. The hostess found her at last sitting on the fence of the horse corral looking at the sunset. "Oh," she gasped in ecstasy. "I tell you what I love. I love to smell horses and look at sunsets."

The monastic seclusion of Ramon Novarro was built on the same pattern. Herb (*Please turn to page* 77)

DECEMBER

Photograph by Freulich

CLARA BOW'S BOY FRIEND—REX BELL. Also her business manager and severest critic. You can see him in Universal's "Battling With Buffalo Bill" if you want to. Bell was born in Chicago in 1906 and migrated to Hollywood with his parents when he was a small boy. Attended Hollywood High School. Started in motion pictures with Buck Jones and later played with Tom Mix. Those two stars gave him an all round training in the old fashioned school of Western melodrama. Everybody who knows Bell says he is a swell chap. And so does Clara Bow.

He Sold Lunch WAGONS

James Dunn Tried His Luck at a Lot of Things, from Wall Street to Movie Acting

By PETER ANDERSON

James Dunn, the hit of "Bad Girl," was born in New York City. He went to school in New Rochelle. After that he was a stock broker for three years. Then a salesman for motor lunch wagons. After that Broadway, Hollywood—and motion pictures.

TWO o'clock in the morning. The Greenwich, Connecticut, jail. Stretched on his back on a cot in an unlocked cell, feet cocked up on the convenient bars, smoking a cigarette, reading a copy of the *New Yorker*, is a smiling, personable, friendly young man.

He lights a fresh smoke from the butt of the old one and throws the stub in the corner. Suddenly he chucks the magazine aside and starts to sing. Sings at the top of his voice. And the echoes, bouncing back and forth between the steel and concrete walls, make a veritable prisoners' chorus of sound.

The young man pauses to laugh and then sings all the louder. Down the corridor a door opens. A sleepy policeman sticks his head inside.

"Hey, Jim, lay off, will y'u? You shouldn't be makin' noise like that at this time of night. Folks'll complain."

"All right, Philo. Tell the judge to let me out and I'll quit," shouts the singer—and sings on.

SINGING in jail, losing his last dime of a ten-thousand-dollar "fortune" in the stock market, driving a seventeen-ton behemoth of a motorized lunch car down a slippery hill in a thunderstorm, the car out of control and the innocent town of Pelham in his way at the foot of the hill; getting an official greeting from the Hollywood police two days after his arrival in town; bluffing his way into a Broadway show as a piano player on the strength of three noisy chords (all he knew) banged out on the manager's piano; being signed by a rival motion picture company as the direct result of a test made for another; watching the sunrise from the top of the Empire State Building as the climaxing gesture of a night-long round of Broadway resorts, made in twosome company with New York's favorite songstress whose birthday it was; winning a neat golf match by a score a professional might envy; telling a story; having a laugh—these are the moments that make up the life of James H. Dunn.

James H. Dunn, in case you haven't heard of him till now, is the twenty-six-year-old young man, who helped make "Sweet Adeline" one of the most tasty musical shows ever to enjoy a Broadway run, and who recently was placed under contract by the Fox Film Corporation, tucked the motion picture "Bad Girl" under his arm to walk away with it and became—literally overnight (Hollywood nights proverbially are short)—one of the most-in-demand young leading men of the screen.

He's due for a ride and a rise, is James Dunn.

A scene from "Bad Girl," with James Dunn and Sally Eilers. "Bad Girl" is one of the best pictures of 1931, thanks to Mr. Dunn and Miss Eilers and Frank Borzage's direction.

HE has that old-fashioned quality once called "It," now called "That," or "Those." He exudes personality. Personality of the same breezy, nervous magnetic sort that has made favorites of Jimmy Walker, Jack Oakie, Al Smith, Ted Husing, Ted Lewis, Damon

(*Please turn to page* 107)

DECEMBER

Hollywood Needs a

Herb Howe says that the movie theaters are a great place to study nature these days, what with the art exhibitions given by such stars as Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich and Joan Crawford. Herb says he wouldn't be surprised if the South Seas began sending over missionaries with a batch of Mother Hubbards.

The Hollywood Boulevardier Talks About the Danger of the Town's Spotless Reputation and Pleads for a Little More Glamour and a Little Less Sanctity

By HERB HOWE

Hollywood, Cal.

IF Hollywood doesn't have a sizzling front page scandal pretty soon its reputation will be permanently ruined. The public mind is being steadily poisoned by propaganda about its civic virtue. The plot appears to be of English origin. During the past few months several prominent Britishers have issued statements declaring there is no wild life in Hollywood.

George Arliss was the first to declare us pure as the driven snow, knowing full well we have never seen snow and hence couldn't possibly emulate its purity. Mr. Arliss declares he has found nothing hot in Hollywood. Mr. Arliss is sixty. But that doesn't excuse him. Many lads and lassies of his age have found hot romance in our tropic clime. Ma Kennedy landed in the headlines everywhere. Indeed, the evangelists are doing more for Los Angeles than the film stars in keeping its glamour glowing like a bright beacon for the world. The Wampas (publicity men) honored Aimee at a dinner out of respect for the publicity she has given the place. And recently the Hollywood American Legion made her chaplain for a day.

The Chamber of Commerce on the other hand, is beguiled into endorsing Mr. Arliss' statement, and wishes more "honest men" would come to Hollywood. If they do, Hollywood will become just another of those ghost towns of the West. As it is, tourists are dropping off at Reno. As yet Reno hasn't boasted of its "happy homes," though Lord knows it has as much right as Hollywood.

The Wrong Gang: "Hollywood is terribly respectable and duller than Bloomsbury," says J. B. Priestley, the English author. "Everybody gets up at 6 A. M. They do exercises before starting a heavy day's work. They all seem to go to bed at 10 P. M. I, personally, saw no 'wild parties'; perhaps because I was not invited."

Perhaps, perhaps. You have to get inside to find if a party is on. Dark windows do not mean a thing. As for those who go to bed at 10 P. M., I'm afraid Mr. Priestley got in with that gang headed by Jackie Cooper and Bobbie Coogan.

Plea For a Shadier Hollywood: Stars themselves are always telling of the simple lives they lead but their statements do not harm the town. The English, however, have a reputation for honesty. When recently I said that Hollywood cut its throat in cutting down its ancient shade trees, the town promptly got busy and is planting palms along all the main thoroughfares. I hope that my lecture this month will stimulate a few first-rate scandals such as we had in the old palmy days. The Chamber of Commerce sobbed over them, but Mary Pickford declared they would make the town. Her prediction was fulfilled by a hundred-thousand leap in population the ensuing three years. Hollywood might learn a lesson from its own movies, to wit: Virtue triumphs in the end—but that's the end.

Hollywood Goes Native: The English gentlemen inspected Hollwood at the wrong time of year. They should have pushed on to Malibu. This has been the hottest season we've ever had, and we've had some hot ones. Everyone has gone native. Malibu is the new Tahiti with tanned hides and South Sea styles minus the hay. Even the ocean, usually chill, caught the tropic fever. Scientists blame the rising temperature on the approach of the Japanese current. Professors Freud and Howe know better. It's Malibu that warmed the current.

The Return of Mother Hubbards: But you don't have to go Malibooing to study stellar nature. That's where you have it on the Japanese current. All you have to do is patronize some of the recent art exhibitions of the Misses Bennett, Dietrich, Crawford, et al. I wonder what the girls in Pango-Pango think when they view our native ladies on the screen. It wouldn't surprise me to hear any day that they have sent over missionaries with a batch of mother hubbards. The heathen! In this they would have the backing of our cloth manufacturers who became so alarmed by the growing nudity that in order to dispose of material they smartly devised the pajama style. Pajamas take more cloth than skirts, and whereas ladies refuse to wear any long skirts they are ready for long pants.

High Cost of Nothing: Clothes economy has bank-

Good Scandal

SAYS HERB HOWE

The furious resentment of Marlene Dietrich on the part of many females, says Herb Howe, is due not so much to her likeness to Garbo as to her skirtless dissimilarity. Her Follies' assets have proven screen liabilities. Miss Dietrich, says Herb, will not prove herself until she stands the test of a skirt and a new director.

rupted sirens in the past. When Theda Bara appeared as the chemiseless Cleopatra she went the way of all flesh as surely as that Queen when she applied the bug to an unbrassiered bosom. And when Betty Blythe did Sheba dressed for the show or bath her day ended where it should have begun. Both ladies were given the tabu by women patrons, apparently fearful lest their men folk go the way of Caesar and Solomon.

Pearl of Modesty: Neither Miss Bara nor Miss Blythe were exhibitionists. On the contrary, they both are uncommonly circumspect ladies who sacrificed garments on the altar of art alone. Miss Blythe was so devoid of flesh-consciousness that she did not require her set walled-in. Only on one point did she experience the twinge of a rising blush. Her wardrobe provided pearls for the waist but none for the territory immediately to the north. Going to Mr. Director Edwards she said:

"Mr. Edwards, I don't want to seem temperamental, but have you ever appeared publicly without so much as a pearl on your abdomen?"

Mr. Edwards admitted he never had.

"Well then, do you mind if I wear one?"

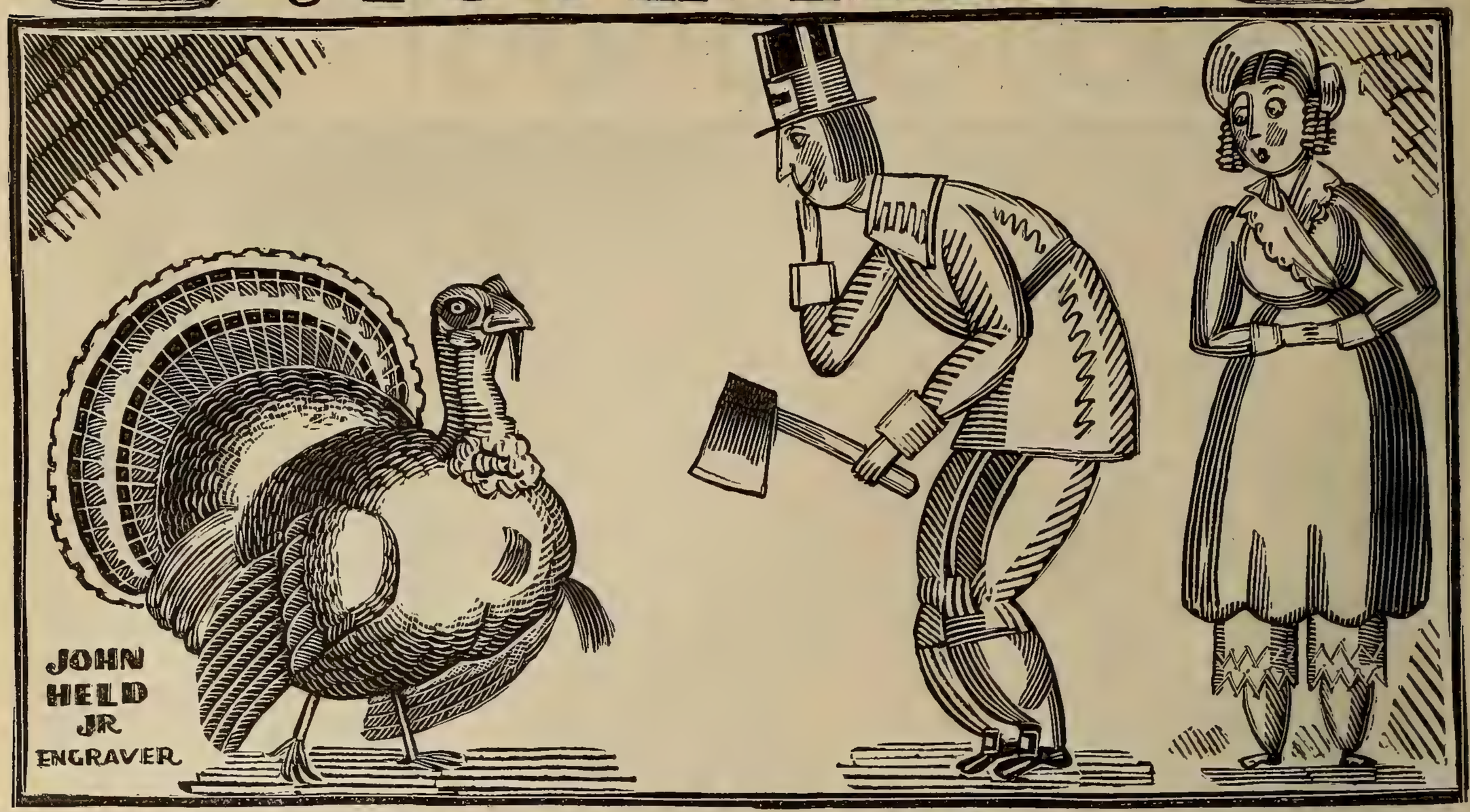
Tolerant, Mr. Edwards said Betty might wear one where Sheba didn't. Even this compromise was not sufficient to appease the femme-fans, and Betty joined Sheba in ancient history.

Leg Liability: The furious resentment of Marlene Dietrich on the part of many females is due not so much to her likeness to Garbo as to her skirtless dissimilarity. Her Follies' assets have proved (*Please turn to page* 92)

The great lovers of the screen today are forthright lads with a wallop. Hence the film popularity of (left to right) Clark Gable, Edward Robinson, James Cagney and James Dunn. These boys can sock and they also can make love.

DECEMBER

NOVEMBER



THANKSGIVING

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Sun.	1904: Laura La Plante born at St. Louis.
2	Mon.	Birthday of Dennis King.
3	Tues.	1891: Edison orders 27 rolls of 50-foot film from Eastman, this being the first movie order. Moon in last quarter tonight.
4	Wed.	1879: Will Rogers born at Oolayah, Indian Territory. 1904: Don Alvarado born at Albuquerque, New Mexico.
5	Thurs.	1905: Joel McCrea born at South Pasadena, Calif. Also birthday of Percy Marmont and Hugh Allen.
6	Fri.	1898: Marie Prevost born at Sarnia, Ontario, Canada.
7	Sat.	Birthday of Leatrice Joy and Mona Maris.
8	Sun.	How is that home-made wine coming along in the cellar?
9	Mon.	Marie Dressler born at Coburg, Canada, year date a secret. 1918: Kaiser Wilhelm II abdicates. New moon tonight.
10	Tues.	1799: Napoleon declared First Counsel of France. 1897: Mabel Normand born.
11	Wed.	1908: Raquel Torres born at Hormosillo, Mexico. 1918: Armistice ends World War; close to 7,000,000 dead.
12	Thurs.	1903: Jack Oakie (Lewis Offield) born at Sedalia, Missouri.
13	Fri.	1902: Jacqueline Logan born at San Antonio, Texas.
14	Sat.	1888: Eugene O'Brien born. 1901: Morton Downey, radio star, born at Wallingford, Conn.
15	Sun.	1879: Lewis Stone born at Worcester, Mass.
16	Mon.	Birthday of Lawrence Tibbett. Moon in first quarter tonight.
17	Tues.	1800: U. S. Capital moved to Washington. 1869: Opening of Suez Canal. Birthdays of Betty Bronson, Edna Murphy and Frank Fay.
18	Wed.	Birthday of Frances Marion, scenarist.
19	Thurs.	1863: Lincoln makes his Gettysburg address. 1906: Nancy Carroll born at New York.
20	Fri.	1896: Robert Armstrong born at Saginaw, Mich.
21	Sat.	1800: First meeting of Congress at Washington.
22	Sun.	Get ready for Thanksgiving.
23	Mon.	1875: Fannie Ward born.
24	Tues.	1897: Corinne Griffith born at Corsicana, Texas.
25	Wed.	1896: Priscilla Dean born at New York. 1928: John Barrymore and Dolores Costello married. Full moon tonight.
26	Thurs.	Thanksgiving Day. 1881: Lou Tellegen born at Athens, Greece.
27	Fri.	How about that indigestion?
28	Sat.	1914: Adolph Zukor announces signing of Mary Pickford at salary of $104,000. Bankruptcy of picture business freely predicted.
29	Sun.	1898: Rod La Rocque born at Chicago. 1904: Genevieve Tobin born at New York.
30	Mon.	Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) born at Florida, Missouri. 1926: Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky married.

This Feature Ends with This Issue

Birthstone for November: Modern, Bloodstone; Ancient, Ruby. The bloodstone is said to endow wearers born in November with courage and truthfulness. The ruby brings a contented mind.

An interesting dance pose of Joan Crawford who will be seen next in "The Mirage," originally a stage drama written and produced by Edgar Selwyn. That favorite young man of Hollywood, Clark Gable, will be Miss Crawford's leading man.

Photograph by Hurrell

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

ANITA PAGE

Miss Page next will be seen as the pretty comedy foil of Buster Keaton in his new comedy, "The Sidewalks of New York."

Photograph by Russell Ball

GRETA NISSEN

The beautiful Norwegian scored a decided hit as the dancer of the exciting melodrama, "Transatlantic." She was born in Oslo, Norway, and danced as a child on the stage. Coming to America, she scored a hit as the dream dancer in "Beggar on Horseback." Since that she has played in films at various times. You next will see her with Will Rogers in his new picture, "Ambassador Bill."

Madge Evans was a baby star in the old days of pictures. Then she reached the gangling age of girlhood—and had to quit. At fifteen she tried a come-back, as leading woman for Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates." She was too shy and awkward—and flopped. So she turned to the stage and worked hard. Officials of Metro-Goldwyn watched her—and gave her a brand new chance.

The GIRL Who Came Back

By IVAN ST. JOHNS

SOME day soon this Hollywood, that accepts sensation with a phlegmatic shrug, is going to stop, stare, and step cautiously off its collective curb at the sight of a very beautiful blonde girl excitedly jumping out of her town car to throw her arms around a dignified, white-haired man, who has the spirit of a Parisian and the smile of a saint.

The girl will be Madge Evans.

The man will be Emil Chautard.

It will be a reunion that takes no heed of gaping Hollywood or the fact that fate and motion-picture producers play strange pranks.

There was a time, back in the hectic days of the silents, when Emile Chautard was monarch of all he surveyed at the old World Film Studios at Fort Lee, New Jersey. He was the most important director in the studio.

And at that same time Madge Evans was a child, lost in the vastness of the big plant. From her point of view, which at the age of six or seven had an altitude of only about three feet from the floor, that studio was a looming vault filled with great, tall people. And the greatest and tallest and most god-like was the director. He was unapproachable to all, to all except one frightened little girl, who looked upon him without any sense of awe.

FROM his great height he reached down a hand to that little girl. She put her chubby fingers in it, and he lifted her upward, not only into the world of his affections but into a magic world of motion pictures. He made her a baby star, a real one, and one of the very first.

Her name was in electric lights shortly after she appeared with Robert Warwick in the Chautard production, "Sudden Riches."

Of course she didn't realize what that meant then. She didn't even know what the whole story was about. Chautard put her through scenes by making them appear real to her, and she laughed or cried accordingly. The rest of the story didn't register on her comprehension.

She doesn't remember anything about those early pictures. She can't even remember whether she saw them when they were completed and shown, although it was probable that she did, for what fond mother could help taking her child to see a moving picture in which she actually appeared.

Now we will rewrite the old one about water under the bridges and say that since that time a great deal of celluloid has slid through the projecting machines in the world. The World Film Company has gone . . . silent pictures have passed. . . . Robert Warwick is no longer a star. . . . Emil Chautard is no longer a director, but has become one of the finest character actors in Hollywood . . . and the amazed and frightened little girl of those Fort Lee days has emerged in the new world of talking pictures as a lustrous creature with a long-term contract at Metro-Goldwyn and stardom, real stardom, not mere baby stardom, within her grasp.

There is no vestige of that wee tot left in the beautiful girl of today, but there is one tangible memory.

Madge Evans Was a Child Star. She Tried One Come-Back and Failed. Then She Started Back at the Beginning—and Now She's Hollywood's Newest Favorite

It comes in the form of a check every month.

WHEN she was a baby star she became so well known and so adored by the public that a manufacturer approached her mother with the proposition to lend Madge Evans' name to a type of hat for little girls. The hats swept the world of small girldom like wildfire and have kept on sweeping it. Even after she left the screen her fame went on under cover of these hats, and not a month has passed from that day to this without a royalty check coming in the mail from their sale. Yes, they're still popular today.

Of course children do grow up. And producers, as each year adds an inch or so or changes facial and bodily characteristics, seek different stories, a bit more grown up in tone each time.

But then there comes the awkward age, that period of adolescence when children sprout up and become all gangling arms and legs and hands and feet. Nobody on stage or screen has been able to do much with a child at that age. And eventually Madge came to it. And that, for the time being, marked the end of her screen career.

But not alone is Madge Evans remembered by the baby hats. There is another phase of her career which has stalked her like a ghost, which she would willingly have everyone forget or at least stop talking about, although she knows they never will.

Do you recall the ignominy you experienced and the throbbing anger you felt when your devoted mother used to bring out the family album and show your friends all those cute and darling little pictures of your bare baby body emerging from a wash bowl or kicking gleefully on a shawl? Do you recollect how devoutly you wished to rifle the album, seize and destroy those photographic records of infantile nudity? Madge Evans has (*Please turn to page* 96)

Glancing at this portrait of beautiful, grown-up Madge Evans, you would never guess that she was the original of the little child in those famous soap advertisements: "Have you a little Fairy in your home?" Miss Evans hopes you won't guess, too.

Then and Now

Top, Robert Montgomery's present home on Palm Drive, Beverly Hills. Right, the house in which he lived up Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, back in 1928 when he first came to movieland. Montgomery took a bus to work in those days.

Left, the house where Joan Crawford first lived in Hollywood. It is on Argyle Drive. Below, the present residence of Joan Crawford and her husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in Brentwood Heights, near Santa Monica. Quite a contrast!

The Stars Lived in Humble Dwellings When They First Arrived in Hollywood. Then Success Lifted Them to Luxury and Comfort. Here are Their First Homes and Their Present Ones

Above, the residence on Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills, where Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg lived until opening their new home at Santa Monica Beach. Left, at Highland and Franklin Avenue, where Herb Howe first interviewed Norma.

Below, Pickfair, the home of Doug and Mary. Right, one of Mary Pickford's earliest Hollywood homes, a bungalow at 5218 Sunset Boulevard, where she lived with her mother, Sister Lottie and Brother Jack.

HERE IS A STUDY IN HOLLYWOOD- CONTRASTS

Some contrast here! Left, the first home of Tom Mix, at Newhall, Calif. Note the ice-box and dresser on the porch. Above, the luxurious present home of Tom in Beverly Hills. This is a massive estate, with elaborate stables, swimming pools and tennis courts.

Below, the present home of Dick Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, at Toluca Lake. Right, where Dick first lived at 1310 North New Hampshire Drive, Hollywood. He had a room here without a bath.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin had a quiet wedding. Only June's brothers, Bud (left) and Dick (right), accompanied the bridal couple. Bud was best man.

Weddings and Parties Hold Hollywood's Interest

WHEN a celebrated couple marries you usually picture the wedding featured by truckloads of orange blossoms and gardenias . . . yards and yards of floating, shimmering white wedding veil . . . at least five or six lorgnettes with large ladies to go with them . . . oodles of distinguished guests drifting about the wedding breakfast table . . . the bride cutting the wedding cake with a sword . . . perhaps a vicar or two milling about in the background to lend prestige to the occasion. . . .

You usually think that, now don't you?

But when June Collyer, lovely daughter of the Clayton Heermances of New York . . . débutante . . . member of the 400 . . . married Stuart Erwin, the comedian, what do you suppose their wedding breakfast was like?

In the first place, June,

(*Please turn to page* 109)

DECEMBER

"IT'S A BOY!"

The famous star, celebrated for his suavity and poise, loses his pose in the hospital waiting room.

An original drawing by Everett Shinn

That GIRL from Pine Bluff

By
PETER ANDERSON

THIS is one on Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and the Shannon family hasn't stopped laughing yet. Neither has their favorite daughter, Peggy, who perpetrated the joke and is going back there one day to indulge personally in a long, slow, cool smile.

The chances are that you haven't the slightest idea what it means to be the mother of a growing daughter in a small town in Arkansas . . . or California, or Wisconsin, or New Hampshire, for that matter.

It's the neighbors, principally, who make the whole thing a harrowing trial, what with their caustic comparisons with their own daughters and the nice sweetly told little stories about *your* daughter; her preference for straw rides over studies and her obvious interest in "the Smith boy" or "the Jones boy." Yes, it's the neighbors mostly and they talked plenty about Peggy.

And Peggy played pretty much into their hands. In spite of her mother's pleadings she would go barefooted. How the neighbors could shrug their shoulders about that! They thought it indicated snobbishness when Peggy was sent off to a convent. They smiled when Peggy came back from the convent. Then, when Peggy entered the Pine Bluff High School, such mothers as

Peggy Shannon was born in Arkansas. She represents a mixture of Irish, Austrian and English blood. The first thing this red-headed girl did in the old home town was to startle folks by going barefoot. Then Mamma Shannon moved to New York with her daughter—and Peggy landed in the Ziegfeld Follies by a sheer stroke of good luck.

Peggy Shannon gave up a career as a glorified chorus girl to learn how to act in drama. She had a remarkable run of bad luck behind the footlights. Before it turned, she had been in fifteen consecutive failures. Then Paramount, hunting for new faces, signed her.

possessed sons began to feel apprehensive.

In a way this was Peggy's mother's fault, too, although Pa Shannon insisted on taking part of the blame. You see, Peggy was beautiul. She represents a mixture of Irish, Austrian and English stock. From the latter she has her deliberative mind. In Pine Bluff this quality is termed "horse sense." I should say the Austrian strain is responsible for her gaiety and, if you have not already guessed it, her Irish blood has bestowed upon her a type of red-headed, blue-eyed beauty, which every daughter's mother in Pine Bluff envied and every mother's son admired.

The Arkansas Ugly Duckling Played a Great Joke on Her Home Town by Becoming a Famous Movie Actress

PINE BLUFF averred that Mrs. Shannon was spoiling her daughter when that good lady took Peggy on a forty-mile trek just to go to one of those sink holes of iniquity, a theater. It was a road company of "The Garden of Allah" and it gave Peggy ideas.

Now the debutantes of Pine Bluff do not have swanky coming-out parties. They all start from scratch. Graduation from the High School, with whatever attending honors the wit, beauty or studiousness of the pupils may bestow, marks the entry of the sweet girl graduates into the turmoil of life. It is their starting gun in the great matrimonial race, where the first prize is probably the banker's, or the butcher's or the baker's son and the prospect of thirty or forty years of monotonous marriage in Pine Bluff.

Right there was where the Pine Bluff mothers got even with Peggy for her previous raids on the affections of their sons and her superiority over their daughters. All the principal could or would say about her as he handed her her diploma was: "Peggy Shannon, proficient in basketball." It was a triumph for the parents of the ugly ducklings of that section of Arkansas. And (*Please turn to page* 98)

Photograph by Hurrell

LOIS MORAN

The popular actress next will be seen opposite John Gilbert in "West of Broadway." She had a leading rôle in "The Spider," too, with Edmund Lowe.

He Wants to MARRY an Actress

And William Bakewell Always Wanted to be an Actor, Even as a Schoolboy

By PETER ANDERSON

William Bakewell was born in Hollywood. He is twenty-three and yet he is a veteran of pictures, having been in films for six years. His pals are Johnny Mack Brown, Lew Ayres and Russell Gleason. He loves parties and is one of the most sought after youths in the movie colony.

HE was born in Hollywood when it was orange groves and hay ranches and was called Colegrove.

He has tremendous enthusiasm for his business—that of being an actor.

While he doesn't believe in Santa Claus, he does believe that the girl of today is much nicer than she used to be. She's so frank and athletic—so interesting and companionable.

He says, if you talk too much about things you intend to do, you end up by just talking about them. That's why he didn't tell me he hopes some day to be a really great character actor.

And when he falls in love and marries, he hopes she will be an actress—one with sincerity of purpose and great ambition—so they can both grow and achieve together.

This young philosopher—he is just twenty-three is Billy Bakewell—happened to be born in Hollywood, so he grew up to be an actor.

IF he had been born in some other place, he might have grown up to be—well, anything, a broker, a doctor, a lawyer.

But wherever he was born or whatever he was doing, this Bakewell boy would have thrown into the job the same tremendous enthusiasm he is giving to acting.

Billy—no one can talk to him five minutes and think of him as William—is made that way. He is like a bundle of high-tension wires. You feel the intensity the minute you meet him.

He is the most seriously enthusiastic young man in Hollywood. But the best part of Billy is that he is serious about everything except himself. In that way he is utterly unlike so many young men of twenty-three who have not yet learned how much they don't know.

"I discovered how unimportant I was and how little I knew during the five months I spent making 'All Quiet on the Western Front,'" Billy explained. "I think I grew up then. All of us did."

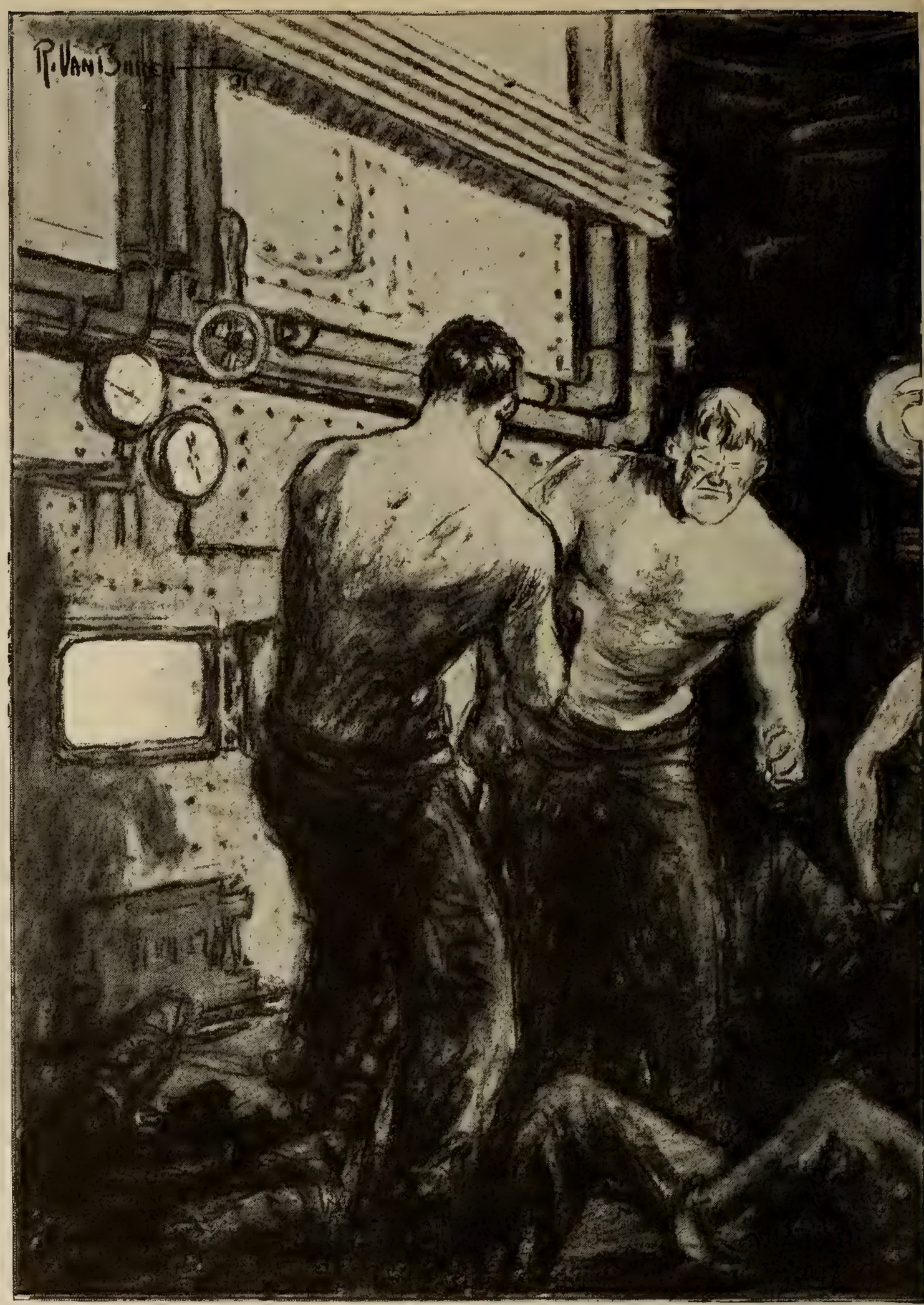
That picture was a great school for all the youngsters who fought its almost real battles in its very real mud and gunfire and exploding shells. It changed them from happy-go-lucky boys into men.

WHEN I first met Billy Bakewell he was playing the dual role of the two princes in "The Iron Mask." That was almost three years ago. At that time he was rather appalling in the vehemence of his emotions. He was so young and so eager to make good and so tense. He rather wore you out with the force of his vitality. He was so youthfully sure of himself with that absolute surety which goes only with twenty.

Now, after three years and "All Quiet," he is an entirely different person. He has the same pep and vigor, but it is schooled and tamed. It is fun to talk to him now. You can relax and listen instead of sitting on the edge of your chair while you wonder how soon he is going to explode.

Billy has been acting on the screen for six years which makes him a real (*Please turn to page* 111)

One look at Two Bits Garrity's Face and They Gave Him the Right Change in Any Night Club. Read What Happened When Garrity Aspired to be Champion of Hollywood



"You dirty, double-crossing dummies!" growled Garrity. "Trying to gang me, hey? You couldn't swing a towel for a real fighter like me!" After absorbing their last concerted battering, he floored the sullen young men with a real ferocity. It was apparent that an epic had been enacted for the cameras amid the clangs of splintered shovels and flying lumps of synthetic coal. The whole thing was part of a new Hollywood super-picture, the fight being staged in the boiler-room of a steamer.

Drawing by Ray Van Buren

Faith, Hope &

A MAN, Shakespeare is reported to have written, in his time plays many parts, and if Bill the Bard could have seen a lumpy, shock-headed Goliath wrecking the interior of a Cuban saloon, he would doubtless have added a footnote to the effect that Mr. Two Bits Garrity, villain *de luxe* for Cinemagical Pictures, was distinctly above par in his performances.

For homicide in Havana was a mere detail for the quarrelsome Two Bits, accustomed as he was to strangling tribesmen in India, lashing the slaves in a Roman galley or bullying the troops of the Foreign Legion, duties he executed with an evil intelligence which made it hard to believe that, away from the studio, he was the kind of person who began squeezing new tubes of toothpaste at the top. In other words, Mr. Garrity had not been issued his full quota of brains, and although it never had occurred to him to fall in line for a second helping, that fact made little difference in the impression he created upon certain female hearts.

"Isn't he marvelous!" whispered Faith Meriweather, Cinemagical's one best bet as an old-fashioned girl, her soft brown eyes shining with admiration. Worldly ladies usually looked upon Mr. Garrity as perpetually offside in the game of love, but the sweeter, gentler, more mignonette-and-lavender the type, the faster they fell for his simian charms. "And to think I'm engaged to him," continued Miss Meriweather, flashing a baguette diamond. "Oh, Oswald, look at those muscles; isn't he just like a piece of statuary?"

Mr. Oswald Stooge, genius at producing everything but a respectable moustache, eyed her askance. "Not a bit of difference," he wheezed. "Save the surface and you save all, baby; there's nothing inside that turret

GARRITY

By
STEWART ROBERTSON

he's using for a head. But can he sock—rowdy dow!"

"Sh-h-h-hh; you'll spoil the scene, you envious half-pint."

"I SHOULD be envious of a guy whose lips move when he's reading to himself? But aside from that," said Mr. Stooge hurriedly, as he glimpsed the old-fashioned girl stepping out of character, "I'm here to wise him up on the juiciest slice of personal publicity ever conceived in Hollywood, and a nice little profit in the bargain. No, don't tell me *I'm* marvelous; I know it."

Before the indignant Faith could toss him an adequate insult, the director, greatly pleased with the damage committed, signaled for the recording to cease, whereupon Two Bits lumbered toward his girl friend, flexing all the biceps, triceps and tendons that protruded from his artistically torn and spattered shirt.

"Am I there?" he demanded. "'J'you see me put the blocks to those two contortionists they hired to play the gendarmes? I picks up the first one and trun him—"

"Threw him, dear," smiled Faith.

"Have it your own way, sugar," said Mr. Garrity affably. "Threw him acrost the bar into all them bottles. Wow—what a part!"

"We saw you," chuckled Mr. Stooge, "but listen, Two Bits, you were much too rough when you were crowning the juvenile. Those birds don't grow as thick as pansies, though you might think so to look at some of them."

"Maybe I was," mumbled the battler, "but I s'pose I like to do all the harm I can on account of having to take a slap from the hero in the last reel. Huh!

It's getting to be a laugh, me drawing the wages of sin from a paymaster who's thirty pounds lighter. I see by the papers that the critics are complaining them scenes don't carry conviction, as the Chicago judge says to the hoodlums."

"I guess it does look a bit queer," said Mr. Stooge craftily, "because it's plain as day that you're a real scrapper."

"One look at my mug, and they give me the right change in any night club," admitted Mr. Garrity.

"You wouldn't have much trouble trimming a lot of genuine prizefighters?" suggested the producer, while Miss Meriweather watched him suspiciously.

"I could lay 'em like linoleum, Oswald. There ain't no more good fighters no more and—"

"In that case a mere actor would be soft?"

"JUST a minute," protested Faith. "Are you trying to inveigle my Two Bits into a brawl with a fellow artist? The shame of it!"

"Glory, you mean," grinned Mr. Stooge. "Listen, baby, the ruffians are drawing the crowds these days, not the teacup jugglers, and we're going to cash in on it. Next to our brutal friend, who's the biggest box office magnet?"

"Why, that vulgar Battleship Bullock over at Galaxy, I suppose."

"Absolutely. He's as hard as Two Bits and just about as terrible an actor, so a fight between 'em at the Hollywood Stadium for supremacy of the movies would be sure-fire publicity. Receipts go to the Community Chest and we'll make the front page of every newspaper in the country—providing Two Bits thinks he can win."

Two Bits Garrity was the menace of all Hollywood films. Make-believe homicide was a mere detail for the quarrelsome ex-prizefighter, accustomed as he was to strangling tribesmen in India, lashing slaves in a Roman galley or bullying the troops of the Foreign Legion. He executed these duties with an evil intelligence which made it hard to believe that, away from the studio, he was the kind of person who began squeezing new tubes of toothpaste at the top. Read the startling trick that Hollywood played on Two Bits.

"I'll hand him a sock he can use for a nightcap," chirped Mr. Garrity, who was even more reckless than his roles. "Name the round and I'll knock him into your lap, but say, how do you know he'll fall for it?"

"He's not as modest as you are," said the brazen Oswald. "He's been swanking around the Galaxy studios calling himself the uncrowned champion of Hollywood, and as much as says that all the other heavies are only tough from nine to five."

"It's funny the way some actors get swelled up," mused Two Bits. "So he's sold on himself, hey? Well, I've got a week's wages that says he can't leave the ring under his own steam."

"Now you're talking," cried Mr. Stooge excitedly. "Why, your mind positively keeps in step with mine! We tick off the Battleship, we grab his money, not to mention most of Galaxy's loose change, and we stagger the public all in one swoop. Two Bits, you're a prince, and as a reward I'll tell you all about your next picture."

"And I tell you to stay out of this," wailed Miss Meriweather. "Don't you see, you idiot, that you take all the risk? Oswald and his 'we' stuff! Is it Oswald's nose that's going to get punched? Do Oswald's eyes run a chance of being cocked any worse than they are already? Does—"

"DOLLING," said Mr. Garrity, giving her the smugly fatuous eye of the male in his engaged state, "when two gents are discussing business it ain't nice for a little girl to interrupt. Be practical, honeybunch, and think of the three thousand dollars I'm going to bet for you. Spend the winnings on backgammon lessons, for all I care, which proves my love with a capital L, if you ask me."

Faith's triple A patent leather pumps began to tap out a warning. "What about my feelings? I don't mind you being a grand villain at the studio, Two Bits, but you know that I'm trying to develop your dignity as a public character. You're big and strong, b-but so is that horrid Battleship Bullock, and anyhow, you haven't any grudge against him."

"What about the night they pulled the cork on a new picture at the Chinese Theatre? There I was, memorizing my speech all the way from Palos Verdes, and when we hit the lobby who was in front of the mike but the Battleship. 'Hello, folks,' he bawls, 'it certainly is a wonderful evening, lights and everything. All the stars ain't in the sky, folks, and I wisht you was here. Well, g'night, people; over the river.' The very words I'd thought up myself! I just stood there with my mouth open, and that sissy master of ceremonies bats for me. 'Mr. Garrity is struck dumb with amazement—hee-hee-hee!' he giggles, and eases me through the door. No grudge, hey? But now, give me the lowdown on my next part."

"It's what you always wanted," enthused Mr. Stooge. "Believe it or not, you lead a mutiny!"

"Up from the fo'castle with a knife in my teeth? Mad struggles with the twenty-four year old captain on the poop deck and finally get washed overboard by a ton of water?"

"How'd you guess it?"

"With maybe a chase up the yardarm to topple off a couple of stunt men?"

"You said it, Two Bits, and your big scene is a battle royal with the boiler-room crew. Some of them will be the Bounding Maloneys, specially hired from the Pantages Circuit, who'll leap on you from all angles, and you throw two of 'em into the flames."

"That's drama," conceded Faith reluctantly. "I can appreciate that, Oswald, and it looks like a chance for Two Bits to steal another picture. His conception of the part should be marvelous, as always, so I'd like you to know I'm grateful."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he outdoes himself," said Mr. Stooge, "seeing that for the first time in his career he'll be playing opposite Hope Rondeau." He pretended not to hear Miss Meriweather's little gasp of dismay. "She's going to lure Two Bits to destruction—in the picture."

"And outside of it, if she gets the chance, the deceitful, slinking vamp! Why, her chief boast is that she makes a fool out of any man she works with, and then she spurns him just for a laugh. Oh, Two Bits, you're in danger!"

"Don't worry," said Mr. Garrity, a shade wistfully. "She's never paid no attention to me the two years she's been out here, and, anyhow, you know what I think of brunettes. Maybe I'll have a chance to strangle her, hey, Oswald?"

"I've seen her dazzle a dozen leading men just to keep in practice," lamented Faith, "and they were mere gigolos, not stalwart manhood like you. Why did you have to do this to me, Oswald?"

"Because there'll be no cornfed simpletons in a clinch at the end of this film," stated Mr. Stooge. "Vamp and villain split the billing; Two Bits gets drowned and Hope is necked by an octopus, leaving the fadeout a closeup of the Pacific Ocean. I'm going to pull a little symbolical stuff, like a string of bubbles and a powder puff floating nearby, and the audience goes home impressed with the futility of vice."

"You can't do without love at the end!"

"I can do without you in the cast, if you don't quit this jealousy gag. I'm surprised at you, especially when I visualize you in the tear-jerking role of a forsaken wife. Come on, baby, (*Please turn to page* 114)

Outside of motion pictures, flying is Clarence Brown's chief interest in life. He owns a thirty-thousand-dollar plane.

The Highest Paid Director

He's Clarence Brown and he earns $6,000 Every Week, Rain or Shine, Because He Never Wastes a Producer's Money

By JIM TULLY

ABOUT forty years of age, hair gray at the temples, as handsome as the stars whom he directs, Clarence Brown, at six thousand per week, has long been the highest salaried director in the world.

He is as methodical as a pawnbroker counting money. A one-time mechanical engineer with a mathematical mind, he divides it shrewdly in sections of drama, emotion, and the sentimental hokum so dear to the hearts of millions to whom life is a childish recess and eternity a long vacation in the Mansions of the Blessed.

I have long been close to Clarence Brown. As a man, he's as clean as the wind on a May morning. His chief interests in life are his films, a thirty-thousand-dollar airplane, and a glance now and then at one of the beautiful girls who make of Hollywood such a lovely—and dangerous paradise.

BROWN is so reticent that the unobserving might call him phlegmatic.

He is really a man of strong impulse under intense control. Neither has he any illusions about his work. "I'm in pictures to make a lot of money. To do that I've got to make pictures that people want to see."

He sees reality, emotion, and sentimentality as problems in algebra. He stresses those ingredients that have proven popular. His mind is not static: he knows that life is in turbulent and continual fluctuation. He varies his direction and mixes his ingredients accordingly.

The deeply logical mind is apt to be too cautious. Brown's mind is no exception. It is, in my opinion, his chief drawback.

He can admire and praise, as much as any man, the work of a Milestone. As an engineer, however, he would scan the road too closely for the detours which a Milestone would ignore.

Clarence Brown is one of the few college men directing films. He graduated from the University of Tennessee as a mechanical and electrical engineer.

Of good appearance, he was soon a demonstrator of high-class cars among the wealthier people. In a short time he was earning nearly a thousand dollars a month, a large sum for so young a man.

His work took him to different parts of the nation.

To while away lonely evenings in strange towns, he spent hours at cinema shows.

He became fascinated with possibilities of the films. He was at this time about twenty-five.

Clarence Brown never wastes film. Seldom, if ever, have a thousand feet of film been cut from any of the threescore pictures he has directed.

He never uses a megaphone.

He studied to be a mechanical engineer—and, at heart, he is still an engineer.

ONE man's work stood out above the rest. It was that of Maurice Tourneur, a French director, who was perhaps too subtle and civilized for the rowdy business of moronic entertainment manufactured at that period.

(*Please turn to page* 78)

READ Your FATE in Your FACE

"The Eyes Are the Windows of the Soul" and Here Is How You Can Read Your Own Eyes and Those of Your Friends

BY WILLIAM E. BENTON

"THE eyes are the windows of the soul" is an expression of fact both trite and true. Your eyes, whatever their color, size or shape, reveal better than any other feature your every fleeting emotion and thought or you by your will pretend or act out feelings and thoughts that are far from your real ones, of course. But unless there were accepted real expressions there could be no imitations of them. So whether you are an actor or actress on the stage or screen, or meeting the public in real life, your eyes can be and probably are, your best feature in carrying conviction to your every statement.

There is the language of the eyes, most eloquent and appealing. Think of the universal mischievous quality of the wink. Certainly, the three primal emotions of love, hate, and fear, can be most eloquently and convincingly transmitted in instantaneous expressions of the eyes.

The secondary emotions of pity, contempt, jealousy, and all the others made up from different proportions of the primal three can be most convincingly expressed at will by the good actress or actor. Shakespeare has said, "All the world's a stage and men and women merely actors on it!"

Well, whether in reel or real life it's a most important thing to hold the eyes of the one you wish to impress. Your eyes reveal your prevailing emotions and therefore the transitory thoughts and emotions they most convincingly express.

THERE are few actors like that supreme master of pantomime, Charles Chaplin, who can express with just his eyes all the human emotions with equal ease. Most eyes by their shape are either rather intense, serious, and a bit antagonistic, or high-arched, credulous and friendly, or the eyes and brows are pale and sloping so as to give a perpetual fearful or tragic effect.

The average eye is not strongly accentuated by any of the three primal emotions, but all eyes reveal our prevailing mental attitude, ideality, or personality to all who look into the windows of our souls. You cannot hate long or hard without altering your eyes to best express that feeling.

Fear gives the eyes a haunted, tragic look that is the product of perhaps years of fear as a prevailing feeling. Love gives the eyes more personality or appeal than any other feeling, but those people with the large, open, candid, well-spaced eyes with high arched brows can most easily convey this, their most natural and prevailing thought and feeling. Casting directors in working to get the greatest amount of personality and convincing naturalness into a play or picture, deliberately or instinctively pay particular attention to the types of eyes selected for villain, heroine, and hero.

In order to be a most convincing villain, one has to be able to look thoroughly hateful in off-side revealing moments at least. Intense dark eyes with strong high lights in them, heavy brows that meet in the center and lids that suggest the oriental slant of the ancient Tartars or Huns, make a most convincing villain type.

All eyes can relax, smile, and look lovely to those who love them, but the love type of eye is universal in its ability to express the tender emotions.

There is an ancient Chinese saying, "Show me a man's eyes and I'll tell you what he might have been, show me his mouth and I'll tell you what he has been."

SIGHT being the swiftest and most accurate of the senses and the eye its receptive organ, it is natural to tell by the shape of the eye the sights most acceptable to the various types. Because it was through looking at the sights they liked best that all types were evolved. To the person with the extreme type of hateful eye, there is no scene so stimulating, pleasing, and altogether engrossing, as one of carnage and slaughter. Such an eye had Ivan the Terrible of Russia. To the person with the eye of tragedy, no scene is quite so soul satisfying as one that moves them to tears. A good cry now and then is a surcease to millions. This is as true as saying the hypochondriac enjoys poor health, and their favorite ride is to a funeral.

Now the high-arched alert, colorful, lover type of eye is found most often on the people whose vocation and avocation in life is to depict most convincingly life's most tender emotion, love. With people who can most conscientiously and constantly feel and reveal this emotion — actresses who play the heroine in motion pictures—you will find the love type of eye. We might cite a list as long as this article, but will (*Please turn to page* 76)

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Heavy, bushy, straight brows, over clear eyes with many little angles about the eyes, show an intense, positive character—one who has a judge's delight in things that can be demonstrated and proved, but who has little sympathy for fine-spun theories about this life or the next, if any, as they would say. They dramatize the real more than the fanciful things of life. They find the real facts of nature more wonderful than folklore or fairy-tales. They, or you, if you have such brows, have a tendency to become matter-of-fact.

MARLENE DIETRICH

Large, heavy lidded, clear eyes, with brows highest at outer corners. This gives the face an exotic look, as though ordinary things were not half wonderful enough. They excel in writing and speaking along lines of creativeness quite beyond the ordinary work-a-day world. To those intimates who understand and sympathize with their mental creations, they can be charming, indeed. When repressed or misunderstood in childhood they are liable to become erratic, and go from great elation to deep despair.

GLORIA SWANSON

Keen light eyes, greenish gray, with eyes and brow tip-tilted, are found on keen, alert people, more alive by night than day. They are usually sophisticated, cool, and can appear most indifferent even when most jealous, and personally ill at ease. Their keen observation makes it almost impossible to hide anything from them, and they can keep or reveal the secrets they revel in, at will. Their worst fault is duplicity, but they have a genius for getting out of difficulties and a great delight in gay mischief.

JOAN CRAWFORD

Large, prominent, somewhat protruding or staring eyes like Joan Crawford's, are found on talkative, eager people who generally have a genius for language and music.

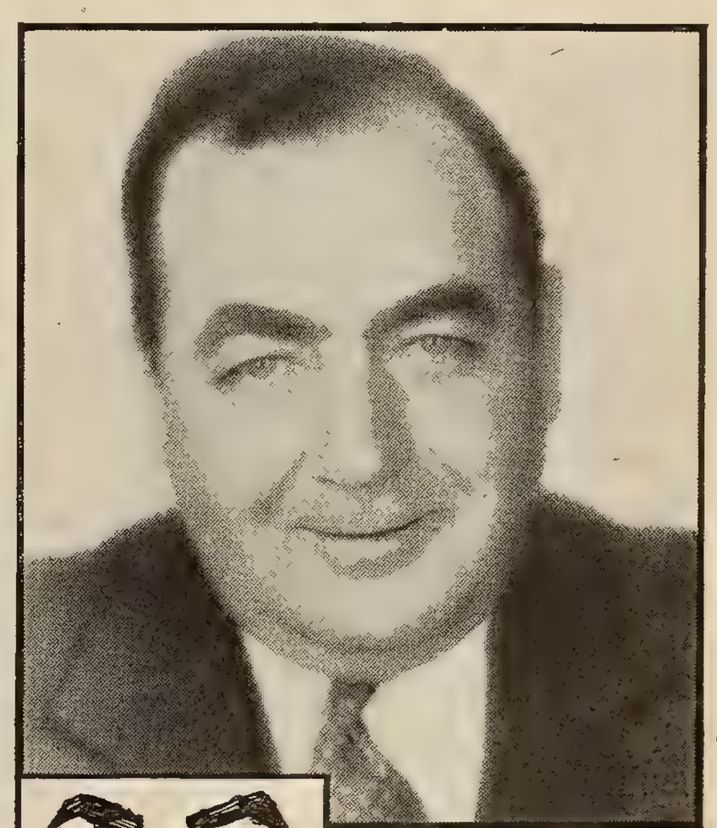
The owners of such eyes find people more interesting than places or things and can pick up a language by a short association with people who speak it well. Travel and adventure are so pleasing to them that many of this type are found in the diplomatic service everywhere. Such eyes usually accompany large full-lipped mouths.

GEORGE BANCROFT

Narrow, rather small eyes, with heavy brows, close to the eyes, slightly depressed in the center. These are found on personalities who are keen observers, but who pay more attention to form than color, so life is a keen, accurate series of pictured events to them and facts more interesting than fiction. The half-closed sharp eyes show the delight in accuracy and capacity for minute detail. These eyes far apart give breadth of view; close set, a love of the minute. Many aviators have these eyes.

ZASU PITTS

Brows and eyes that tip down at the outer corners, have a tragic look and their owners can play tragic parts in life, in fact tragedy interests them more than comedy. Work that is intense, serious, earnest, but where every bit of effort counts and is recompensed in good pay, is the natural field of such natures. Many prophets and people with prescience or second sight, have such tragic eyes. However, they may foresee more evil than good. There are several pairs of such eyes in the motion picture world.



EUGENE PALLETTE

Smiling eyes, peeping out from almost closed full lids, with heavy tip-tilted brows, are found on humorous, entertaining, jovial souls. They don't believe in spoiling a story by making it too literal. Wit and repartee are the spice of life to them even if they do make it very personal and point out the things their victims would gladly cover up. However, they love wit and humor so much that whether one is laughing with or at them makes little difference. If you have such eyes, get where you meet all types of humanity.

DECEMBER

How Johnny Mack Brown Brought Football Glory to His Home Town of Dothan, Alabama

John Mack Brown was born in Poplar Head, now Dothan, Alabama, in 1904. He was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Brown. Johnny Mack first attracted attention as a football player on his High School eleven.

"WE could write a book on his excellences and shortcomings, we might write a paper, but we won't write a solitary thing. For everybody knows Johnny Mack. During the athletic season he is the mainstay in more things than Eleanor's swing. A jolly good fellow who is sure to star in the football world."

The seniors of the class of 1922 of the Dothan High School, as well as other members of the school, will remember the above quotation. Such was said of him in *The Gargoyle,* the year book of the school. The prediction was fulfilled on New Year's Day, 1926, with the following headline: "JOHNNY MACK BROWN STARS IN UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA'S TRIUMPHANT DEFEAT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON." Thus ended a great day for Johnny Mack Brown, the South and Dothan, Alabama, his home town. But we are getting ahead of our story.

In September, 1904, at Poplar Head, Ala. (this was the name of Dothan at that time), a second son was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Brown. He was christened John Mack Brown. Little did his parents realize that in 22 short years he would return to his native city to be met at the station with the town band in celebration of his success. No one, with the possible exception of Brown himself, knows more about his early childhood than his mother, a quiet and unassuming woman. She began by telling of a very serious illness which nearly cost young Brown his life when he was only three years old. She recounted his early youth, "Harry and Johnny Mack (Harry was his elder brother) were very near the same age and during their childhood were inseparable. Johnny had an early craving for adventure. It was a hard matter for me to keep up with him, so to speak, as his one great fault was running away from home.

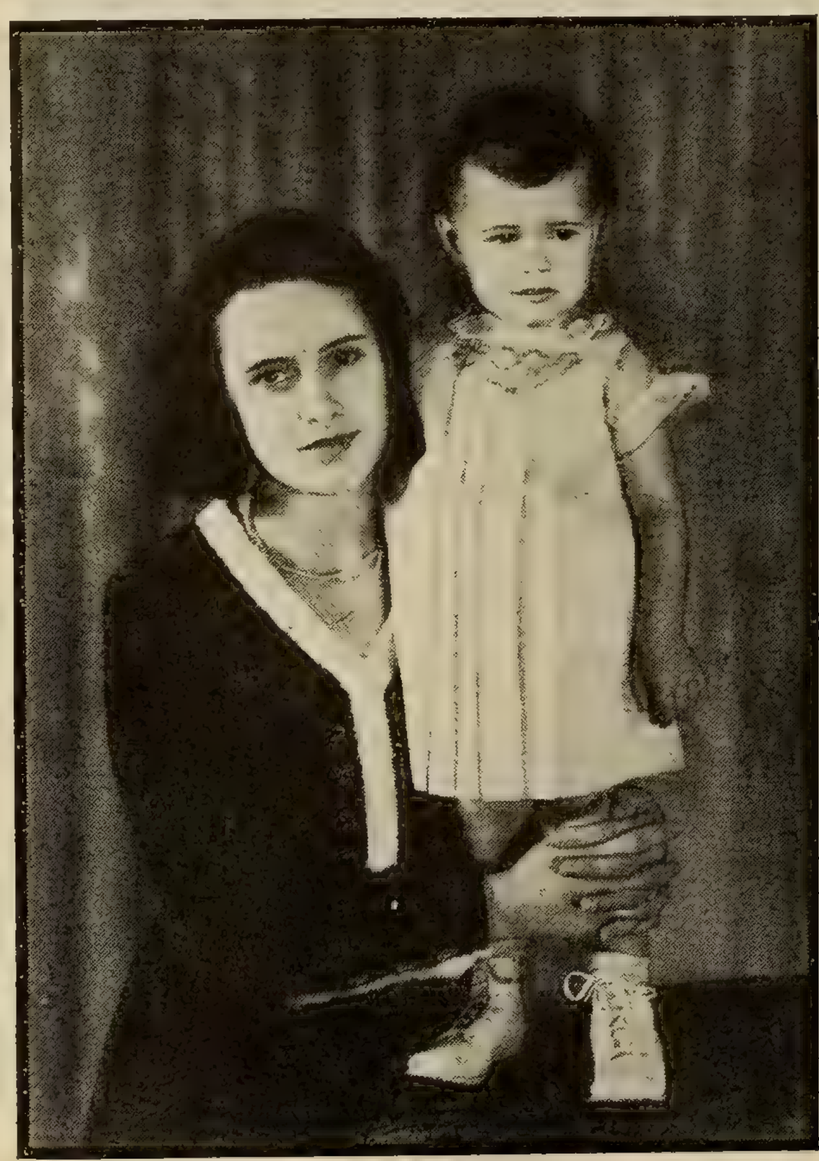
"I can recall," continued Mrs. Brown, "that just about the time he was to enter first grade school or a little before, the first automobile made its appearance in Dothan. This attracted him considerably and he was not content until he had thoroughly inspected this car. A friend of ours had purchased one of these cars and Johnny had learned where he kept it. He disappeared at lunch time. A search was instituted. After several hours Johnny Mack was found in the improvised garage, dismantling the car bit by bit."

JOHNNY MACK was a leader even in early youth. All of his little friends in the neighborhood would look to him for guidance in everything. He would even do their fighting for them. He was a good boxer and could usually lick any two boys of his own age. During his high school days he fell in love with a pretty schoolmate. It was her swing that was referred to in the first paragraph of this story. He was apparently very bashful and shy among the girls, some of his friends say. It is said, however, that this particular girl received a rose almost every day.

To be a football player was one of his greatest ambitions in life. He would watch the larger boys play and would say to his friends, "Some day I'll be a big football star, too." He showed promise at an early age and played on the school team.

He was never considered an honor-roll student either in High School or in college. However, he earned high enough marks to pass.

During his first few years at football he was rather slow in learning the signals. His great ambition was just to get hold of that ball and run down the field. "I can remember," related the quarterback on his High School team, "in Johnny Mack's first year, instead of calling the signal for his play, I would have to tell him that I was going to give him the ball and wanted him to run like blazes with it."



Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown and their little daughter, Jane Harriet. Mrs. Brown was Cornelia Foster, the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Henry Bacon Foster, of Tuscaloosa, Ala.

HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

BY WALTER D. SAMUEL, Jr. of The Tuscaloosa News

After considerable practice he was finally given the position as fullback on the Dothan High School football team. He was very proud and with great dignity told his mother and father of his achievement. They did not, at first, approve of his playing football and offered all forms of discouragement, without avail. He became the star of his team. G. T. Cooper, his teammate and quarterback, says of him: "He was the best High School player ever graduated from Dothan and possibly the best in the South. He was clumsy at first, but developed into the fastest man in Southern high school football at that time."

THE last two years in high school he was voted the handsomest boy in school. He was very popular and a very good dancer. He never gave any serious thought to dramatics while in High School or showed any marked degree of talent. However, he did take part in two plays, "What Happened to Jones" and "Sprigg's Trip to Europe." He could do buck and wing dances and he also played the mandolin and sang. This was the only form of entertainment he ever presented during his High School and college careers until his last year in the university, when fate intervened, and the "break" came which has taken him far into the cinema world, and which I will deal with later on in the story.

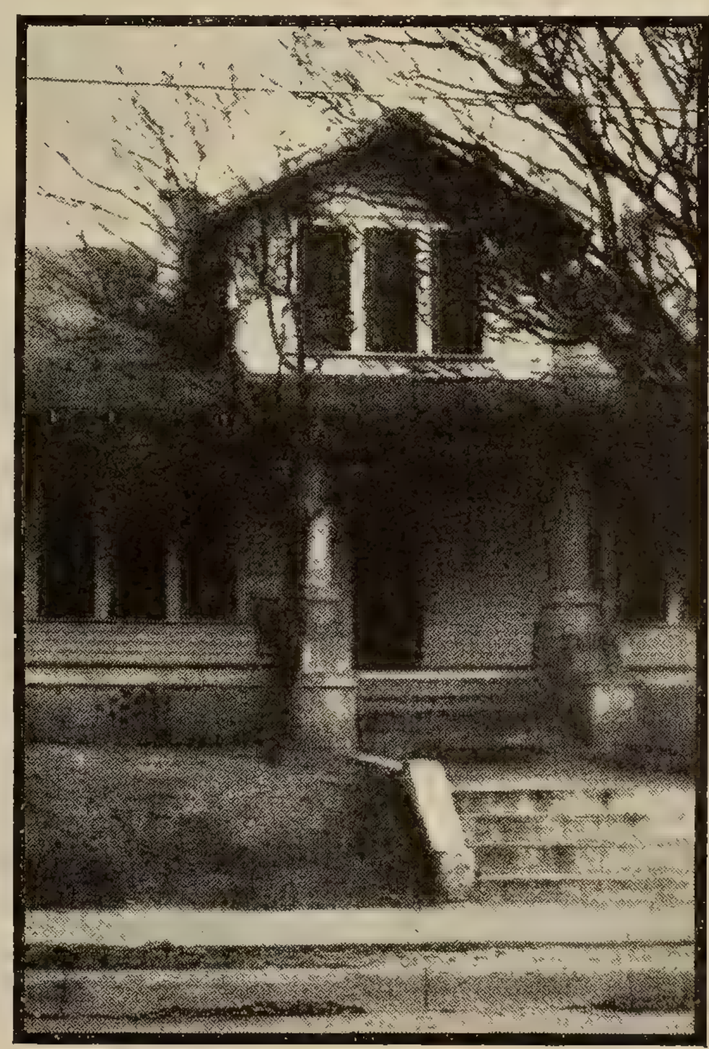
During the following Summer, after leaving High School, his thoughts centered on college. Johnny Mack had made up his mind to go to Auburn and told his father, "Dad, I want to go to Auburn and help them beat Georgia Tech." His mother and father had chosen the University of Alabama and requested that he enroll there. It was not until about a week before the university opened that Mack Brown made his decision in favor of Alabama. His mother was taken ill at about this time and lay in the hospital. Brown paid her a visit and during the conversation said, "Mother, is it really your wish that I go to Alabama?" She replied, "It is, Johnny. I feel that you can accomplish great things there." Leaving the hospital he wired the university authorities.

A few months prior to this Wallace Malone, a prominent Dothan banker, was attracted to Johnny Mack when he witnessed a football game between Dothan and Enterprise. These two schools always had been great rivals and this time the interest had become very tense. The game ended in a fight. Mr. Malone relates here in his own words the part he played in Johnny Mack's success.

Johnny Mack Brown, when he was a senior at the Dothan High School. At that time he was voted the best-looking boy of his class.

"After that game there remained a great deal of feeling." Mr. Malone says in telling of the incident. "I felt that the Enterprise boys were our guests and that they should be treated as such. When I reached the hotel I heard an apologetic voice talking to our visitors. It was Johnny Mack Brown making an apology for the action of his teammates—all alone. It struck me as being a most manly thing to do. When I heard next Summer that Johnny Mack was going to college I realized that it was quite a financial responsibility on his father, who had to educate six boys and three girls. I offered to lend him the necessary money until Johnny Mack could secure a position. I wrote to the Alabama authorities to see if they could not secure him a position and they did. You might never have heard of him if he had not gone to Alabama."

Mr. Malone went on: "He was a clean sportsman and a good moral boy. Dothan is proud of him and he is proud of Dothan."



The Brown home at No. 519 South St. Andrews Street, Dothan, where Johnny Mack was born and raised. This is a typical American home of a typical American family.

WHEN Johnny Mack departed for Tuscaloosa, his father told him, "Johnny, the eyes of Dothan are watching you. Go up there, study hard, and bring home the bacon." A tall, curly-haired, handsome youth stepped upon the train as it pulled out of the station, waving his hand and saying, "I'll do my best." His departure was quite different from his return, four years later, when he was met at that same station by a mob of citizens and (*Please turn to page* 86)

DECEMBER

Ask MA, She Knows

What Stories Mothers Could Tell of the Baby Days of the Now Famous Stars

You'd never guess the identity of the chubby lad just above, unless we told you. He's smiling Regis Toomey, popular right now in the films. Below is Edwina Booth, the courageous heroine of "Trader Horn," at the tender age of three. And right is Phillips Holmes just back from military school for the holidays, with no thought of a screen career.

More famous folk as kiddies. Right, Lois Moran at the age of fourteen months. Wasn't she pretty —and isn't she beautiful right now? Just below, Mary Brian at four years, snapped down in Texas. Lower right, Bessie Love, long before she tried films. And, at the lower left, Charles Rogers being given an airing by his sister. Buddy was just four months old and even then was the pride of Olathe, Kansas. Nobody thought he would ever be a screen actor in those days. He was just "another baby" over at the Rogers' house.

Zita Johann is a Magyar, born in the Southern part of Hungary. When she was seven, her family migrated to America. Her biggest stage successes were won in "Machinal" and in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." In D. W. Griffith's production of "The Struggle" Miss Johann plays the wife of an American working man.

She Tried to Stay Out of the MOVIES

Then D. W. Griffith selected Zita Johann For the Leading Role in His New Talking Picture

BY DENA REED

"SHE has brains—that girl!" said D. W. Griffith of Zita Johann as he wandered into her dressing room while she was giving me her first movie interview. It was during the making of "The Struggle." We had had about seven interruptions before—just when I would get Zita talking, some one else would amble in—and I was ready to swear at D. W. himself, but I forgave him on the spot when he gave me my lead sentence.

Yes, Zita has brains—plus. The plus is such a breathtaking personality that you want to sit in analytic contemplation rather than go into "What Every Good Interviewer Should Ask."

I expected a successful stage star making her motion picture debut under Griffith's wing to be different, but I wasn't prepared for Zita. To begin with, she is tiny (the costume director said I must be sure to tell you she wears a size eleven dress, so you'll know just how tiny she is), but sitting talking with her you would never think it. So great is the impression she gives of mental and spiritual strength, that you imagine she must be much taller, so that, when she stands, her height—less than five feet—comes as something of a shock. But I'd be willing to wager that she isn't the sort of little woman that men want to protect—they wouldn't dare! Zita Johann is strong—there are no half-way measures about her—she knows what she wants and can take care of herself.

NO photograph of her can do her justice, for though it may catch her large brown eyes that seem to have been looking long at the sea, her intelligence, her simplicity, there is still her voice that is one of the chief factors of her personality. Deep yet not husky, it has its strangely-moving inflections that can probably be traced to her racial heritage.

Zita Johann is a Magyar, born in the southern part of Hungary. She began school at four because she was ambitious, she will tell you. Even at that early age she began to assert herself. When she was seven, her father, an artist, brought his family to New York. In due time she attended Bryant High School and joined the Kittredge Club for Girls. Every Kittredge Club member points proudly to Zita Johann today, for it was at the club that she developed the dramatic department and played the lead in most of the plays. Both in school and at the club she drifted naturally to dramatics.

"As a child," she said, "I wanted to be either a nun or an actress. Now I know it was the dramatic in religion that appealed to me. (*Please turn to page* 102)

The House You'd Like to Build

WHAT sort of house would you like to build? Would you choose a New England type of Colonial house, painted white with green shutters and a small front porch, or a Colonial house of the Southern sort, with rambling, roomy verandas, shaded with honeysuckle? Would you build a house of Spanish design made of stucco with a red tile roof, or would you prefer something on the French Provincial order or a house of authentic English design?

Unless you have made a closer study of architecture than most of us, you may have only a vague idea of the differences between the sort of Colonial houses that are characteristic of New England and those of the Southern type, and yet you can tell at a glance which you like best.

You may prefer the French Provincial type of house to one of the Spanish description without knowing the fine architectural distinctions—just as you prefer roses to chrysanthemums without bothering your head about their botanical classifications.

The important thing to remember is that the soundness of your judgment and the excellence of your taste in this matter of houses need not depend on your technical knowledge of architecture, though the architect's knowledge and experience are absolutely essential to produce the sort of house that you would like to live in.

Drive or walk through a residential section anywhere you like, and as you look at this house or that you are pretty sure to say to yourself or your companion, "I like that house." "I don't like this." "I'd like that house for some one else but this is the sort of house I should like to live in." Or you may go further and say: "I'd like that stucco house if it had a different sort of roof," or "That house is attractive but it has no veranda—I should never want to live in a house without one."

Architects have done wonderful things within recent years in this business of designing smaller houses. And builders have done their share in making it possible for us to have houses that are really beautiful and comfortable even though we may not have a large amount of money to invest in them.

They have devised new styles of houses, but more often they have gone back to earlier periods and have got their inspiration from houses built in other days. They have studied the old-fashioned houses built in this country in Colonial days—built a little differently in different sections of the country. And taking these old models for inspiration they have designed and built houses that are not only more comfortable, but actually more attractive than the old Colonial originals.

Then they have gone back to old world countries—notably to France, England and Spain—to find moderate-sized houses that might offer suggestions for homes of the modern American sort. Sometimes they have borrowed very lightly from the old world originals—merely making use of certain attractive features, the slant of a roof or the design of a window or the pattern of a cornice.

In this way there are innumerable sorts of houses for us to consider when it comes to choosing the sort of a home you would like for yourself.

So keep your eyes wide open. Visit the residential sections of your own and nearby towns and suburbs. Remember what you like and what you don't like and try to find out the reason for your preference or prejudice.

This is all part of a plan we have under way, full details of which will be announced later on. So think it over and next month you will find in this magazine sketches and plans of four practical houses of the sort that we consider most suitable for the average American family. They have been chosen for us by a committee of well-known architects and we want you to look at the sketches carefully and study the plans with a critical eye so that you can choose which of the four houses you would like best—that is which house you would choose if you were to build one for yourself.

We Want You to Decide

In the next issue of this magazine you will find sketches and plans of four houses, chosen for you from hundreds of buildable, livable, moderate-size houses. Each is architecturally a perfect example of its type and is practically adapted to the needs of the modern American family. We want you to decide which of the houses shown next month you like the best, so that as we go forward with our house planning we can know precisely the type of home that appeals to the majority of our readers.

REVIEWS

William Collier, Jr., and Sylvia Sidney are the tenement lovers buffeted by fate in Elmer Rice's Pulitzer prize drama, "Street Scene," superbly filmed by Director King Vidor.

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

A REMARKABLE movie month! Remarkable because it brought forward two such fine films as King Vidor's "Street Scene" and Frank Borzage's "Bad Girl." Remarkable, too, in that it had such excellent pictures as Dick Barthelmess' new vehicle, "The Last Flight," the first film appearance of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "The Guardsman," the presentation of George Arliss as one of his two favorite characters of history, Alexander Hamilton, and a swell melodrama, "The Spider."

The new season will have to travel some to beat those six striking photoplays.

Let us consider "Street Scene" first. This is the Pulitzer prize play by Elmer Rice. Samuel Goldwyn bought the screen rights, engaged Mr. Rice himself to supervise the film adaptation and selected Mr. Vidor, who is easily our best American director, to make it into celluloid. The result is a faithful and understanding presentation of the play, tenderly and sympathetically directed. And very well acted, too.

Rice's drama was a cross-section of life in a drab brownstone tenement in the West 60's of Manhattan. The stage play showed the front of the building, the events transpiring as you might see and overhear them from the sidewalk in front. The film follows this. Never once does the camera enter the house.

YOU see enacted the petty tragedies of the tenement's variegated dwellers. Babies are born, tenants are dispossessed, quarrels and gossip threaten its existence—but the chief drama centers about lonesome Mrs. Maurrant on the second floor front. Her husband comes home to surprise her with the milk collector—and he kills them both. In the end you see the tenement settling back to its old life, as the police, the newspaper reporters and the ambulances move on to a new sensation somewhere else.

Estelle Taylor is Mrs. Maurrant and Sylvia Sidney is her daughter. The best performances, to my way of thinking, are given by David Landau, as the vengeful husband, and William Collier, Jr., as a sensitive young Jewish boy who dwells in the tenement.

"Bad Girl," Vina Delmar's novel, is superbly translated to the screen by Frank Borzage, the man who made "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel." This is a story of an every-day boy and girl who meet, fall in love and marry—and it follows them on through the tragic problems of the first baby. The film retains all the direct, unadulterated dialogue of Miss Delmar's novel and, moreover, it is sanely, sincerely and movingly directed.

"Bad Girl" has lifted James Dunn, who plays the boy, to instant fame and it will do a great deal for Sally Eilers, who is sympathetic and human as the girl.

I recommend either of these films without a single reservation.

MR. BARTHELMESS' "The Last Flight" (First National) is adapted from John Monk Saunders' widely discussed short stories, "Nikki and her War Birds." Here, with brittle and unconventional dialogue, Mr. Saunders painted a picture of a crowd of young aviators, grounded by the Armistice, trying to forget before the Paris bars. Broken, embittered, nerves shattered, there is no future for these young chaps, trained to the science of killing. The boys encounter

Two Fine Films, "Street Scene" and "Bad Girl," Head the Productions of an Interesting Month—Comments Upon the New Pictures

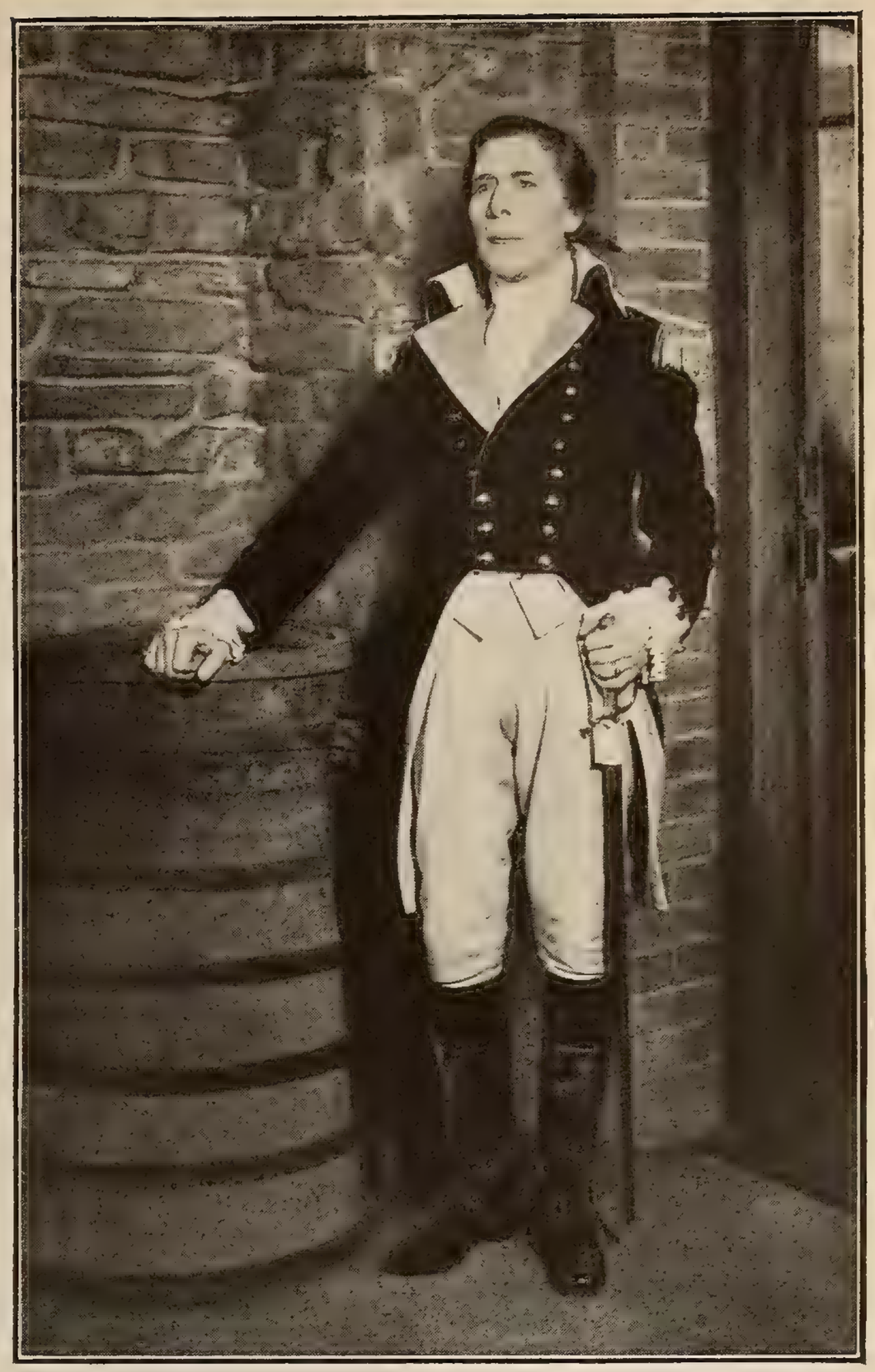
a girl, Nikki, as mad and as irresponsible as themselves, and their subsequent adventures as they seek to forget, formed a series of yarns at once touching, amusing and sad.

Mr. Barthelmess has developed an unusual and decidedly out of the ordinary film from these Nikki stories. The star himself is excellent and there are admirable performances by Helen Chandler as Nikki and by David Manners as one of the war birds, Shep.

George Arliss' "Alexander Hamilton" (Warners) is a sincere, dignified and interesting film built about the life of the first Secretary of the Treasury. Through it move such historic figures as Washington, Jefferson, John Jay, Monroe and Talleyrand. With all these mighty men of the past as its chief figures, the film can not help being a little grandiloquent and stiff. But Mr. Arliss is as delightful as ever as Hamilton. And June Collyer will surprise you in the rôle of Mrs. Reynolds, the minx who almost eliminated Hamilton from his future pedestal in American history. The picture shows how Hamilton rides over this scandal to political success and domestic happiness.

ALFRED LUNT and Lynn Fontanne stand at the forefront of the American-speaking stage, or rather what is left of the footlight theater. They are stars of the Theater Guild and among their successes is Franz Molnar's "The Guardsman," a rich and racy comedy of the Continental school. This has now been filmed by Metro-Goldwyn. They play two idols of the Viennese theater, married but now drifting upon the matrimonial rocks. The actor is violently jealous and, to test the fidelity of his wife, he masquerades as a Russian guardsman, thus making love to his own wife. He conquers her, too. Thus he is both happy and broken-hearted. I will not tell you the neat twist Molnar gives the lively plot at the finish. Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne play admirably together and both of them give the fine performances expected of them.

"The Guardsman" is smart, sophistical entertainment.



In "Alexander Hamilton," George Arliss gives one of his characteristically fine performances of the first Secretary of our Treasury. This picture is done with sincerity and unwavering good taste.

"Waterloo Bridge" (Universal) is the work of Robert Sherwood, motion-picture critic and playwright. It was a stage play of fair success. Transferred to the screen by Universal it becomes better entertainment, largely because of the able direction of James Whale, the man who made "Journey's End." Also because of two grand performances, one of a London street girl by Mae Clarke and the other of a British soldier by Kent Douglass, right now the best young actor in Hollywood. There is a brief romance between the boy and the girl of the pavements, a romance that can end only in heartbreak. You will find this one of those little pictures that are sincerely done and hard to forget.

(*Please turn to page* 80)

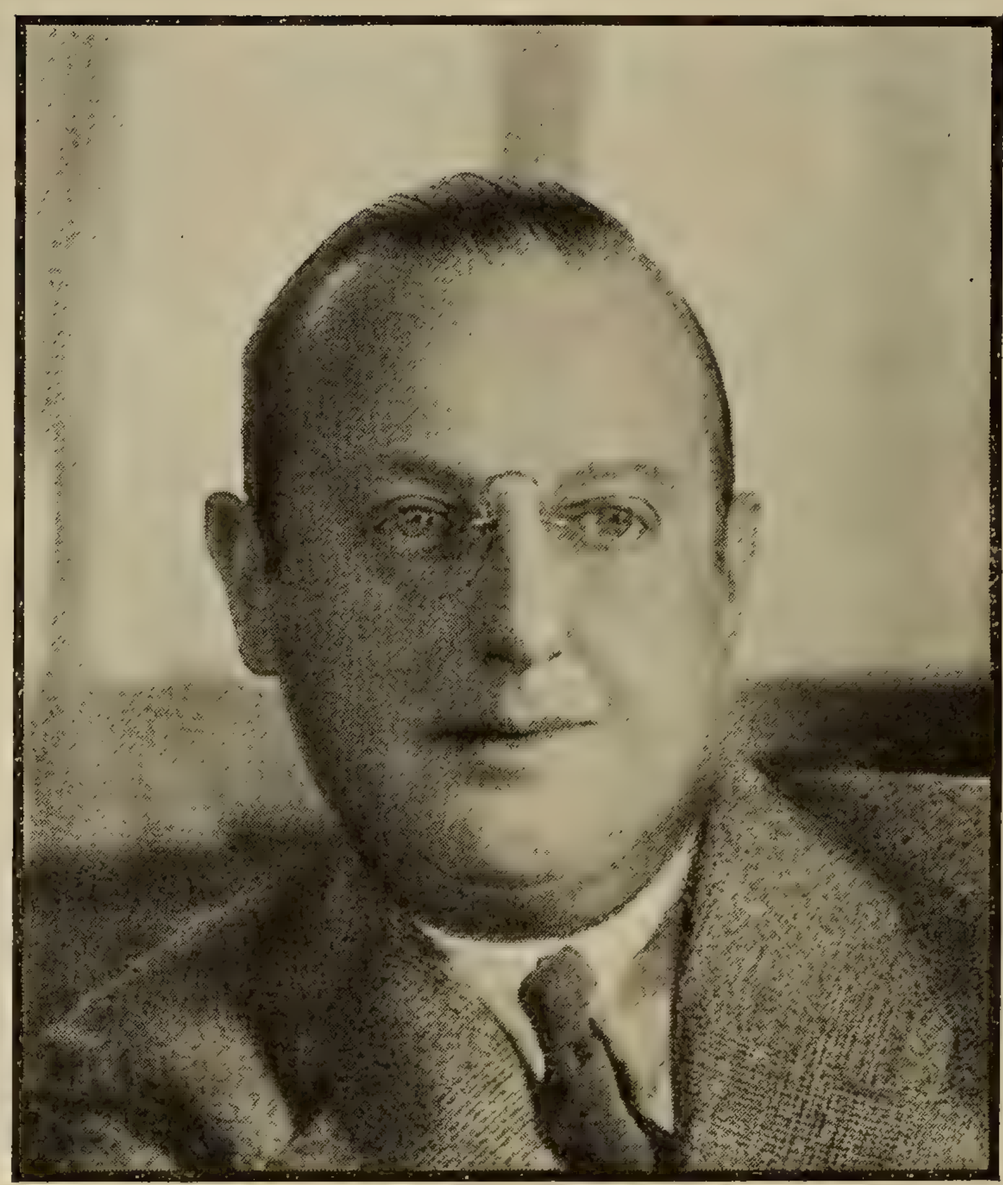
Vina Delmar's popular novel, "Bad Girl," has been filmed into a moving and sympathetic screen story by Director Frank Borzage. This film lifts James Dunn to fame and will do a great deal for Sally Eilers, too.

The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Jesse Lasky

BY LYNDE DENIG

IF you pass Jesse L. Lasky striding down Fifth Avenue, as may happen almost any day that he is not making pictures in Hollywood, you are likely to mistake him for a banker, a broker, or, perhaps, the president of a life insurance company. Aggressive, energetic, always smartly dressed, he belongs on the Avenue quite as appropriately as he belongs on the high throne of power at the Paramount studios in California or Brooklyn. There is no Hollywoodian pose, no eccentric pretense about this exceedingly keen and forward-looking showman.



Jesse Lasky

Vitally interested in the job at hand, Mr. Lasky does not bother to recall a colorful background. But behind the cool decision of a disciplined executive, there lies a bold nature, prone to seek adventure, or so the record indicates. He has crammed several volumes of activity into the first fifty years of his life and appears to have retained enough pep to carry him through another fifty years at the same pace. His expression challenges an old proverb by placing a question mark before the dubious statement, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." He has done a deal of rolling, yet gathered enough moss to assure a soft bed to lie upon when he feels so disposed.

The career of Jesse Lasky, great grandson of Bernard Lasky, who came from Germany to New York in 1810, started in the editorial rooms of *The San Francisco Post,* immediately following graduation from the local high school. At that time Jesse's dominant interests were drama and sport, which he covered for *The Post.* All went well until he heard tall tales of gold in Alaska. They made him restless. He broke loose in the gold rush of 1900, told the boss that he was leaving *The Post* flat and set forth on the long, long trail to Nome.

In so far as Jesse was concerned, the trail led nowhere in particular. In lieu of gold, he found an unbroken sequence of weary days and dull nights, which might have been charged off as a total loss, save for one mitigating circumstance. The uneventful evenings offered ample time for music. Fortunately, the boy prospector was something of a musician with leanings toward the cornet. He practised to such good purpose that at the close of a bleak year in Alaska he was prepared to call himself a professional. He left the gold just where he didn't find it and hit upon the Hawaiian Islands as a suitable place to thaw the Alaskan chill out of his bones.

For six months, he enjoyed a merry time as leader of the Royal Hawaiian Band of Honolulu, after which he returned to San Francisco, but not to the office of *The Post.* Vaudeville was going big in those days, and high-class musical acts were in demand. Jesse talked the matter over with his sister, Blanche, a musically gifted young woman, and together they arranged a vaudeville number that clicked very nicely in Pacific Coast cities.

The rising young musician, however, not content with a future blown out of a cornet, headed for New York and a fresh start. He found Herman the Great, world-famous magician, in need of a manager. Herman must have detected a latent executive ability in the personable young Californian. Overlooking a lack of experience in dealing with the sharp minds of vaudeville, the renowned magician made Jesse his manager, a relationship that lasted up to the day of Herman's death. By that time, Jesse was well acquainted with the devious ways of vaudeville.

After a bit of serious thinking, he concluded that there were enough jugglers, plenty of singers, dancers, acrobats, or what have you. "There is a place in vaudeville," he remarked to Harry B. Harris, stage producer, "for a miniature musical comedy strong enough to headline." If you are old enough (it is just as well if you are not) you may remember the Lasky musical comedies, backed in part by Mr. Harris. The recorder of these incidents recalls the Lasky numbers as the brightest spots on the bill at the Old Poli Theater in Springfield, Mass., but that was twenty years ago.

By the year 1914, the year that "The Birth of a Nation" brought a new dignity to screen entertainment, motion pictures were seriously tapping the money-bags of vaudeville. Mr. Lasky read the handwriting on the screen, so did Samuel Goldfish (now Goldwyn) and together they organized the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play company dedicated to the art of the motion picture with the reproduction of David Belasco's stage plays as an immediate objective. There was a loud tooting of publicity horns over Belasco's seeming capitulation to the screen. But the capitulation, even to the day of the stage producer's death, never was complete, in regard, that is, to personal activity in the studio. With his favorite collaborator, Cecil B. De Mille, it was different. Mr. De Mille hung his coat on a studio peg, donned a pair of puttees and helped Mr. Lasky to turn out pictures good enough to rival the product of Mr. Zukor's Famous Players Company. "The Rose of the Rancho" was one of the first.

Within a short time, Messrs. Zukor and Lasky came together in a distributing organization known as Paramount, the most extensively advertised name in the field of motion pictures. Literally, millions of dollars have been expended in advising (*Please turn to page* 95)

Can BROADWAY Do Without Him?

He Has Been a Part of the "Main Stem" for Years but Now He is Going to Try His Luck in Hollywood.

BY SALLY BENSON

Jimmie Durante has long been a part of the night life of New York. His comedy has been a feature of many of the leading night clubs. Durante was born on the East Side of New York. He is an Italian. He actually talks the way outsiders think all New Yorkers talk. And his comedy is just on the border line of lunacy.

IT was Clayton, Jackson and Durante at the Club Durante, the Club Dover, the Parody Club, the Silver Slipper. It was Clayton, Jackson and Durante on the RKO Circuit, at the Paramount Theatres, and in that pleasantest and wildest of all revues, "The New Yorkers." But now Jimmie Durante is on his own again, headed for Hollywood, Eddie Jackson and Lou Clayton have retired, and that incomparable and half-mad orchestra of theirs is resting.

And what will the little boys and girls in the back room do now, poor things, when midnight approaches and the craving for some of Jimmie Durante's classic insanity comes over them? It will be the river for most of us.

For instance, there was the Club Dover, one of those night clubs in the Fifties in New York. By daylight, it looked like any other small, shabby building on the street. But at night, with its sign, "Club Dover—Clayton, Jackson and Durante," blazing in electric lights it was, for three or four hours or as long as you could stand its fiendish din, the home of wild and harmless lunacy. They didn't have a girl show, although there was a chorus of sorts and several night club beauties came out every now and then to put over a song and dance. But the girls never seemed to get on very well with their work. Because no sooner did one of them get going good, than the wild figures of Clayton, Jackson and Durante came tearing out on the floor. Of course, there was Mademoiselle Fifi who was introduced by Jimmie Durante in this way: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am not going to introduce you to Texas Guinan. I am not going to introduce you to Belle Baker. I am not going to introduce you to Sophie Tucker. BUT, I AM going to introduce you to MADAMMASELLE FIH-FIH!!"

And the amazement and wonder of having obtained any such prize as Mademoiselle Fifi was so plain in his voice, that Mademoiselle Fifi resigned each night when the applause was not deafening. She used to walk off the floor, saying definitely and audibly, "I queet." And each time she was coaxed back on again by Jimmie who finally built her up so that the applause was deafening. Then at the end of the week, she struck him for a raise. According to Jimmie, she chiseled him out of a two-dollar raise every week, until, from a start of twenty-five dollars, she was drawing down the princely sum of seventy-five.

SHE used to go from table to table asking the customers (we were customers at Jimmie's, not patrons) to tell him that we really came to the Club Dover to see her. And all of us obligingly did, the line usually being, "Say, Jimmie, you've got a great little find in Mademoiselle Fifi." But, unfortunately, she had one fault. At every table she ordered ham and eggs and ate them, too. So she got too fat and had to be fired. I haven't heard of her since.

There was a substitute Mademoiselle Fifi at the Parody Club, but she never approached the original. The only woman who has played with Jimmie and who took the place of Mademoiselle Fifi was Hope Williams who played with him in the New Yorkers. He seemed to inspire them both so that they appeared to be slightly cracked. And I hope Miss Williams won't be offended by the comparison. (*Please turn to page* 94)

Read Your Fate in Your Face

(*Continued from page* 65)

cite Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Mary Pickford, as the first three that come to mind. This does not mean that you cannot love to desperation with any type of eye, but it does mean that if you have the latter type your main concern in life could all too easily be romance. Is it any wonder that those whom nature has fashioned to play the lover most convincingly should play it on and off the screen and so be accused by their critics as being inconstant?

Probably the most important, wonderful and valuable pair of eyes in all the world are your own. How much would you charge were you compelled to sell them and get no others in exchange? Your eyes by their physical make-up tell a story of your age-long evolvement, the scenes most acceptable to your ancestors, and therefore most acceptable, stimulating, and helpful to you. No one else can see with your eyes, nor you with theirs.

The greatest step in personality development is to "know thyself." There is no better insight to that inner self than through these twin portals, twixt the outer and inner worlds of light and enlightenment. For an insight and more light on your natural personality, study the different types of eyes and their meanings and the nearer you can come to getting into the line of human endeavor where you can be yourself the happier you'll be.

EYES have a wide color range from the light, almost pink eyes of the Albino, down through the grey and grey-blues of most Northern races, then through the green and hazel to the browns and finally to the extreme black eyes of many tropical peoples. The colors are tempered or changed by climatic or light conditions.

The rare light pink eye of the Albino is best suited to seeing in the soft light and shadows, being blinded by direct sunlight. The other extreme, black and brown-eyed people, are frequently sun worshippers, or at least luxuriate in the strong intense direct sun rays near the equator. People of the temperate zones have eyes of the greatest variety of colors, conditioned by centuries of natural selection on the part of their ancestors. The color of the eyes is as indicative of character as the general shape. For instance, the hazel eye which is a sort of cross between the brown or black-eyed person and the greenish blue type. We can reason by the law of averages that the hazel eyed person has great powers of adaptability to different climates, or degrees of sunlight, therefore could probably live comfortably in various countries and get on equally well with either the dark-eyed, very clannish and personal people, or the light-eyed Northern and more casual people. The following are the characteristics attributed to the different colors. Find yours and your friends, to check and double check.

LIGHT PINK, or Albino. Shy, fearful, sensitive to light and strange situations. Usually have poor color sense.

LIGHT GREY, quiet disposition, reserved, shrewd, sometimes tricky on short acquaintance, but frank and matter-of-fact to those they love.

DARK GRAY, very willful and determined, quick-tempered, but easily reconciled, practical in all things, for the head rules the heart.

GREEN, keen, shrewd, jealous, but so diplomatic that they are much sought after for their entertaining ability.

LIGHT BLUE, jolly, humorous, original and changeable, quick to take in the atmosphere or personality of people, places, things.

DARK BLUE, strong character, talented, deep, reserved emotions, talk more cold-bloodedly than they really are.

HAZEL, loving, easily led and love to entertain, understand people and to cooperate.

LIGHT BROWN, changeable, coquettish, love the great thrills, crave diversion, make friends easily.

DARK BROWN, sincere, persuasive, roving emotional, romantic, must instinctively believe in their life work.

BLACK, intense, magnetic, strong passions, strong intuitive feelings, positive in their friendships and enmities.

Next month Mr. Benton contributes another remarkable article on facial analysis. If you follow this sensational series you will know how to read your future from your features—and how to read the features of your friends and acquaintances.

Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 31)

the Writers' Club a member was asked whom he thought was the greater man, Lincoln or Laemmle. Looking about to see if there were any Laemmle present, he whispered, "Lincoln."

WHILE Sidney Fox was confined to her home from a sprained ankle recently she disclosed a secret to one of the correspondents for NEW MOVIE. This secret hangs on a real carved jade set of necklace and bracelet, which she claims is an omen of good luck and is always upon her person while she is performing in a picture or on the stage. In the event the wearing of it interferes with her costume, she puts it into a little bag and ties the bag around her waist. It was given to her as a token of appreciation from a friend right after she made her first appearance in the Johnstown Stock Company.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., and Joan Crawford have returned to their Beverly Hills home after domiciling at the Ambassador Hotel for eight weeks, during which time the Fairbanks' house was undergoing a complete renovation. The old-new home was opened with a pretentious housewarming reception with the elite of Hollywood-Beverly Hills society attending.

AFTER struggling here for more than two years trying to gain recognition as a screen actress, Virginia Bruce decided to play a new field and went to New York, where she became engaged by Florenz Ziegfeld. She worked in the "Follies" for a year and then returned to Hollywood, where with a Broadway reputation, she walked into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and was immediately signed to a long-term contract. The actress is only seventeen years old.

ADD one more to the list of broken romances in Hollywood. When her Director Husband Joe Kaufman died, Ethel Clayton was a star possessed of everything to make a woman happy; position, wealth, ability, personality, and, as they go in Hollywood, friends. Then she married Ian Keith, an actor who tried to dress like John Barrymore . . . the low, long-tabbed collars and that sort of thing. Now she is going to get a divorce and the folks out here are wondering about it all.

ANYONE looking for traces of the old West will soon have to ring the bell at Universal's gates. Out there they have just made "Battling with Buffalo Bill" with real Indians. Rex Bell and Tom Mix are riding and roping long-horned steers for a series of pictures that ought to bring a wallop to the box-office. It's "Last Stand of the Old West."

Jim Tully is to be included in a book by George Jean Nathan titled, "Friends of Mine." It is to be released this fall.

LORETTA YOUNG admits getting a thrill every time she is asked for her autograph. Apparently Loretta has yet to develop what constitutes an artistic temperament.

IRVING PICHEL, the district attorney of "An American Tragedy," refused for years to become an actor, preferring to direct stage plays, because he said all actors are too egotistical.

But he's acting now and trying to keep "straight."

NED SPARKS, RKO comedian, is noted for the fact that no human emotion has ever been known to distort his sober features. In stage circles he is what is technically called a "dead pan" comedian. This, no doubt accounts for the fact that, since last October he has been married to Mercedes Caballero, the sister of one of the Fox executives, without his closest friends suspecting he was happy.

The Pose Pays

(*Continued from page* 37)

Howe and I had evolved an imaginary character that we called Ramon Novarro. We gave him so picturesque a background and such an intricate personality that both Ramon and ourselves were a little nervous for fear he couldn't remember always to do the act. Hence the seclusion. He has dropped all that now and is his gay lively self—around at all the parties.

Mabel Normand unconsciously started one of the Hollywood publicity rackets. It didn't last long. Nobody could spell the names of the authors. Anyhow it came about because Mabel was really a girl with a great deal of intellectual curiosity. She read heavy German philosophy. All the other girls grabbed at it—especially Betty Compson. For a while, it was an awful nuisance for a movie girl to be interviewed. She had to scatter philosophical tomes all over the house—one thrown carelessly on the big armchair under the reading light—another by the lavender bedside—one propped up on the table in the breakfast nook. At first, the ladies approached this gag with alarm. By golly, what if some fan writer really knew about German philosophy! They discovered that they could safely read extracts from the delinquent tax list and get away with it. But the whole thing was a bore.

THE men also suffered. Doug Fairbanks started a jumping gag. There was a time when the only way to enter a Hollywood drawing-room was through the window; then a leap over the grand piano and finally settle yourself to rest and quietude by chinning yourself a couple of times from the chandelier. It was too tough on the back muscles and the parlor furniture.

There was another racket instituted by accident by Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore. This was the Big Business gag. Corinne really did make a lot of investments. So did Ruth Roland and Colleen. This started all the girls in synthetic Big Business careers.

Then there was the dining-at-the-White-House gag.

I think that Mary and Doug started this one when they went to talk to President Woodrow Wilson about the campaign to sell the Liberty Bonds. It caught on like wild fire. For a time, the President had to eat breakfast off the sideboard, not being able to push in through the gang of movie ladies at his breakfast table. This was wrecked when the producers horned in. They wanted to eat corn pone at the White House too. Before their ravaging advance the stars respectfully retired. Now Louis B. Mayer is the sole guest.

A gag that bobs up every once in a while is the Indian-princess gag. Every time the gent in the war bonnet stops for breath in the course of selling Kikapoo Indian Sagwa—In-di-ann Pain Killer—In-di-ann Corn Cure—some movie star horns in and they have to make her a princess. Marion Davies must be a princess in nearly all the tribes. They photograph her and the other girls holding tomahawks and wearing war bonnets of eagle feathers. I don't know whether this has any bearing on the case in point; but the truth and the facts are that never in the history of the American Indians was there, nor has there ever been any such critter as a princess. All Indian tribes were pure democracies.

Among the best rackets were:

Clara Bow's "Unrestrained Youth" . . . "Hot Babies."

Lupe Velez' "Wild and Tempestuous Hot Heart."

THE Good Girl one was developed by Betty Bronson, Mary Brian and others who went around with their mothers; presumably read Little Rollo books and never went out at night.

Clara's "Modern Youth" went great; but the press agents found that it wasn't as easy to get her off the front pages as on the front pages. Damage suits, blackmail cases, etc. Like many an anxious parent, the publicity men found that flappers have a lot of speed but do not always answer the rein.

They loved Lupe in her unrestraint; she smashed all over the front pages. But the temperamental Guadalupe got too enthusiastic. When she poured a pitcher of cream down the back of a very temperamental leading man and smashed all Cecil de Mille's best imported Chinese vases when the secretary kept her waiting too long, they decided it was time for Lupe to pipe down—and then she wouldn't pipe.

The Best-Dressed one had been worked by just about every well-known star on stage and screen. This one will last forever. Norma Talmadge's pictures began to go down hill from the minute she rebelled at being a clothes horse. The same is true of Gloria Swanson. You will notice that Gloria has never failed when she came out with a lot of nifty clothes. She hates the idea, but every time she has kicked over the traces the exhibitor boys have filled the land with their piteous wails.

POLA'S is the latest and toughest of imitation. I don't know how catching it will be. It is the Secrets-of-Diplomacy gag. She talks about the peril that confronts the white races—the rise of Oriental philosophy . . . the reason why Dutch colonies are successful—the Locarno Treaty—the fall of Briand—the reason why German treaty cruisers carry eleven-inch guns as against the six-inch pop guns of the Allies—the problems of the Polish diplomatic corridor . . . the destiny of America—the ancient prophecies of the Hindus . . . the use of cavalry in the next war . . . the secret plans of the French air force. . . .

I often talk to Pola about these things. I can readily understand some of it—all the words like "is" and "was" and "this" and "here."

For Pola it has proved to be a great gag. I don't know how much of it she really understands, but she makes the most intelligent noises in these directions.

The other girls look yearningly at Pola's publicity.

Do they dare?

Can they maybe get away with it?

To which I answer mournfully through my sympathetic tears. Not a chance. This is much worse than German philosophy. You have to read something in the morning paper besides Hollywood chatter.

Joan Crawford instituted the happily married and connubial bliss idea. Like most of the really good ones, it was an accidental inspiration—and still, I am happy to say, is an unconscious effect on her part.

Joan and Doug Jr. are really terrifically in love; but their obvious bliss has proved to be such a rapturously successful act that all the other Hollywood married couples are trying to do their best to copy it. All rolling pins are now hurled in strict privacy.

Music of the Sound Screen

(*Continued from page* 6)

them in the future. The famous vocal refrain for this number is done by Chick Bullock and chorus.

The other side is also by the same band—a red-hot stomp—"Heebie-Jeebies" is the title and that's about right, too. You'll hear a poo-poo-pa-doop chorus by George Morton. (This is a Victor record.)

THIS time we hear from the Pacific Coast, "At Your Command," by that prime favorite, Gus Arnheim and his Cocoanut Grove Orchestra. This aggregation always turns out good records, and this is no exception. If I recall correctly, this tune was written by some California boys and maybe that's why they play it so well. I expected this would have the vocal done by Bing Crosby, but they fooled me and it's Donald Novis who does the honors.

The other side, also by Gus and the boys, "Just One More Chance," and it's good. Donald Novis again sings for you, so go out and buy it. (This is a Victor record.)

As long as the depression still seems to be on (for me, anyway) why not drop around and get a good twenty-five cent record? "Basin Street Blues," is the name of it and it's played by none other than Cab Calloway and his Cotton Club Orchestra. This is a number that Louis Armstrong recorded some time ago, and I think you'll like Cab's arrangement. This has that famous trumpet solo, which Louis Armstrong featured, and let me say right now that Louis had better watch out, for the boy with Cab is going to give him a run for his money. Of course, Cab does the vocal end.

The other side is also by Cab Galloway, "It Must Be Susie," which is just one more tune. The high spot on this side is the trumpet work. (This is a Perfect Record.)

Here are two Louis Armstrong records that I happened to pick up, and if you are an Armstrong fan, don't miss them. "Little Joe," and "Them There Eyes" on one record, and "Blue Again" and "When Your Lover Has Gone" on the other. They are Louis at his best. (These are Okey Records.)

DECEMBER

The Highest Paid Director

(*Continued from page* 63)

Learning that Tourneur's films were made at Fort Lee, New Jersey, the young mechanical engineer made the supreme decision of his life. Giving up a salary bigger than a senator's and perhaps more honestly earned, he bravely burned all bridges behind him, to ward off his own retreat, and started for Fort Lee, New Jersey.

It reads like fiction but it's fact.

The great director consented to see him. Brown landed a job as his assistant director.

"Have you had any experience in pictures?" Tourneur asked.

"No, sir," replied Brown.

"Well, you have a lot of nerve," suggested Tourneur.

"Yes, sir, I have," replied Brown.

That was sixteen years ago. Tourneur a compassionate and kindly man, has long since passed from the American scene. His young assistant has long since become a power among directors with a half dozen years as Tourneur's assistant, he has been consistently placed among the country's leading directors for the past five.

It was long an axiom in the film world that an assistant could never become a high class director. His head had too much detail for the vast currents of emotion that were supposed to roar in the often shell-like emptiness of his superior's dome. Brown was later to prove that the axiom had no more logic than that a man could not become a writer because he had first learned to spell.

Of infinite, even tenacious patience, Brown is a close observer of actualities. The people in his films are constantly moving. Well he knows that restrained and subtle acting attracts only the attention of a few sophisticated people. A shrewd executive, he has the psychology of an American army officer. He allows none of his subordinates to get too close to him. His reticence is heavily covered with the protective armor of reserve. It allows him plenty of time to formulate his own decisions without being disturbed by the meanderings of lesser minds.

THE mechanical engineer does no work by guess. Cutters have little trouble in arranging for his film the proper continuity. A man like Chaplin will waste four hundred thousand feet of film in order to get a program picture of ten thousand feet. Seldom, if ever, has a thousand feet of film been cut from any of the three score pictures that Brown has directed.

Tourneur—and Brown is the first to admit it—was in many respects a bigger man than his brilliant pupil. The failure of the sad and bewildered Frenchman was a magnificent object lesson to his shrewd and practical assistant. A master of photography, a conjurer of beautiful screen illusion, Tourneur's mind was too big for the medium in which he was doomed to work. He tried to bring beauty and complexity to millions whose minds were only developed slightly above the primitive, who see life in terms of action.

YEARS later, after Tourneur and Brown had gone their different ways, a film company asked Brown to complete a picture upon which his one-time master had failed. Brown, the gentleman, refused. Hearing this, I asked the pupil about his master. "He's God to me," said Brown tersely, "he taught me all I know." This, of course, from the amazingly accurate Brown, is not quite accurate. Tourneur did not teach the pupil how to get six thousand a week. The Frenchman was too vast with the hurts of life to be shrewd.

One might look in vain for the director while Brown is handling a picture. An assistant wields the megaphone in forming all large backgrounds and even lesser groups. Brown's voice cannot be heard four feet away. He instructs his players quietly. His instructions are never general, but always to the individual concerned.

Turn to page 56 and read all about lovely Peggy Shannon and her adventurous career from Pine Bluff, Ark., to Broadway. It's one of the really human stories of Hollywood.

To the most petulant women star he is as gentle as a priest. No one must know when the general is irritated by the many important details of his campaign.

He has been more successful with Garbo than any other director.

Many consider Miss Garbo's work in "Anna Christie" the best of her career. More than any other director, Brown keeps the work of his players in conformity with the film. A player is allowed to perform to the full measure of his or her ability, but not to "steal" the picture at the expense of all concerned. In "Anna Christie" Marie Dressler was allowed complete liberty as an accomplished artiste. Her work in this film, under Brown's direction, gave her the immense vogue which she now enjoys.

Brown frankly admits that he fought against putting Marie Dressler in "Anna Christie." He did not doubt her stage ability. As a screen actress, she was, to him, an untried source.

BROWN was instrumental in giving Louise Dresser her big chance when he directed "The Goose Woman." He wanted that sterling player for the part which was to make Miss Dressler world-known. He was, and many consider rightly, overruled.

He still contends that Louise Dresser would have rendered as excellent a performance as Marie Dressler's, however different. He next will direct Marie Dressler in her first starring vehicle, "Emma."

Brown's technical crew has remained with him for a long time. His assistant director, Charles Dorian, has been with him eight years, his chief camera man, William Daniels, as long.

His reserve is likewise a shield for deep humanity. When a confidential employee became ill for months Brown paid his salary regularly the entire period, and sent him a message each day to relieve him of worry.

This reserve, along with his success, has made Brown many enemies in Hollywood.

Like most animosity, it is based on misunderstanding. He simply cannot pretend. He is without pretense in any form. He never comments on a fellow director disparagingly. He is generous in praise. After seeing Lewis Milestone's "All Quiet on the Western Front," his taciturn equilibrium was shaken. "It made me feel like never wanting to direct another picture, it's so fine."

Recently, a young director failed with his first picture. It was, in the parlance of Hollywood, put "on the shelf." Finally Brown was asked to make "retakes" and salvage a film considered too terrible for the public taste.

This, of course, would indicate that the film was quite terrible. The director refused.

Louis B. Mayer sent for him and justly said, "We are giving you six thousand dollars a week, Clarence, on the assumption that you are a better director than——whom we only give five hundred. If we thought otherwise, we'd give him a thousand dollars a day

(*Please turn to page* 93)

Your Best THANKSGIVING DINNER

Foods are better than they ever were before, so your Thanksgiving dinner should be the best you ever served.

Our New Circular contains Recipes for 100 Favorite Thanksgiving dishes and five dinner menus.

BE content this Thanksgiving Day with nothing less than the best dinner you ever had in your life. There really are ever so many reasons why this year's feast should be better than any that has gone before.

Knowledge of food, and the art and science of cookery, have advanced enormously within the past few years.

Foods are better because more time and effort and intelligence have been spent to make them good. Improved methods of production, transportation and distribution have brought you a variety and wealth of food materials such as you have never had to choose from before. Delicacies that were once luxuries for the few are now within the reach of many.

And kitchen utensils, stoves and other cooking equipment have improved so greatly that the Thanksgiving feast which would once have taken many anxious hours to prepare may now be prepared in half the time with perfect assurance of success.

MENU

Celery — Olives

Original Assorted Canapes

Roast Turkey with Favorite Stuffing

Candied Sweet Potatoes — Mashed Turnips

Jellied Vegetable Salad

Pumpkin Pie

Nuts and Raisins

Coffee

Of course we all like to sentimentalize a little about old-fashioned cooking. As we grow older we may even think that the flavor of cranberry sauce is not so tantalizing now as it was when we were young; that turkey, roasting in the oven on Thanksgiving morning, had a more delicious aroma and that pumpkin pies were more luscious in the good old days.

But the truth of the matter is that cranberry sauce, roast turkey, pumpkin pie and all the other traditional dishes of Thanksgiving dinner are generally better now than they ever were, because so much effort and knowledge have been spent to perfect their quality and flavor.

And so whether you have much or little to spend for the feast—whether you are making preparations for a large family reunion or intend only to serve a simple dinner for your own immediate family—we want you to join with us in making this year's Thanksgiving dinner the best you ever served.

To help you carry out this plan we have prepared a new food circular which includes the following helps for the Perfect Thanksgiving Dinner:

Menus for five dinners—ranging from one that may be prepared for a very moderate amount of money to an elaborate bill of fare suitable for a really lavish feast.

A collection of our best Thanksgiving recipes, including:

Twenty of the most appetizing new canapes to serve as the first course.

Our special recipe for preparing and roasting the turkey.

Our six most savory stuffings.

Six substitutes for roast turkey, so delicious that you'd never suspect they cost so little.

A new and special sort of candied sweet potato with ten other choice sweet potato dishes.

Twenty vegetable dishes suitable for the Thanksgiving dinner.

A new and extraordinarily delicious jellied vegetable salad with suggestions for eleven other appropriate dinner salads.

Our favorite cranberry sauce with eleven other ways of using cranberries.

Our best pumpkin pie with eleven other popular pumpkin, squash and mince pies.

We have chosen recipes for dishes that have proved exceptionally popular and that may be prepared without difficulty by the average cook. You will find them useful not only in preparing Thanksgiving dinner but for many other occasions.

The circular also contains directions for making amusing favors from dates, figs, raisins, and other sweetmeats; suggestions for making a number of other favors and for decorating the Thanksgiving dinner table as well as suggestions for timely stunts and games that will make your Thanksgiving dinner a great success.

To secure your copy of our Best Thanksgiving Dinner Circular, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of this magazine, and it will be sent to you.

DECEMBER

REVIEWS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

Left: A touching scene between Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass in the story of London in war time, "Waterloo Bridge." Right: The death of one of the war birds outside the Lisbon bull ring in Richard Barthelmess' new film, "The Last Flight."

"THE SPIDER," as a stage melodrama by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano, was a gorgeous thriller. In making this exciting yarn into a picture, the Fox forces retained most of the kick. A magician-hypnotist is at the height of a performance when a man is killed mysteriously in the audience. By hypnotism and the various tricks of magic, the Great Chatrand solves the crime and picks the murderer from the audience. All this is tense and novel, with Edmund Lowe making an effective hypnotist.

I feel sure that you will like Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid," based on Grace Perkins' highly successful novel. I say that even with recollections of Miss Carroll's last film, "Night Angel." Here she plays one of those higher employees in a home of wealth, hired to smooth out all the wrinkles and all the difficulties confronting the mistress of the house. This offers an interesting picture of the inside machinery of a great house. It is an interesting motion picture with the star giving an appealing performance.

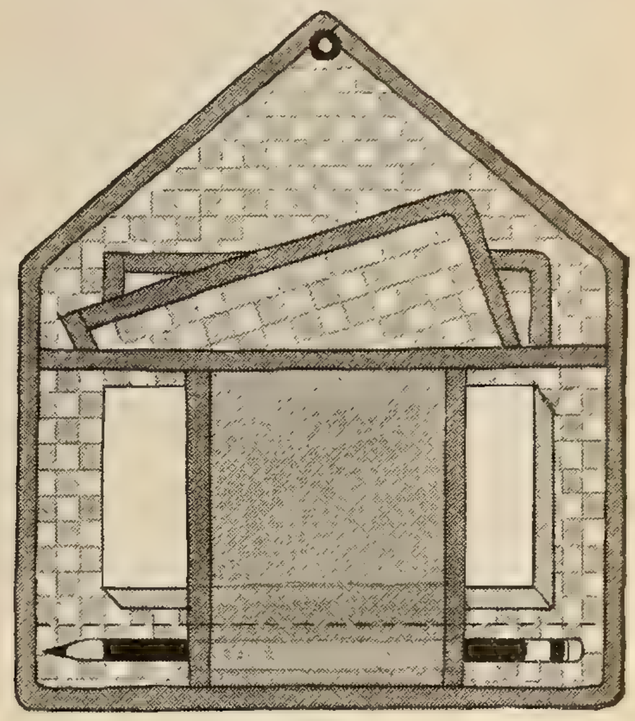
I WAS disappointed in "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount's filming of that immortal novel of a boy by Mark Twain. This company did well with his earlier—and lesser—story, "Tom Sawyer," but the heart of "Huckleberry Finn" is gone. You will be surprised to find Tom Sawyer accompanying Huck on all his adventures and you will be startled (*Please turn to page* 88)

Below, left: Junior Durkin as Mark Twain's immortal hero, Huck Finn. Right, below: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the racy and piquant farce, "The Guardsman."

Christmas presents

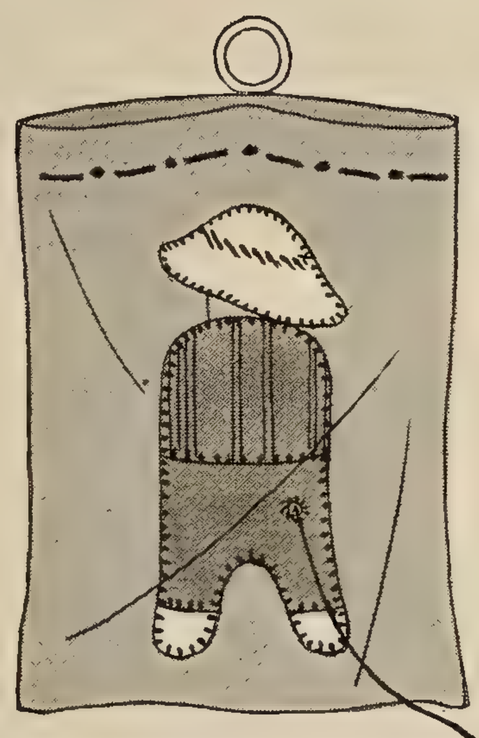
Here are gifts that you can make at small cost with the complete and simple directions given in our New Method circulars

No. 64.—A tiny baby doll all dressed up in crocheted bootees, bonnet, and pinafore will please any little girl. Full directions for making two sets are given in the circular.



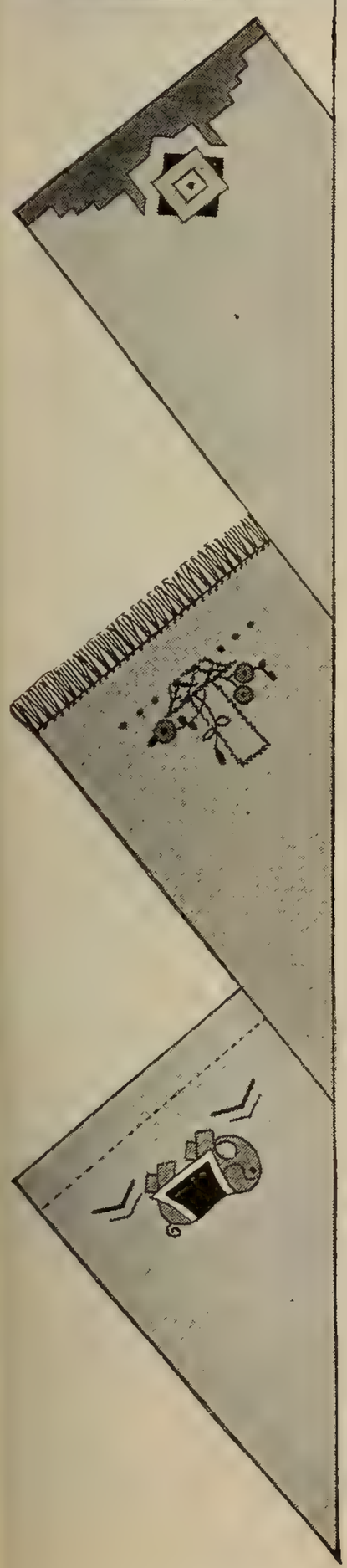
No. 69.—Hot pads in a hanging case fitted for a pad and pencil, too, will make a kitchen gift. Full directions are given in the circular.

No. 70.—A lampshade that is easy to decorate, with the directions given in the circular, will be a suitable gift for either a man or a woman.



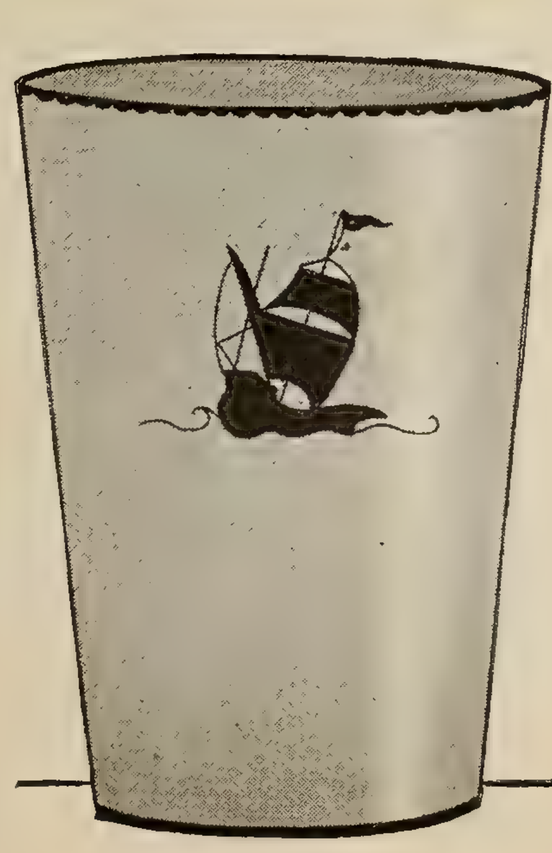
No. 67.—String will never get in a tangle with this handy appliquéd bag easy to make according to directions given.

No. 68.—Decorate this tin or paper wastebasket according to directions given in the circular—a gift suitable for almost anyone on your list.



No. 65.—Give this crocheted thimble holder to one of your sewing companions and help her end the game of hunt the thimble. Directions are given in the circular.

No. 66.—Tiny finger towels in three dainty patterns will help you with many of your Christmas problems, and the circular will assist you in making them.



Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or 20 cents for all seven. Be sure to indicate the circular you wish by number.

The four Marx Brothers: Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo. They're stars on the musical comedy stage and they have won a considerable place for themselves in film comedy. You'll see them soon in a new film comedy.

Chaplin Buries His Love

(*Continued from page* 33)

London beauty, exquisitely gowned, beautifully coiffed and taught to carry herself with queenly grace and poise. There was nought of the little Hetty of Kennington Park, nothing about this exquisite creature to recall happy days when they dreamed dreams on barren park benches, and dared the chill winter winds. A barrier had come between them, invisible but certain and try as they would, the threads of their old love could not be picked up where they were left off.

Charlie Chaplin was hurt.

"That isn't Hetty!" he sobbed to Syd, his brother, who was with him in London that night. "That isn't the girl I loved with all my heart when I went away. I wanted my Hetty Kelly who was poor. But this—this——!"

The tears fell, uncontrolled. It possibly was the bitterest moment of Charlie Chaplin's life. Gone were his hopes and his dreams and an ideal. His little poor girl had been transformed into a little rich girl and all he had to offer now save his heart, could mean little to her.

Unutterably sad, he turned his back upon London to return to America and amass a fortune. Hetty Kelly married an army officer who was killed in France. Upon his death, she cabled to Charlie who rushed to her side. But just as he neared her home, six men came out of the door carrying a casket. Hetty Kelly was dead.

I HAVE always said and I still believe that Charlie Chaplin gets many of his most effective screen episodes from events which have happened in his life. Do you remember that scene in "The Gold Rush" where he gives a Christmas dinner, to which his dance-hall girl, (Georgia Hale) is invited as the guest of honor? How he prepares a wonderful feast, dolls up the one-room shack for all he is worth then waits and waits amid the growing shadows for her to arrive? And finally, how he sits alone without her, trying to hide his bitter disappointment?

And again in "City Lights," how he takes money from an inebriated man to give to the little blind girl, (Virginia Cherrill)? How he goes ragged and is peppered with spit-balls by street gamins—all so he can provide her with funds to obtain eye treatments? And how, at the last, she sees and recognizes him and hands him a flower as he passes on into obscurity? In these incidents I see reflected the end of his romance with the little Hetty Kelly, his bitter disappointments and disillusionments. Happiness always is snatched from him just as he reaches it.

This fact probably is better depicted through his marriage to Mildred Harris and his subsequent filming of "The Kid," the picture which brought Jackie Coogan into the limelight. I believe the basis of the whole story of "The Kid" was the advent of Charlie's and Mildred's baby into the world and its untimely death.

Most everyone in Hollywood knows that Charlie was one of the most excited and upset of prospective fathers when the child was about to be born. He was happier, it appeared, than ever during his residence in filmland. Painters and decorators were called in to prepare a wonderful nursery at the Chaplin home where the sunlight would fall in correct proportions. Beautiful layettes, a crib and infants' playthings were supplied in endless variety. Nursery characters were painted on the walls and footboards and Mildred asked that little groups of mice be among them so that their baby would not be afraid of mice as it grew up.

"These will be for *our* 'Little Mouse'," Charlie suggested.

Visitors in the house saw the nursery with its scampering mice and were amused by the idea. In time, close friends began referring to the coming baby as "The Little Mouse," too, and the appellation gradually grew.

Then there came the day at the hospital where Charlie walked the corridor outside of a white room as doc-

First in Human Interest Stories, in Brilliant Features by the Best Hollywood Writers, in Beautiful Pictures, in Departments of Actual Service to YOU.

tors and nurses came and went. Each time the door opened, he started forward eagerly. One of his great wishes was coming true. And when, after what seemed ages, a finger beckoned for him to come in, he entered quickly and looked down into the face of a son, a wee bit of humanity, snuggled closely to Mildred's arms.

"The Little Mouse!" he said, tenderly.

Radiantly happy, plans were made to christen the infant Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr. It would be taken to the sunny nursery with the funny little figures on the wall and the scampering mice. There would be weeks and months and years watching the little fellow grow.

BUT again, as usual, the hopes and plans of the comedian were rudely dashed to bits, his dreams shattered. The tiny figure of the child writhed convulsively a moment or two and a sheet was carefully thrown over the body. The soul had fled.

At Inglewood cemetery visitors today come across a small mound with a stone slab over its top. On this slab is carved, simply:

THE LITTLE MOUSE
July 7—July 10
1919

Few know that beneath it lies buried the body of the Charlie Chaplin-Mildred Harris baby. The little mound is by the side of a pool which is shaded by the boughs of pepper trees.

Remember Chaplin's picture, "The Kid"? How he picked up an urchin, cared for him, looked after his needs, only in the end to have him rudely snatched away? And can't you see in it a fragment of the pathos and tragedy which surrounded the advent of "The Little Mouse" into the world and its subsequent withdrawal just as his arms were outstretched to hold and keep it? And the tears that came into Chaplin's eyes?

The utter loneliness that pervaded the comedian's home after the death of the child, the hollowness of the house, got upon the nerves of Charlie and Mildred and their paths divided. Chaplin paid $107,500 for his freedom.

I think that right there ended for all time the loves of the king of comedians. Friendships he has had, lots of them since those days. He was an admirer of and was greatly admired by Pola Negri in 1923 and the rumor spread that they were engaged. They played around together at Del Monte and Chaplin let the gossips talk as they pleased about the probable forthcoming marriage. But his principal comment as to any definite date for the nuptials, was:

"It will depend upon our temperaments when we will get married."

And their temperaments never said "when."

PROBABLY his greatest friendship has been and is with Georgia Hale, who played the leading feminine role in "The Gold Rush." Georgia understands him—his moods and temperament. She is a charming companion who knows when to talk and when to keep still and she never is annoying with idle chatter.

"What am I to do?" Charlie remarked not so very long ago. "I can't go out with a girl without everyone saying I am about to slip a wedding ring on her finger. It's unfair to the girl and it's unfair to me. Never again will I marry."

"We are just—good friends," commented Georgia, who is a very beautiful Missouri girl.

Of his marriage to Lita Grey, Chaplin seldom speaks. In it, I do not believe there was a single spark of love. No two could have been more mismated. Chaplin's associates were men and women of arts and letters. Lita was in the grade schools when they wed and kept up her studies under direction of the Los Angeles Board of Education even after she became a bride. Charlie is a tireless reader of classics and converses fluently on most any topic. Figuratively, Lita "could not speak his language." As a companion, she was impossible. She admitted this when her divorce suit was in the courts.

"It is impossible to live with a great artist like Chaplin," she told reporters.

Yet when she was in Paris last March, she intimated that a reconciliation was possible. "You never can tell," she said. "The kiddies might bring us together."

To which Charlie promptly and vociferously replied: "There is absolutely no truth to reports that the former Mrs. Chaplin and I will become reconciled." And he meant it.

For the two sons borne by Lita, Chaplin exhibits moderate interest. He provides for them handsomely but there is naught of the love which centered about "The Little Mouse," which crept into his life and flitted so quickly out when he was married to Mildred Harris. At their divorce trial, Charlie permitted Lita to demand and receive custody of both the boys. He seldom sees them now. He looks back on the whole episode with bitterness—the hurried trip to Mexico in 1924, the marriage in Empalme at 4 o'clock in the morning by a Justice of the Peace, his spending most of that day alone fishing in the bay at Guayamas, then the trip home which ended in his fleeing through a barley field to escape cameramen and reporters. It all was a bitter pill for him to swallow.

Now, with his hair rapidly graying, well past middle age, possessed of more money than he ever can spend and with everything material at his beck and call, he will live the remainder of his life amid friendships. He, himself, says he will. There will be no more romances, no calls from the love god, no deliriums of passion. He is enthralled with his work. He lives in his great house with a retinue of servants free to give rein to his moods and temperaments and be unmolested. Young women glory in his companionship at the theater, at the exclusive parties and at dinners. He is a charming host in his own home where he can choose the guests that he likes. The idea of a Mizzi Muller, Czecho-Slovakian girl, or any other woman coming now to disrupt his mode of living, is unthinkable.

CHAPLIN sits for hours, playing the great pipe organ built into his residence. There are times, no doubt, when he pours from its depths some sad, sweet melodies directed to little Hetty Kelly. There probably are times when he plays a paternal remembrance to "The Little Mouse," his first-born who lingered so briefly, then scampered away like other little mice scamper away. But there are few other pieces into which he puts his heart, except for the beauty of the music and the cadence they contain.

"I shall never marry," he said.

That pathetic little smile which has characterized his impersonations on the screen, played momentarily about the corners of his mouth and eyes as he spoke and he seemed torn between feelings of wistfulness and regret. He has loved—and lost.

The book is closed.

The tribulations of a film actress on a warm afternoon. Wynne Gibson spends her afternoons in her swimming pool in Beverly Hills. You next will see Miss Wynne in "The Road to Reno"—but not in this costume.

Claudia Dell demonstrates correct beauty first-aids. Top left, how to apply eye shadow with your finger. You can't beat this natural method. Do not use more than will make your eyes bright. Second: Miss Dell shows how to touch up the lips on their natural line. Give the lips more curve, if necessary, by extending the rouge area. Also bring the rouge well into the inside; rouge and teeth set each other off. Third: Powder carefully. Do not daub it on, and be sure to blend out all the marks. Fourth: Always brush a bit of rouge lightly under the chin if your face is full.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

The Essential Points About Facial Make-Up—The Demands of the New Empire Mode—Lipsticks Are Dangerous Implements

By ANN BOYD

LET'S kiss and make up. Or maybe we'd better make up first—and be ready for anything. This is our chance to prove our artistry. Maybe we can't paint a landscape or sculpt in marble, but how we can create new faces and carmine the lily cheeks!

We can make up our face to suit ourselves. But be sure it suits. Of course, even then we have a good deal of leeway. Only one face, true; but so many selves, so many moods to express! If nature made our face entirely different than our personality or personalities we can do something about it these days. Of course, there are certain essentials of feature and contour that must always be considered before embarking on a new makeup personality.

Nowadays hair may be dyed safely and easily, but should never be done thoughtlessly. Eyes that are dull and pale may be brought into the limelight with a little judicious use of mascara and eye shadow. If our face is too long, we can disguise it by careful hair arrangement and studied placing of rouge—or better still make a point of it by emphasizing it. The makeup box and its attendant aids are fast becoming the art school of the modern maid and matron.

IT'S wisest usually to see if we haven't neglected a few of our best points before deciding to make radical changes in our face to the world. Consider accenting your unsophisticated charms before deciding to go sleek haired, ochre powdered and heavily carmined in a big way. The Empire mode demands curly hair for its best expression and plenty of it. And that doesn't wear well with the more artificial types of makeup.

There's Ellen, brown eyed and blonde, with unaccountably fair skin meant for her blue eyed sisters. She doesn't hesitate to go in for a golden shade of powder so that she can harmonize better with the rusty browns so popular this fall. She uses a warm tone of red both for lips and cheeks, and brown eye shadow.

Mary's hair was light brown, but she exchanged it for platinum blonde. Her skin is fair and her eyes are blue, so she wears a light natural powder and is very careful in selecting her rouge, because she knows that a harsh shade—or too much of any tone for that matter—would add years to her age. She wears blue eye shadow, but only at night, because even the faintest touch shows up on her fair skin under daylight.

Then Arlene, with her medium brown hair, her in-between skin. She realized finally that her green eyes ought to be played up and found just the shade of blue-green eye shadow. She pays particular attention to her lashes and brows, too, and mixes the tiniest bit of green in her face powder.

But sometimes it isn't what you do that counts so much as how you do it. Lipsticks are dangerous implements in the hands of many women. The best effect of lip coloring will always be achieved if the natural line of the mouth is followed. Large mouths are decidedly in style, so there is no necessity for applying lip rouge at the center only. If the mouth is really unusual in size, rouge should be applied more heavily in the center and sparingly toward the ends, but they should never be left entirely unrouged. Care should be taken, too, to do the inside of the mouth.

Artificial cupid's bows are never successful if they are made by rouging into the skin over the upper lip. Leaving a tiny line uncolored at the center of the lip is much the better way.

And rouge—at night the shade may vary considerably; in addition to your own coloring consider the shade of your costume. Have three or four or more tones of rouge to select from. But in daylight makeup, the tone that matches the flush on your cheeks obtained from energetic exercise is usually the best for you.

The method of applying it depends on the effect desired. Spread it with a circular movement starting just under the cheek bones and fading as the circle widens if you wish a natural effect. And cover a good deal of territory. Never, for any effect except a masquerade, just have a small circle of bright color in the center.

FOR evening, or a more artificial look, an off-shade used high on the cheek bone and spread right to the outer edge of the eye and into the eyelid will give the desired result. And a little (*Please turn to page* 105)

"Pink Tooth Brush"—I really can't laugh *that* off!

"PINK"—on your tooth brush—seemingly innocent, isn't it? Yet "pink tooth brush" is an indication of a gum condition which may cause you no end of trouble before you're through with it!

It means that your gums are lazy, flabby, and becoming more and more tender with every day. You've eaten soft foods ever since you ate anything at all. And your gums, lacking the exercise that is absolutely necessary to their health, have gradually lost the vigorous hardness they had when you were a child. That's why they tend to bleed—that's why you had better do something at once about this "pink tooth brush" business!

If you don't, your teeth are going to look dull and grayish. But far more serious than the good-looks of your teeth is any one of a number of gum troubles that "pink tooth brush" makes you susceptible to. Gingivitis, for instance. Or Vincent's disease. And you wouldn't ever *choose* to have pyorrhea, would you?—though that's far more rare.

If you ignore "pink tooth brush", you may even be risking the soundness of good teeth through infection at the roots!

To check "pink tooth brush" isn't complicated or expensive. All you have to do is to get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Brush your teeth with it in the usual way. Then put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and lightly massage it into those inactive, touchy gums of yours.

You'll like the way it makes your gums feel, and the way it brings back almost at once a nice sparkle to your teeth. Keep on using it—regularly—with massage—and you won't be bothered for long with "pink tooth brush"! Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage! He'll explain *why* it checks "pink tooth brush" so summarily!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-111
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Ipana *tooth paste*

DECEMBER

Home Town Stories of the Stars

(*Continued from page* 67)

a brass band. He was welcomed back to Dothan as a famous football player.

On his arival at the Capstone, which the campus of the University of Alabama is called, he was accepted as just another student. Of course, the football coaches and their staff accepted him differently, for they knew about his High School football prowess.

Towards the close of his freshman year he was employed by the Charles Black Company, a smart haberdashery shop downtown, catering especially to the university boys, as well as to the town people. He worked here during each Summer he was in college. This provided an income which carried him through the University of Alabama. Lee Black, the proprietor of the store, says that Johnny Mack was "very popular with the ladies, and every time one would enter the store, she would ask for Johnny Mack." The two brothers of John Mack also have been employed by this firm; namely, Tolbert and Billy.

Aside from his football career at the university there is little to tell of his early life. He was of a very quiet nature, differing from his capricious childhood. He was most popular on the campus and socially prominent. He was a member of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity, Beta Chapter, and his fraternity brothers say he was "one of the most popular members of the fraternity during his college days." He was initiated into two of the most popular clubs, the "A" Club and the Arch Club.

Johnny Mack Brown at the age of sixteen, when he was a football star on the Dothan High School team. This early gridiron fame led to his success later at the University of Alabama.

COACH Wallace Wade has said of Brown, "Alabama has given to football fame two of the greatest players of all time, 'Pooley' Hubert and Johnny Mack Brown. Mack Brown, the fastest man in Dixie, has fought with glory and distinction, he is nationally known as one of the greatest and most popular backs in the United States." Walter J. Eckersall, the referee of the Rose Bowl game and a prominent authority on football, once said, "No player has ever delighted a football crowd in all history as did Johnny Mack Brown, of Alabama, in the Rose Bowl New Year's Day, 1926."

During his last year in college Johnny Mack was asked to take part in an open air pageant that was being put on as a benefit. There was a scene to be enacted entitled "Sleeping Beauty" and the director began to look around for a handsome young prince to play opposite the princess. Naturally, when the word handsome was mentioned they all said, "Get John Mack Brown." Maybe this taste of dramatic success shaped his career in the direction of the movies.

It is a matter of football history how Brown starred in the Tournament of Roses Game at Pasadena on January 1, 1926. The opposing team was the University of Washington. While in Hollywood Brown was given a movie test, but little came of it then. Johnny Mack returned to Tuscaloosa with the team. He left college that January and married, within a few months, Cornelia Foster, the attractive and popular daughter of Judge and Mrs. Henry Bacon Foster of Tuscaloosa. He then went into the insurance business at both Dothan and Tuscaloosa, dividing his time between the two cities. He was quite successful in his chosen profession, but it did not seem to suit him. He was restless and of a more adventurous nature.

IN 1927 Alabama was again asked to represent the South in the Rose Bowl game. Mr. and Mrs. John Mack Brown were invited to go along with the team. His movie try-out this time was a success and his career on the screen since then speaks for itself.

During the making of "Billy the Kid," which is, by the way, Johnny Mack's favorite picture to date, Brown was called back to Dothan. No brass band met him at the station, no gala decorations were evident. His father lay critically ill in the hospital. It was a sad day for Johnny Mack, yet a triumphant day for the father. Just before he died the older Brown smiled at his recollection of his son's promise and how, after all, he had been able to say, "Dad, I have brought home the bacon."

This snapshot was made at a gathering of the Brown family. Mrs. Brown, Johnny Mack's mother, is at the left and his brother and sisters are also shown.

GANGSTER FILMS

GANGSTERS are a significant as well as a lively phenomenon of current American life—therefore, the industry produces gangster films. Such was Carl Laemmle's retort to an editorial appearing in a group of newspapers, entitled "Stop Gangster Films." The Universal chief declared:

"Why not issue an order to your editors to stop printing gangster news? If you answer that the activities of gangsters are real live news, I shall agree with you, but at the same time I call your attention to the fact that gangsters are an important part of contemporary affairs, and as such they are bound to figure on the screen and on the stage as well as in newspapers.

"All three of these mediums reflect the life of today, and just as the stage and newspaper since their inception have mirrored contemporary life in all its phases, so does the screen."

8 Great Beauty Editors of the World praise this Nail Make-up

for its lasting lustre, gleaming beauty . . . and romance

LONDON

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CHOSEN by lovely ladies in the fashion centers of three continents, praised by famous beauty experts in eight world capitals . . . Cutex Liquid Polish is today, by actual count, the outstanding international favorite.

"The newest aid to romance," says Maribel, beauty editor of Spain's *Cosmópolis*. Martine Renier, fashion editress of the great Parisian magazine, *Femina*, declares: "This nail make-up is essential to French chic."

Cutex has five very definite advantages. Madge Garland, fashion editress of London, speaks for all beauty-wise women when she says . . .

"Its brilliant lustre is unequalled. It goes on simply, quickly and smoothly. Stays brilliant and unmarred for days . . . and does not turn yellow, crack, or peel." And . . . Cutex is economical. It gives fingertips the lovely sparkle of romance at a fascinatingly thrifty price!

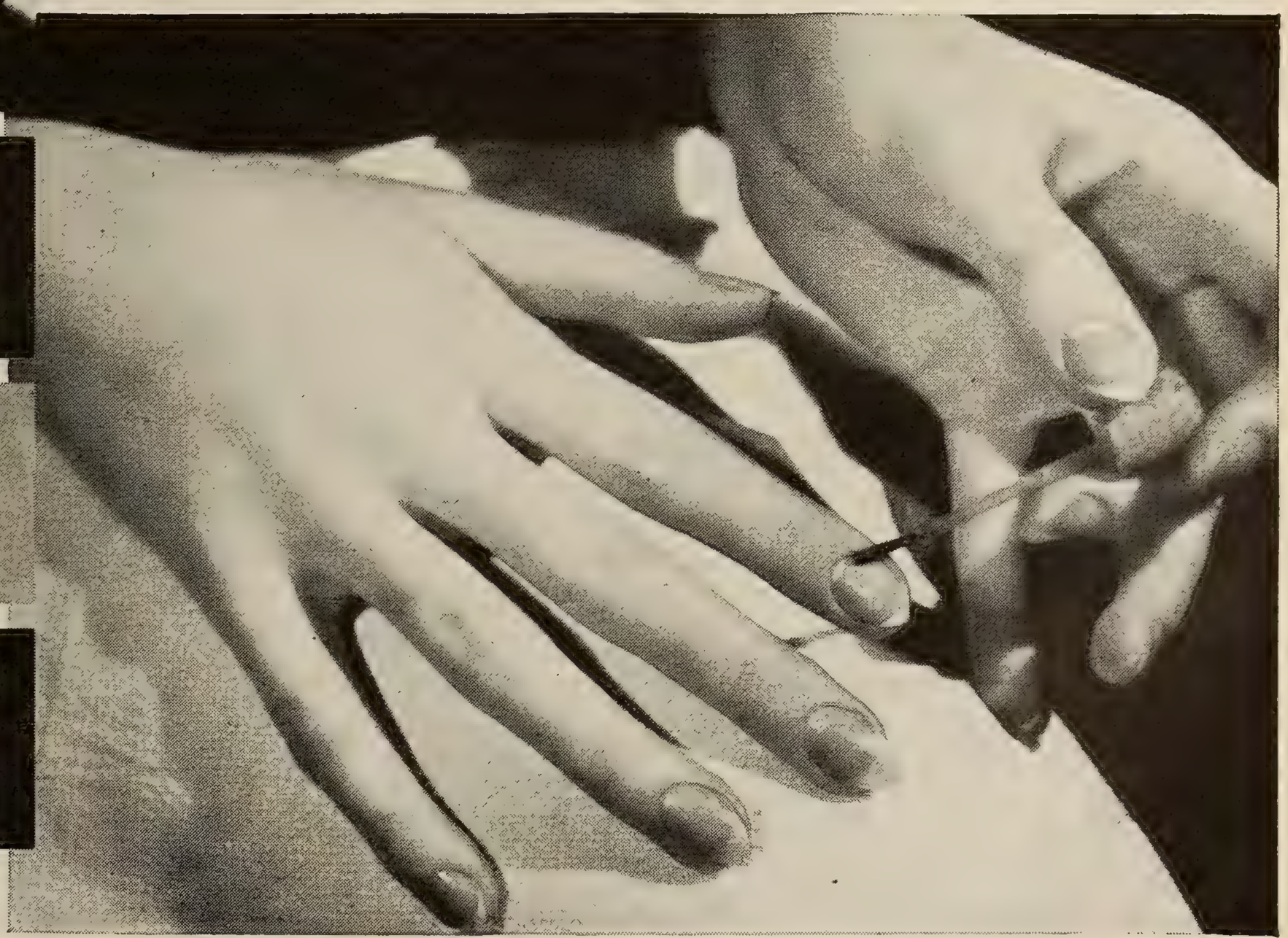
And now there is instant snowy whiteness for nail tips with the new Cutex Nail White Pencil. Keep one always in your purse—it doubles the allure of Cutex Liquid Polish!

• • •

Follow the easy Cutex manicure method described in the booklet.

After this quick manicure once a week a few minutes each day will keep your nails lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

NORTHAM WARREN · New York · London · Paris



Over each oval nail brush a crystal film of Cutex Liquid Polish . . . brilliant and enduring. A single application keeps your nails twinkling for one whole week. And you may choose your tint from this popular color range . . . Natural, Rose and Coral.

Cutex Liquid Polish

DECEMBER

Reviews

(*Continued from page* 80)

by the ultimate capitulation of both Huck and Tom before the blandishments of two girls.

This isn't Mark Twain, I regret to report.

Will Rogers' "Young As You Feel" (Fox) is a modernized version of George Ade's old play, "Father and the Boys." Will plays an old meat packer who just can't get his boys to do any sort of work. So he cuts loose with a little French singer and the boys, horrified, have to plunge into business in order to save the family fortune. It develops that there is nothing wrong about old Lemuel Morehouse's visits to night clubs and race tracks with the lively Flourette. It was merely to teach the boys a lesson.

Fifi Dorsay is Flourette. The comedy packs quite a few laughs.

"The Miracle Woman" (Columbia) offers the personable Barbara Stanwyck in the rôle of a fake evangelist out to make a financial killing. She stages her religion in hippodrome fashion and the money rolls in. Then she falls in love with a blind man who believes in her. What is the poor girl to do? This is above the average.

Universal's "The Homicide Squad" is another gangster drama, revolving about the police efforts to trap a crafty racketeer master-mind who poses as a candy manufacturer. Leo Carrillo is the lad who outsmarts the police until his single weakness gets him. This is a gory melodrama. Still, if you can stand underworld stuff, it is rather good.

CAN a perfect murder be plotted by an intelligent man in such a way that he escapes? That is the idea behind Bayard Veiller's melodrama, "Guilty Hands" (Metro-Goldwyn). Lionel Barrymore is the man who conceives the crime and he gives an exciting performance of the ex-district attorney of New York who cold-bloodedly sets out to do murder.

"Daughter of the Dragon" (Paramount) presents another escapade of the sinister Fu Manchu. Warner Oland is Fu and the film gains interest from the appearance of Anna May Wong as his daughter and Sessue Hayakawa as a Chinese detective. This has a lot of artificial excitement but little reality.

I admire Joan Crawford very much but I am not strong for her newest picture, "This Modern Age," in which the ex-stage star, Pauline Frederick, plays her mother. Can a girl have an indiscreet mother and yet marry into one of those strait-laced New England families? That's the plot and it is not worked out in a way to hold your interest, I am afraid. In fact, it is just so-so.

By LYNDE DENIG

The Dreyfus Case — *Columbia* — Although the passing years have cooled the emotional interest in this most famous of army scandals, it continues to be good material for screen presentation. Dreyfus, it will be recalled, was the French army officer found guilty of high treason and sentenced to Devil's Island. During the nineties the case assumed international importance and continued to be a matter of public concern until a long-delayed pardon was granted. This pictorial version of the trials and the anguish suffered by the officer and his family appears to run true to the historic record. The central character is portrayed with dignity and restraint.

The Sky Spider—*Action Films*—This picture moves, but it lacks life. It is played at a languid tempo that serves to retard whatever thrills might be expected from a story of heroic aviators molested by gangsters of the air intent on filching Uncle Sam's mailbags. The stunt flying is genuine enough and there is one realistic crash; but there is a quantity of dreary movement and uninteresting conversation before the boys take to the air. The plot suggests the old stagecoach melodrama—bad men bent on capturing shipments of gold—except that in this instance "all the coaches got wings." Glenn Tryon and Beryl Mercer are in the cast.

The Cannonball — *Educational* — A snappy Mack Sennett comedy with Andy Clyde leading the way for the funmakers. From first to last it is undisguised nonsense; but there are plenty of laughs for those who like their humor served in a simple and obvious manner. Andy plays an eccentric inventor whose masterpiece is a rocket designed to revolutionize transportation. Instead of turning out to be a dud, as at first appears, the rocket is Andy's salvation at a critical moment. Some of the best comedy in the film results from a race between a bus and a decrepit train. The dialogue is subordinate to the action, which is well in a farce of this type.

The White Devil—*UFA*—Based on a novel by Tolstoy, this drama, laid in Russia, for the most part lacks the illusion necessary for the enjoyment of screen entertainment. The story deals with a Caucasian rebellion in 1853 and offers an abundance of heavily emotional acting in situations that too frequently fail to carry conviction. Artificiality pervades the production, even to the raging blizzard wherein the studio snow is quite obviously just that and nothing more. Realistic war pictures may have spoiled us for gallant officers on white horses dashing about with drawn swords. The elusive spirit of love and sacrifice is not re-captured: at least not here.

Football For the Fan—*Tiffany:*—The first of a series of football pictures designed to give the average spectator a more intelligent appreciation of the game. Each issue will feature some famous college coach. Here we have Howard H. Jones of the California Trojans putting some of the boys through their paces and explaining the theory of the plays. There are occasional shots from big games. Looks like good material for the football months.

Women Go On Forever — *Tiffany:* — There is a certain grim reality about this picture of rooming-house life: a quality of drab ugliness that makes it impressive. One feels that it comes nearer to the truth than do the more glamorous films of the same type. Its very crudeness is commendable. The story is laid within the walls of a cheap lodging-house where dim lives grow dimmer and crime breeds in the dark hallways. The plot, though not unusual, suffices and the players, headed by Clara Kimball Young, are well cast. Marian Nixon, Yola D'Avril, Paul Page and Thomas Jackson contribute to the production.

Men Are Like That—*Columbia:*—You might not suspect it, but this is the latest version of Augustus Thomas' famous old play, "Arizona," long a favorite with stock companies. The reconstruction to which the drama has been subjected has left precious little of the original, which would be all right enough if the modern story proved to be effective. Unfortunately it does not, despite the best efforts of an able cast. Even the personable blonde, Laura La Plante, fails to win sympathy in the emotional dilemma that throws her into the arms of the upright Colonel Bonham after she has been dropped by a younger officer. The Army-Navy football game, with which the picture opens, gives the production a certain timeliness.

The Runaround—*Radio:*—A couple of young ladies of the ensemble set about trapping a rich but honest youth belonging to one of the better families. With a tippling character actor impersonating the father of the prospective bride, all goes well until the actor, in his cups, talks unwisely and almost prevents the fashionable wedding at St. Thomas' Church, New York. Incidentally, the director slipped in presenting the wedding ritual. Incense is not used at St. Thomas'. Geoffrey Kerr, Mary Brian, Joseph Cawthorne and our old friend Johnny Hines help to make the picture mildly amusing. It is in color.

Traveling Husbands — *R. K. O.:* — These traveling salesmen are only one degree removed from gangsters, if we are to credit their behavior in this piece of commercial Americana. Their week-end parties are highly profitable to bootleggers, and when it comes to the cuties engaged to model the new fashions—well, they may be found around the hotel after business hours. This picture is loaded with action, spiced with hard-boiled humor, tears and gunplay. Moreover, it profits by a first rate cast, including Constance Cummings, Evelyn Brent and Frank Albertson. Because the picture escapes dullness, it may be forgiven certain exaggerations.

The Reckless Hour— *First National:* —Dorothy Mackaill, cast as a spirited, high-minded and nicely proportioned mannequin, walks gracefully through this none too inspiring chapter in the existence of an ill-assorted family. The father, acted by H. B. Warner, is a cultured book-dealer in Jersey City. He alone is in sympathy with his beautiful daughter, who, in the end, is prepared to sacrifice her good name for a paltry $5000 that she may aid her kindly parent. Naturally, the sacrifice proves to be unnecessary. A mod-

(*Please turn to page* 90)

Chat About the Movie Stars

BERT WHEELER and Robert Woolsey report they had a great time in England, Ireland and Scotland. They were dined and feted by royalty, but in Scotland, they were given the runaround. A big banquet was arranged in their honor and imagine their embarrassment when, checking out of the hotel, they were presented with a bill for the entire expenses of the party.

LILA LEE has left for Tahiti, in the South Seas, "to rest and recuperate," the publicity said, but Hollywood is wondering if it isn't because of a broken heart.

Lila has been engaged to John Farrow, the Australian scenario writer. The romance developed after Farrow had gotten over his crush on Maureen O'Sullivan. Lila was wildly in love with Farrow when she went to an Arizona sanitarium to fight off the illness which threatened her life.

After she left for Arizona Farrow was very devoted. Wrote her every day and sent flowers.

He also let all the Hollywood chatterers know of his kindness, and obtained much publicity thereby. He announced that when Lila was well they would be married.

Lila was gone nearly a year, but when she returned it was quickly rumored that Farrow's love had cooled. He recently sailed for Australia, and admitted to reporters that "the marriage might not take place." It is reported that Lila, who had looked forward to complete happiness in marriage as soon as her health returned, is broken hearted and has gone to faraway Tahiti "to forget."

JACK OAKIE and Joan Marsh are reported to be looking for a place to hang a "God Bless Our Home" sign. Maybe Hollywood will have another wedding.

THERE'S a house in the motion-picture colony that is getting the reputation of being "bad medicine" for happy marriages.

Charley Mack, larger and more talkative member of the "Two Black Crows," owns it and lived in it for a time.

He and his wife, Marian, (not the Marion Mack of Buster Keaton's early pictures) have flown apart.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG is again a single man. The romance had its beginning in London, the wedding in New York and the ending in Judge Stafford's court in Los Angeles.

Armstrong told the court that his wife had refused to make a home for him. Preferring to travel.

By a property settlement, Jeanne Kent Armstrong was given $7,500 in cash, division of stocks and bonds, value not disclosed, personal effects and motor cars.

ANY producer who starts discussing stories with Ginger Rogers and figures her mother manager is a stranger to pictures will find out his mistake. Ginger's mother made a reputation among the writers of Hollywood, as Leila LeBrand long before Ginger had hair enough to bob.

Ginger knew the movies as a kiddie.

Bobby gained 8 pounds in 2 months

. . . after we began giving him milk this new way

"OUR little boy has always been delicate and underweight. He was growing fast but getting thinner all the time. Then I began giving him Cocomalt instead of plain milk, and he liked it so much he drank five glasses a day. This extra nourishment put a pound on him the first week, and his father was so delighted he promised him a dollar for every new pound he gained.

"Bobby's been a winner all around! He loves Cocomalt, begs for it many times a day. And he not only won eight dollars from his dad—he's eight pounds heavier and looks marvelous!"

Even more remarkable accounts than this come from mothers everywhere.

What Cocomalt is

Cocomalt is a delicious chocolate flavor food drink which provides, in concentrated form, the elements every child needs for sturdy growth. By adding 70% more nourishment to milk—by supplying *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals—Cocomalt helps to bring about astonishing changes in thin, underdeveloped children.

Cocomalt is easily digested, even by invalids. It contains malt enzymes which help to digest starches in other foods.

A source of Vitamin D

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—helpful in warding off rickets and in building strong bones and sound teeth.

Try 10¢ size—or send for trial can

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. family size at all grocers. Also a generous sized 10c can at stores featuring 10c packages. Or send for a Free Trial Size.

DELICIOUS HOT or COLD

Cocomalt

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., DEPT. A A-11, HOBOKEN, N. J.
Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing.

Name_____

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City_____

Ivory Snow dissolves in lukewarm water instantly!

A quick start? You should see Ivory Snow bubble into suds, the instant it touches water—even lukewarm water! Now you *start*—with instant lukewarm suds—exactly the right temperature for washing fragile silks and woolens.

Now—no waiting for hot water. No guessing at temperatures. No beating up suds. Every tiny Ivory Snow pearl pops into rich Ivory suds—not one is left undissolved to stick to delicate wool or silk.

P. S.—About that happy finish? Well, Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap. So your precious clothes come out of Ivory Snow suds looking like new! A box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢—a big box too—big enough to protect hundreds of dollars worth of lovely clothes.

99 44/100 % PURE

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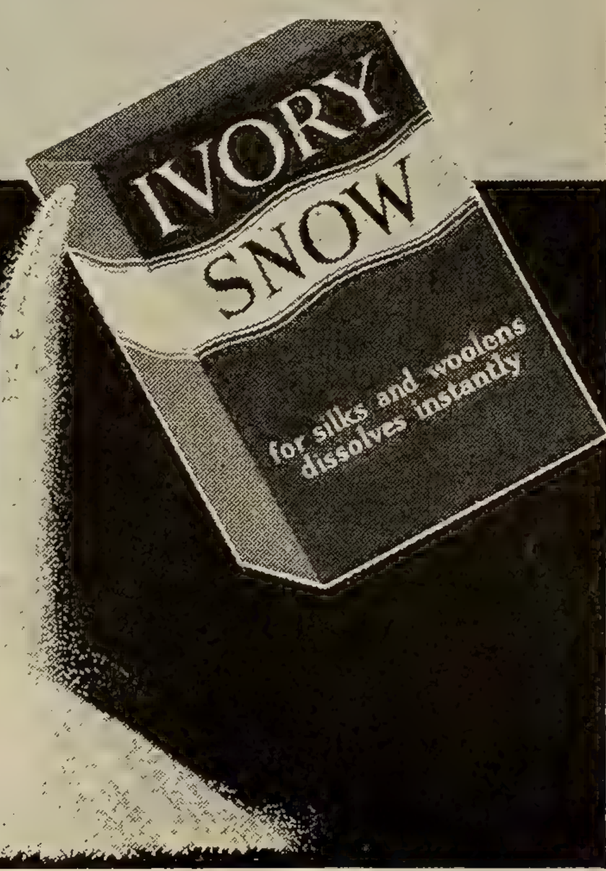
Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.



Reviews

(*Continued from page* 88)

erately diverting picture to follow, even if it is easily forgotten. Conrad Nagel plays the successful lover.

Honeymoon Lane—*Paramount:*—The sweetest picture of the week, of the month, perhaps the sweetest picture of the year. Just good clean fun for Pa and Ma and the youngsters. Gamblers, jailbirds, thugs, all melt when exposed to its sweetness. They become as maple trees tapped in the spring and flowing syrup. Eddie Dowling is to be thanked for his consistency in the preparation of the story as well as its performance. It is all baked in the same oven, like Mother Murphy's cherry pies that assume such importance in the reformation of sinners. From first to last, it is childishly amusing, amiable and sunshiny. Dowling, Ray Dooley and Mary Carr are the cheer leaders.

The Brat—*Fox:*—One of those pictures in which a popular novelist seeks first-hand material as inspiration for his characters. He picks up a waif at a night court and takes her to the luxurious home of his fashionable and snobbish mother where he may analyze the girl's emotions. Most of the customary things happen, except that the impulsive little gamin, played by Sally O'Neil, runs off with the younger brother instead of the novelist. The story falls short of suggesting reality; but most of the way it escapes being dull. In manner and appearance, Miss O'Neil follows the traditions of stage gamins.

The Public Defender—*R.K.O.:*—As a brave gentleman who takes the law into his own hands in order to lead blind justice, Richard Dix carries through melodramatic situations in a manly fashion. If you fail to believe it all, or even in part, you won't blame the actors. There are three rascals making a scapegoat of one of their innocent associates when bank funds are misappropriated. Calling himself The Reckoner, Dix sets about catching the financial thieves while the Police Department is revealing its inefficiency.

Secrets of a Secretary—*Paramount:*—Claudette Colbert is one of the most interesting of the younger group of actresses. This time she plays the pleasure-mad daughter of a millionaire. In a particularly reckless moment after an all-night party, she marries a gigolo. When the family fortune flops, she becomes a social secretary and wins the love of an English lord; but her gigolo messes things up rather badly. Theft, blackmail and sudden death, all have their place in the tempestuous proceedings.

East of Borneo—*Universal:*—If you are subject to nightmares, look out. Wild animals in this jungle picture are as plentiful as mosquitoes on the flats of New Jersey and as hungry. Worst of all are the crocodiles to whom the Rajah of Marudu feeds the bodies of those who incur his displeasure. If the crocodiles don't get you something else will in this beast-infested jungle. The story is trite, that of a white woman who traces her runaway husband to the estate of a cruel Rajah; but it suffices to introduce the acting menagerie. The closing sequences, showing the eruption of a volcano, are particularly well contrived.

News of the Movie Studios

WESLEY RUGGLES, Charles Ruggles and Al Hall, known as the Three Musketeers of Malibu, go in swimming every morning at seven-thirty regardless of what time they get in the night before. And this time of year the water, even in California, is getting rather cool.

"WHERE did you get those springy knees?" someone asked James Gleason the other day when he was racing around Hollywood.

"From pumping a pipe organ in my childhood," Gleason replied seriously.

And the truth of the matter is that Jim earned his first money when he was a small boy in Sacramento by pumping a pipe organ in a church. As a result he is a member in good standing of the national organization of pipe-organ pumpers, who meet each year in New York City to compare the size of muscles started when they were pumpers.

Some things that are hard to understand in Hollywood. . . . Why a certain actor drawing a salary of $2,000 a week is being sued for a $38 cleaning bill? . . . Why Mary Pickford doesn't admit that she will make no more pictures? . . . Why the very delicate and refined motion-picture actresses in Hollywood's higher social circles are going in for smoking long black cigars? . . . Why so many people mistake the chef at Armstrong's Beverly Hills restaurant for the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, although he is not an exact dead ringer for him? . . . Why Miriam Hopkins declared to the press when publicly admitting a trial separation with her husband that there was no other man in her life, only to be seen later and often in the company of Dudley Murphy, writer and director? . . . and why the stars are always flattered and willing to sign autograph books from the score or more of tourists that linger around the entrance to every studio?

RESIDENTS of the hills near Hollywood were amazed to see Helen Chandler flying down a path, clad in pajamas and a bathrobe recently. Investigation proved that her pet duck had run away, and there was no one but Helen to catch him, so she started out, clad as she was.

"Ducks take a terribly inconvenient time to start exploring," Helen apologized.

Eddie Quillan was motoring to San Francisco one night when he encountered a heavy fog bank going over a treacherous stretch of mountain road. He saw the red tail light of a truck ahead and decided to follow it. He did and after hours the truck stopped and the driver came back and asked the actor what he was doing.

"I'm on my way to San Francisco and following your red tail light," answered Eddie.

"You better drive back that way for twenty miles and get on the main road because you're in my back yard now," was the driver's helpful advice.

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The **MOST EXPENSIVE** hat in the world, *courtesy of Kurzman,* New York. The quiet luxury of its materials is mated with *Mado's* genius into a *dernier cri* still too new, too smart for every woman to wear.

For a Higher Type of Intelligence

In many ways, Pebeco is like a most expensive hat. Its appeal is to the discriminating few. It has something which intelligence alone can appreciate.

That "something" is the expensive ingredient comprising 40% of every tube. Although vital in dental health, this ingredient is in no other dentifrice.

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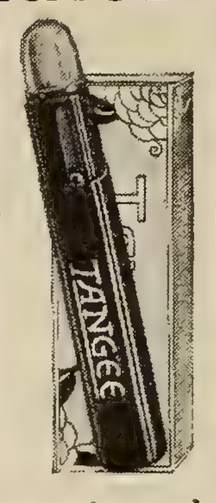

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Hollywood Needs a Good Scandal

(*Continued from page* 41)

screen liabilities. It is not her fault that the camera can't seem to take its eye off them. She is an actress of talent and charm (this will get me more booing letters), who will not prove herself until she has stood the test of a skirt and a new director.

Decline of the West: Coming events cast their shadows on the screen. With the return of Hayakawa, the rise of Anna May Wong, the signing of one Butterfly, Wu, the announcement from Mary Pickford that she will produce "Madam Butterfly" in Japan with a Japanese star, the financial ascent of Warner Oland as Fu Manchu and Charlie Chan, it would appear that Spengler is right about the decline of the West in favor of the East. If you want further proof of the Oriental influence regard the pajamed female.

Gigolos Arrive: The screen again proves a harbinger with its gigolo pictures. The radio announcer of the Beverly Hills station proclaims the arrival of gigolos at a local hotel. "All a lady guest has to do," announced the announcer, "is call the desk and one will be sent right up." The importation of gigs is a good business move. Heretofore Europe has held a monopoly on them. Indeed, they seem to have been one of the advantages of foreign travel for lonely women. Their introduction on this side will do more than any slogan to persuade such ladies to See America First.

Pursuing Females: For some time now the screen has been presenting romances in which women are the pursuers. In one picture a gentleman was compelled to lock himself in his room. Taking the screen as a reflector of life it is apparent that women are exercising equal rights. The gigolo picture, on the other hand, shows that men are likewise exercising. They claim the right to enter the taxi-dancing profession shoulder-to-shoulder with women. Since there are lady gangsters why not gentlemen gold-diggers? Probably this equality is healthier on the whole than the old convention. In the lavender and old lace romances the women always paid and paid in honor whereas they can now pay in cash. Romance has been put on a gold basis like everything else.

Heavies for Heroes: Women no longer want hand-kissing heroes, they want slapum-down heavies. The pale youths who thrummed guitars in the moonlight are *passé*. The great lovers of the screen today are forthright lads with a wallop—such screen rascals as James Cagney, Ricardo Cortez, Paul Lukas, Edward Robinson, Clark Gable, who know when to sock as well as caress. (On the screen, I mean . . . off, they may be timid souls, but why expose them?) This is another healthy sign of the times. In the past only a woman had the right to slap for honor, but in "Public Enemy" Mr. Cagney struck out when he realized he'd been compromised.

Clark Gable: Not since Gilbert has there been a male match for Garbo, but now we have Gable. The G's seem to have it.

Happy-go-lucky is the best description for Clark. He has none of the exoticism of the Latin lover or the histrionicism of the Hollywood kind. He's a six-foot, pipe-smoking male. In spirit and size and congeniality he resembles Wally Reid more than any of the other casanovas. His sex-attraction is news to him and he takes it with a grin. A happy nonchalance and a what-the-'ll make him agreeable to me. The studio gives his age as thirty, but he's thirty-two. Studios must have their percentage. He has trouped in stock and was turned down seven times as an extra. They gave him a test for "Never the Twain Shall Meet" because he has a good physique. They curled his hair and hung him with South Sea flowers. He says he felt like a pansy but the studio thought he looked gangster, so he didn't get the part. Considered for a role in "The Painted Desert," he asked if he could ride a horse. "Born to the saddle," he said, then went to a riding academy to spend five days and nights getting acquainted with one. The horses liked him. Men all like him. And women seem satisfied. So it looks as if Gable were elected.

Greta vs. Joan: At the M.-G.-M. studio they tell me Joan Crawford surpasses Garbo as a box-office attraction. If this be heresy don't hold me responsible. One of my artistic shortcomings is a failure to appreciate Joan, just as I fail to respond to the screen art of Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett. My critic of critics tells me I have no feeling for style. She says Gloria, Joan and Connie know how to wear clothes. I said they knew how to shed them, too, but this was ignored. I'm now vigorously studying the *Delineator* in the hope of broadening my appreciation of art.

Greta Imitates Marlene: Greta is about to do Mata Hari, the spy, which was performed anonymously by Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored." This gives the Dietrich fans a chance to shout "imitating!" But the Garbo bleachers can yah-yah back by recalling that Marlene was imitating Alice Terry who did Mata Hari in "Mare Nostrum." Personally, I'm neutral. I mean to say I prefer the Terry Hari.

Economy Hits Hollywood: With the Wall Street bankers moving into Hollywood there has been a move to economize. Supervisors are now allowed only four relatives on the pay-roll. But this miser policy didn't affect Carman Barnes. She was on the Paramount pay-roll for six months without doing a part. When finally a bit was found for her she screamed: "But when do I get a vacation?"

Successor to Clara Bow: Paramount is now busily engaged in looking for a successor to Clara Bow. In case they haven't thought of her, I'd like to suggest Clara Bow.

The Highest Paid Director

(*Continued from page* 78)

and you five hundred a week. Now if you don't make the retakes we'll get a director who will."

Brown, greatly worried, consented to make the retakes. Feeling that the young director's career was ruined, he begged writers to withhold the news from their papers. The reporters kindly did so, notwithstanding the fact that gossip of the young director's failure had seeped through the labyrinths of Hollywood.

Before Brown had finished making the retakes the young director was given a five year contract by the M-G-M studios, thus proving that pity for another, even by a thousand-dollar-a-day director, can easily be wasted.

THE average film directed by the ex-automobile demonstrator costs in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand dollars. Its return to the company is about two million. Those figures would indicate that the thousand-dollar-a-day director is a valuable asset to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The brand of the master, Tourneur, is still on his highly successful pupil. The Frenchman was literally a great painter with a camera. It has been claimed by cinema critics, with dime novel backgrounds, that he sacrificed dramatic interest for Corot efforts.

With sad irony it must be written: the best in Clarence Brown was the best in Tourneur. They are both sentimentalists. Brown hides his sentimentality in daily life by a reserve that would puzzle Freud. It shows in his pictures. Tourneur, on the set and off, was the same. His face was seamed with lines of human pity. There is this difference in master and pupil—Brown is strictly an American, with the materialistic background of his successful kind. That which makes him so highly successful is his shrewd blending of all the ingredients that make box office appeal.

The softness, the appeal in such films as "Wonder of Women" and "Romance" might have been ladled by Tourneur. But that which made these films box office was the shrewd Brown touch. He knows his fellow Americans. Tourneur was an artist in a stock exchange.

With the exception of "The Trail of '98," all of Brown's pictures have been highly successful.

His last film, "A Free Soul," was tawdry but commercial. It contained an idea, clothed in cheap glamour. Its leading players were Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, and Lionel Barrymore. The latter dies in the court room after dramatically pleading for the honor of someone in the film—or perhaps it was the director. When I suggested to Mr. Brown that mayhap Mr. Lionel Barrymore had died from over-acting, he replied, "That may be, you've got to watch them all." Then came a smile which proved that he had not quit demonstrating automobiles for nothing.

Clarence Brown will also bear watching. A shrewd and a penetrating man, not burdened with the non-essentials of an artistic background—he is on his way to far valleys, where the money grows on bushes, and the skies rain gold like dew.

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Can Broadway Do Without Him?

(*Continued from page 77*)

And then there was Joe. I think his name was Joe. Although it might have been Scipio or Roger or George or any one of those names that little people like Joe are called. One man I knew seemed to think his name was Persia and engaged him in endless discussions about the rug business. He was a Greek or an Armenian or something. Every night he was dragged out on the floor to do his stuff. He was four feet tall and broad in proportion and he may have been fourteen or he may have been forty, and he was the hat check boy at the Club Dover. He always sang, "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," with a Greek or Armenian accent and I really believe he thought he was a wow. And with Jimmie Durante, he was a wow. He was a pretty good coat-room boy, too. Jimmie had him for years. And I wonder, now that Clayton, Jackson and Durante have disbanded, where he is. Checking hats and coats in some refined joint is going to be pretty dull for him after the Club Dover.

What will Izzie do now? Izzie who played the banjo and who threw hats harder than anybody? And the piano player who was beaten to a pulp nightly at the height of the excitement? The funny hats were parked on top of the piano so he came in for more than his share of the rough stuff.

THEY had a wonderful song at the Club Dover. I remember it began, "D is for the doormats as you enter, O is for the omelets nice and rare." And it ended, "Put them all together, they spell DOVER, a name that means the world to me."

It was at the Club Dover where they first sang "The Americans Are Coming." The words didn't matter. I think they varied from time to time. But at the end of each verse, everyone shouted, "The Americans are coming!" And the curtains of a small stage were pulled back on tableaux. What tableaux! They might have been historical, but they weren't. It was as though every tableau given by every high school, amateur theatrical group or cheap theater had been jumbled together and someone had thumbed his nose at them. They were too funny to describe.

At the time of the Club Dover, Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York had just returned from a trip abroad. It was then that Jimmie Durante sang his famous song, "I'm Jimmie the well-dressed man. Deny it if you can." The song that began, "I just stepped off the *Mauretania*," which he pronounced "Muretania."

Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson were what Jimmie called his "Builder Uppers." That is to say, they were his breach leapers and when Jimmie got winded, although he has a voice like a mad bull, they would leap into the breach, Eddie singing loudly wearing a high silk hat that had been kicked around for quite a while and Lou dancing beautifully and madly in circles.

It is hard to describe the type of songs they sang. I am going to quote one to show that this sort of thing won't get you anywhere. Lou thinks Jimmie is looking worried and Jimmie sings the lyric that ends:

"Why, there's Jimmie, the well-dressed man!
So you know darn well I can do widout Broadway,
But can Broadway do widout me?"

And then there was the song he sang about bumping into a "westerner, a tough hombre," and Jimmie apologizes saying, " 'Pardon me stranger a stone got in my shoe. I didn't mean to do anything to you.' Reckonizin' the drawl in my voice, he asks me where I hails from. And when I says, 'Bag Z Ranch, Phoenix, Arizona,' he hits me with his leather boot, knocks me down, blackens my eye, and says, 'O. K. I just wanted to see if you could take it.' "

The Club Dover was finally closed. Yet it netted him just exactly $36,000 in one year.

But enough of this reminiscing or I'll break down.

JIMMIE Durante is an Italian, born on the East Side of New York. He says that his most famous relative is a New York cop. I doubt if he has been to school much and his accent when he talks is like Al Smith's, multiplied by fifty. He actually does talk the way outsiders think New Yorkers talk. He says "verse" for "voice," and "jernt" for "joint." And in his lifetime he has had plenty of chances to say "jernt," because until comparatively recently, he played the piano in every joint from Chatham Square to Harlem. The joints on the little streets around Chatham Square have had a good many famous piano players. There was quite a bright little boy in one of them who turned out to be Irving Berlin. Jimmie Durante took his place at the same piano six years later. He played in the famous Chuck Connors' place. Chuck Connors was the white boss of Chinatown and Chinatown was not the whitewashed spot it is today. Above the place where Jimmie worked, Connors had fixed up an elegant den of vice to show to visitors from uptown who came down slumming and shuddering with horror. He had a perfect peach of an opium den rigged up with beautiful white girls and sinister looking Chinese, all doing their stuff.

Jimmie played in these places for years, starting when he was less than eighteen, playing and singing from eight in the evening until six in the morning. In twenty years, until a few days ago, he has worked in night clubs all night and every night. He has played at the worst dives in Harlem where every sort of iniquity was practiced and every sort of dope and liquor sold. And yet I don't think I ever met a nicer man. He is as naive as a child.

I have met stage and movie people who have tried to forget how and where they started. Some of them have done a good job of it, too, and that, I suppose, is commendable. But Jimmie Durante doesn't have to forget because it doesn't seem to have made much difference in him. The other day when I saw him, he had just come back from a four-day trip to Bermuda. He had gone there for a rest, but on his way to the boat he had run into his press agent, the drummer in his orchestra and a few other people. He took them all along although none of them had a pair of extra socks with them. "Say,

we didn't get no rest," he told me. "But we owned the boat."

DURANTE made one picture in the East a few years ago called "Roadhouse Nights" with Helen Morgan. He thinks Ben Hecht is a great writer because he gave Jimmie what he considers a great line. It is, "Boys, it's the gallows!" And they use it when the going gets tough.

He thinks the day of the night club is over for a while. People have no money to spend and he thinks the years from 1924 to 1928 were the nicest and the wildest. He blames the fall of the night clubs on the "Hello, Sucker," type of hostess and hates overcharging. "Any guy that asks a $3.00 to $5.00 cover charge is a burglar. Al Jolson ain't worth that."

Maybe when he gets to Hollywood they will make him take elocution lessons and we'll find him talking like Clive Brook. But maybe not. He says he is coming back and would never think of breaking up his team for good. I would give almost anything to see him at a Hollywood beach party in a funny hat or all dressed up for an opening, because in spite of his song, he is not the well-dressed man.

But if he doesn't come back soon, as he promised, I'm going to send him a wire. It will say, "Jimmie, come back. I can do widout Broadway, but I can't do widout you." And I'll sign it by my right name.

Men Who Make the Movies

(*Continued from page* 74)

the public to see Paramount Pictures. The next move was a formal alliance between the Famous Players and the Lasky companies with Mr. Zukor as president and Mr. Lasky as vice-president, in charge of production, positions retained in the recent merger with Publix Theaters.

Mr. Lasky is forever shooting back and forth across the continent: Directers, authors, actors, salesmen, theater managers, bankers; when life threatens to become just a series of conferences with no time out for play, he goes fishing. A more direct throwback to his Alaskan adventure is a boyish liking for exploring. In the woods, seated before a campfire, Mr. Lasky threatens to gag any one who talks shop. At all events he has found plenty of gold in "them thar pictures."

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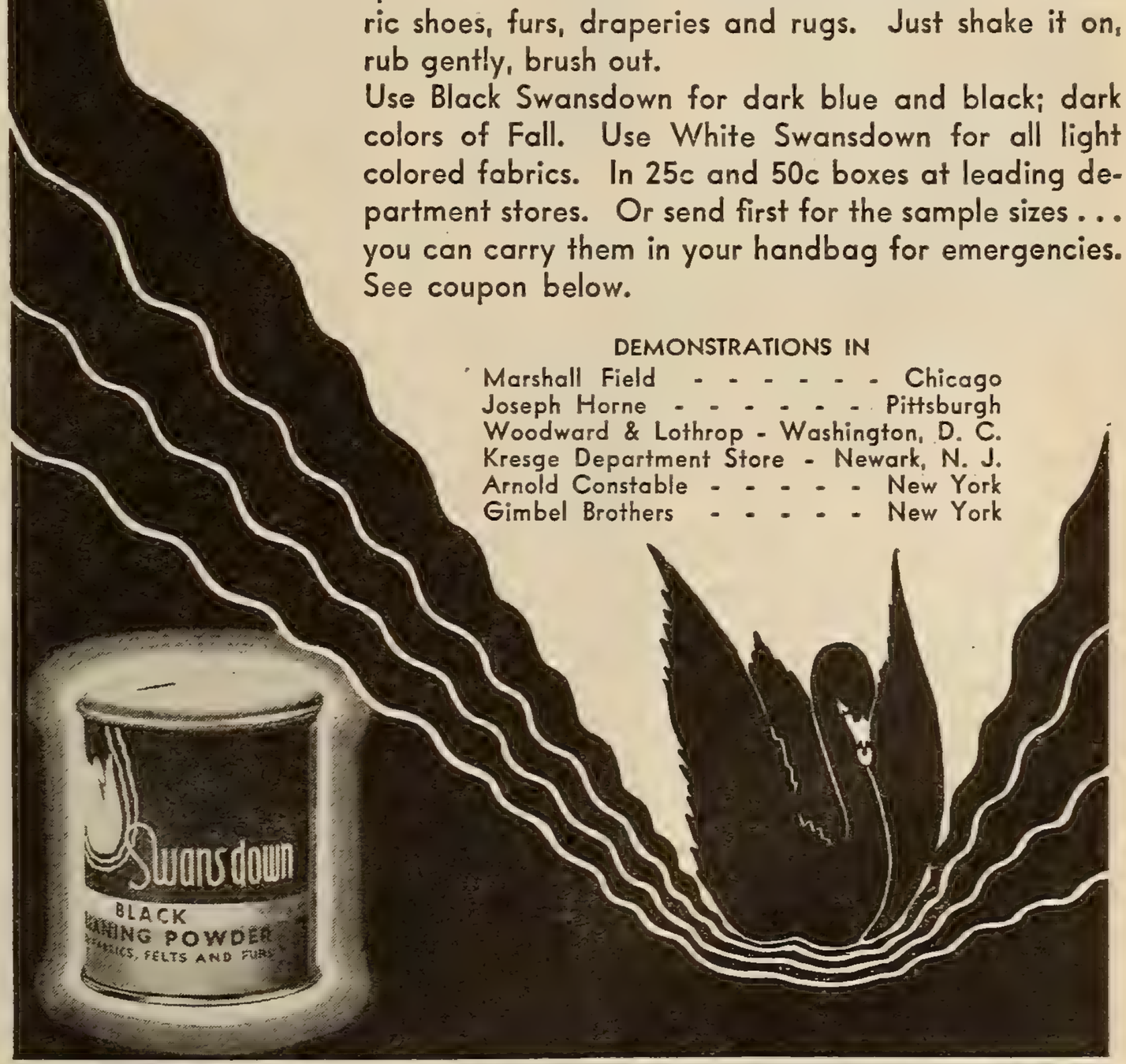

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Lavender
SHAVING CREAM

The Girl Who Came Back

(*Continued from page* 49)

long been the victim of all these feelings, intensified a thousandfold, for the whole world has seen such pictures of her.

DO you remember a picture of a cake of soap atop of which perched a tiny mite of a girl, to whom had been added a set of dragon-fly wings, and who, from her snowy perch, looked out into this matter-of-fact world with the perpetual inquiry:

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

Have you ever seen the modern maid blush? Madge does, when you mention that advertisement.

"I posed for various other ads," she says, "but that seems to be the one which everyone remembers me by! Why, just for a change I wish they'd recall that Anheuser-Busch brewery ad I posed for with Anita Stewart!

"Of course, I'm not really ashamed of having posed for those ads, but—well, I'd like to be remembered for something else. The pictures I made as a child actress have long since been forgotten, and many of the people who were in them. Also, many others I knew in those childhood days have become famous.

"I remember John Gilbert when he was a script clerk. Clarence Brown was then an assistant director, herding extras about, and today he is one of the biggest directors in pictures. Josef von Sternberg, was then plain Joe Stern—and a film cutter. And Evelyn Brent was Betty Riggs."

After pictures came to an end because of that gangling age which no growing child can avoid, Madge's mother decided to concentrate on education. Madge had never been able to go regularly to school. She had had to have tutors during her film career, and so found it impossible to fit into the standardized class instruction of the public schools.

Although her parents were not stage people, her mother firmly believed that Madge's destiny lay in acting, and she wisely decided to give her the finest possible education which would fit her for such a career.

TOGETHER they went to Europe, where Madge studied assiduously, not only the conventional things which every high school student learns, but also dancing and music, voice culture and the history and traditions of the stage from the earliest days. She gorged herself on the finest plays of the most noted continental authors. Part of her work included rehearsing noted rôles. It was a wonderful basis for the success which later was to come to her. It was during this period that she posed, while on her vacations in the United States, for various artists, Gibson among them.

Naturally, she was restless to get back into the movies. Once it gets into the blood, the movie bug is there.

Step by step, like a baby learning to walk, Evalyn Knapp is slowly regaining the use of her legs after being confined to her bed for two months. Miss Knapp was injured on June 21st when she fell down a cliff while on location in the Hollywood mountains.

International News Reel Photo

When Richard Barthelmess was casting "Classmates," Madge Evans, then a girl of about fifteen, applied for the job of leading lady. She had just emerged from the gangling period of adolescence into the first flush of being a grown-up.

She got the rôle and played opposite him. But she did not score. She was shy, bashful, stiff in her acting. Where she had obeyed implicitly as a child, calling upon make-believe emotions after her directors had talked to her, she now found herself on her own. She was in that first grown-up stage when a young girl becomes self-conscious and formal, and is terribly afraid that she will do something wrong, or something not entirely correct.

She was a considerable flop, and quickly disappeared from the cinema lists. She decided to grow up right then. Her failure at a screen comeback roused the fighting spirit in her.

So she turned to the stage. The folks from Fort Lee who knew and remembered her came over to give this little girl a great, big hand, and they have been doing it ever since. Among the New York plays in which she appeared were "Conquering Male," "Dread," "Our Betters," "The Marquis," "Daisy Mayme," and her last, "Philip Goes Forth."

She scored a decided hit in this last play and then Metro-Goldwyn officials signed her up and sent her to Hollywood. During her whole career, which went back to the days of Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Montagu Love and the late Holbrook Blinn, she had never been to Hollywood.

NOW she is firmly launched on her third career. In her first three months she has played the leading feminine rôles in four pictures, including "Son of India," Ramon Novarro's picture, "Guilty Hands," with Lionel Barrymore, "Sporting Blood" and "West of Broadway."

It is characteristic of Lionel Barrymore's courtesy and helpfulness that, when she appeared on the set to play in "Guilty Hands" with him, he said:

"Why, of course I remember you, Madge. You played with John and myself in 'Peter Ibbetson' when you were a child."

"Of course he didn't recognize me," said Madge with a laugh. "He couldn't have, I've changed so since then. But he had been told, or recalled the name, and it was his way of making me feel entirely at home on the set."

Out in Hollywood they're already talking stardom for Madge Evans. But perhaps it would be a good idea, ladies and gentlemen, to turn the microphone over to Miss Evans herself.

"Stardom? Yes, of course I would like that. Do you know any young woman who wouldn't? The fact that I was a child star has nothing whatever to do with my present ambitions. I believe I would be doing exactly as I am now if I had never before seen the inside of a movie studio.

"One thing, I would like to do, however, is to avoid too much responsibility at the start. I don't want to be forced ahead. Since I have been out here I have played in four pictures and I'm afraid audiences will tire of seeing me on the screen too much until they get to know me.

"I don't think a rapid zooming to stardom is a good thing. You are apt to land on top only to find yourself incapable of keeping a balance. The

(*Please turn to page* 101)

Again . . . RIT TO THE RESCUE! And when Tom returned home that evening he found a radiant wife who had learned what miracles can be performed for only 15c with New Instant RIT on table linens, curtains, dresses, lingerie, . . . everything!

AMAZING New Discovery!

***No Streaking . . . No Spotting when you tint or fast-dye with* NEW *Instant* RIT**

At last tinting and dyeing has become as simple as rinsing . . . and as safe! When you use this marvelously improved New Instant Rit you can be sure of perfect results. And any one of Rit's very smart Paris colors will last through 3 months' sun and at least 30 washings.

New Instant Rit is* NOT *a soap

You may have used Rit time and time again . . . but this New Instant Rit is absolutely different. There's nothing quite like it! Just dip to tint . . . and the tint will last like a fast-dye!

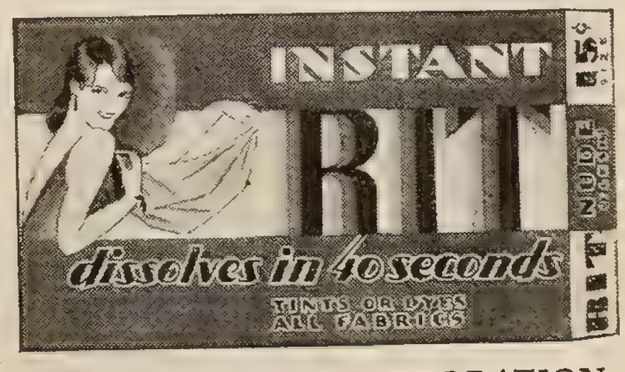
Rit requires* NO *rubbing

The New Instant Rit dissolves *completely* in 40 seconds. Therefore, it *can't* spot or streak. There are 33 lovely new colors for tinting and dyeing everything. And White Rit, the *Original* color remover that removes all colors, even black, as well as spots and stains . . . harmless as boiling water. But beware of harmful substitutes. Insist on this wonderful new product. Ask for New Instant Rit at your druggist or notion counter. Only 15c.

ORANGE PACKET tints or fast-dyes all fabrics perfectly.

GREEN PACKET tints silks but leaves lace white.

WHITE RIT . *Original* Color Remover.



RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1425 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

DECEMBER

HANDS
that Rival the Lily's Whiteness

White hands—smooth hands—youthful hands—they are yours with a little care!

Housework, office work and weather will do much to take the beauty out of your hands unless you do something to counteract. Always, when making your toilet, and especially after doing dishes, rub a little Pacquin's Hand Cream into your hands. This amazing cream does more than soothe—it actually beautifies. It restores what work and weather take out of the hands and makes them exquisitely white and smooth.

Three days with Pacquin's will see that aged, withered look disappear and a youthful freshness and suppleness take its place. It is absorbed readily by the hands and does not leave them sticky or greasy.

At your favorite Drug or Department Store you will find Pacquin's Hand Cream in two sizes—A large jar at $1.00. Convenient tube at 50c. Also Pacquin's Hand, Cold and Vanishing creams in 10c size at all 5&10c Stores.

Pacquin's HAND CREAM

That Girl From Pine Bluff

(*Continued from page* 57)

there was many an arched eyebrow and plenty of grim satisfaction when Mrs. Shannon announced she was going to New York with her two daughters.

Not very much news about Peggy filtered back from New York to Pine Bluff until one day she had her picture in the papers and then the town seethed. There she was, little Peggy Shannon, standing right up there beside that bold bad man, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., producer of a pretty girl form of entertainment called "The Follies." And under this picture was the startling announcement that the same devilish Mr. Ziegfeld had selected Peggy as one of his "beauties." Pine Bluff shook its head over Peggy.

Then the real story of that picture came back to Arkansas. It seems that Peggy and her sister and mother lived in a tiny flat in New York that was adjacent to one occupied by the great Florenz' secretary. One day this same secretary, with whom the Shannons had become acquainted, took Peggy down to show her what happened back stage at the Follies. There, a press agent . . . and he is the mysterious unknown of this story . . . got her to pose with the great glorifier of the American girl. Next day the papers carried that picture and the story of Flo having picked another Queen. The point being, as the story was told, that Flo didn't know anything about the story until he read it.

Maybe Pine Bluff didn't laugh at that one.

They stopped their chortles, however, when it was learned that Ziegfeld had taken the P. A.'s story seriously and Peggy had really gone into the Follies. Maybe Flo didn't want to make a liar out of his press agent. All that season they kept listening for rumbles from Manhattan and heard that Peggy had come into her own, as a beauty . . . so much so that, next season, when Earl Carroll was stealing all of Flo's best girls, one of his first thefts was Peggy. But, after a season in the "Vanities," Peggy dropped out of sight.

How were they, in Pine Bluff, to know that she had quit the musical shows because she didn't care for that line about being "beautiful but dumb" which is impersonally applied to all of Flo's and Earl's beauties?

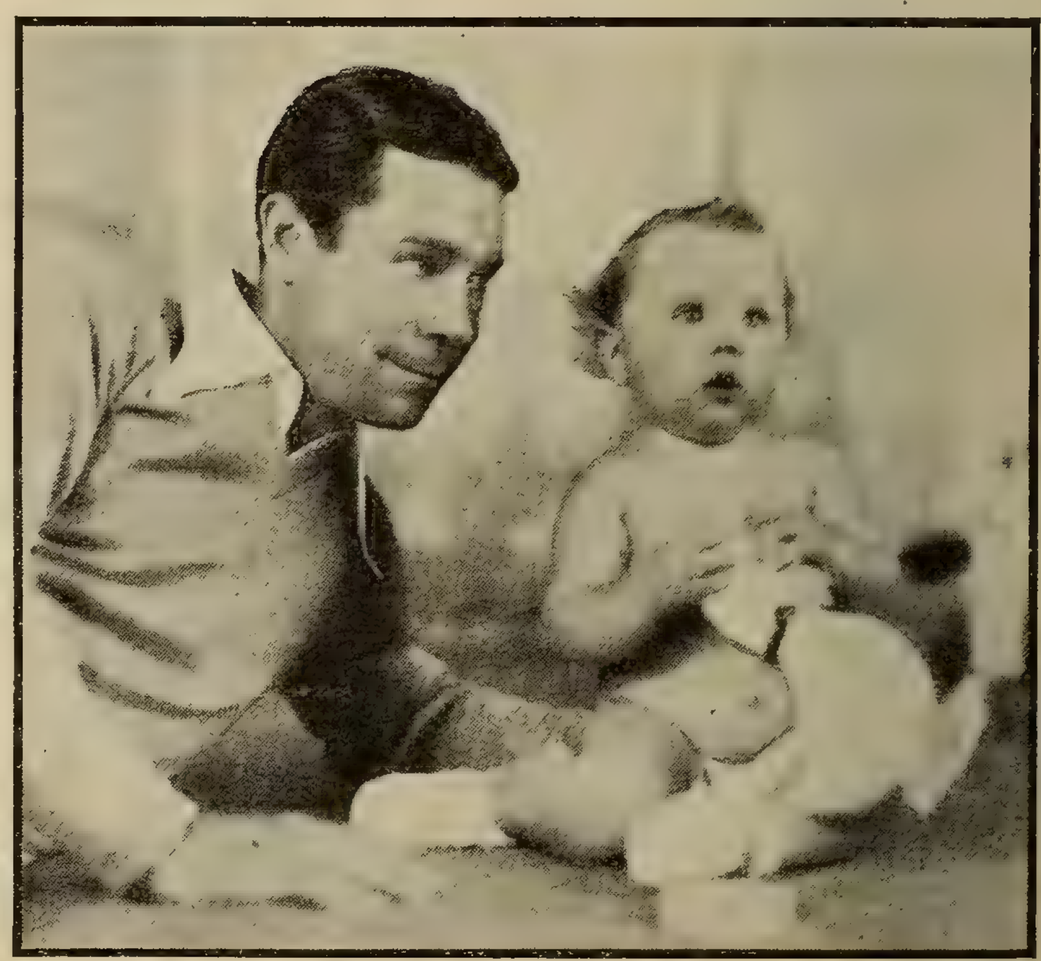
Then Pine Bluff got a bigger laugh.

PEGGY had gone into the legitimate theater . . . to be an actress. Nature had made her beautiful, but Peggy was going to see that she didn't stay dumb. She played the ingenue part in a show . . . a failure. That was funny. When they heard she had gone into a stock company somewhere up in New York State that was funnier. It wasn't so funny for Peggy. She played a whole season with the stock company and any stock actor will tell you it is brutally hard work; playing one play, rehearsing another and memorizing lines for still a third. But she stuck at it . . . the English ancestry . . . and was rewarded by a part in a production that was scheduled the next season for Broadway.

That next season Pine Bluff literally "fell out of their seats" and Peggy almost broke her heart.

She began a theatrical career that is unique. Before her bad luck "was out," as they say in Pine Bluff, she had been in fifteen consecutive failures. On fifteen occasions she rehearsed for three weeks, for nothing, and then played for a week, only to see the play close; a flop. It was benumbing misfortune, only Peggy isn't the kind of a girl who gets benumbed or gives up. . . .

I am not sure if Paramount shouldn't be given part credit for the joke Peggy played on the scoffers of Pine Bluff. Here's what happened, then you can judge for yourself. What with the Warner Brothers raiding Paramount's list of stars, and exhibitors giving mouth to their perpetual cry of "Give us new faces on the screen," the Paramount officials decided to sign up some new talent. They had seen Peggy in



Joe E. Brown isn't the star of the Brown family and he admits it himself. The star is his daughter, Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown. Cute, eh?

some one of the fifteen failures. So they dipped a pen and gave it to her and told her to sign her name at the bottom of a long piece of paper, after which she was presented with a longer railroad ticket on which the destination was marked "Hollywood."

We will also credit Clara Bow with an "assist." Perhaps the scandal mongers should really get the credit, for they had heaped their viciousness on Clara Bow until she broke; collapsed just after Peggy arrived in Hollywood; just as Clara was ready to start a picture called "The Secret Call." Everything was ready to go with that picture, the cast engaged, the sets built, the director, Stuart Walker, champing at the bit.

When word came that Miss Bow had been taken to a sanitarium, pandemonium reigned at Paramount. Who'd play Bow's part?

The answer was as devastating to Pine Bluff's scoffers as one of their own tornadoes.

THE answer was Peggy Shannon. We don't know whether it was panic of perspicacity on the part of B. P. Schulberg, general production manager, but anyway, he called little Peggy into his office and told her she was It. She went out dizzy . . . and she stayed dizzy while a swarm of dressmakers and makeup artists and camera men wanting tests and sound men wanting sound tests milled around her. This pandemonium lasted three hectic days . . . that was all the time she had to learn her lines . . . and I suspect Peggy thanked her own private Deity for those gruelling weeks in stock, where she learned to memorize quickly.

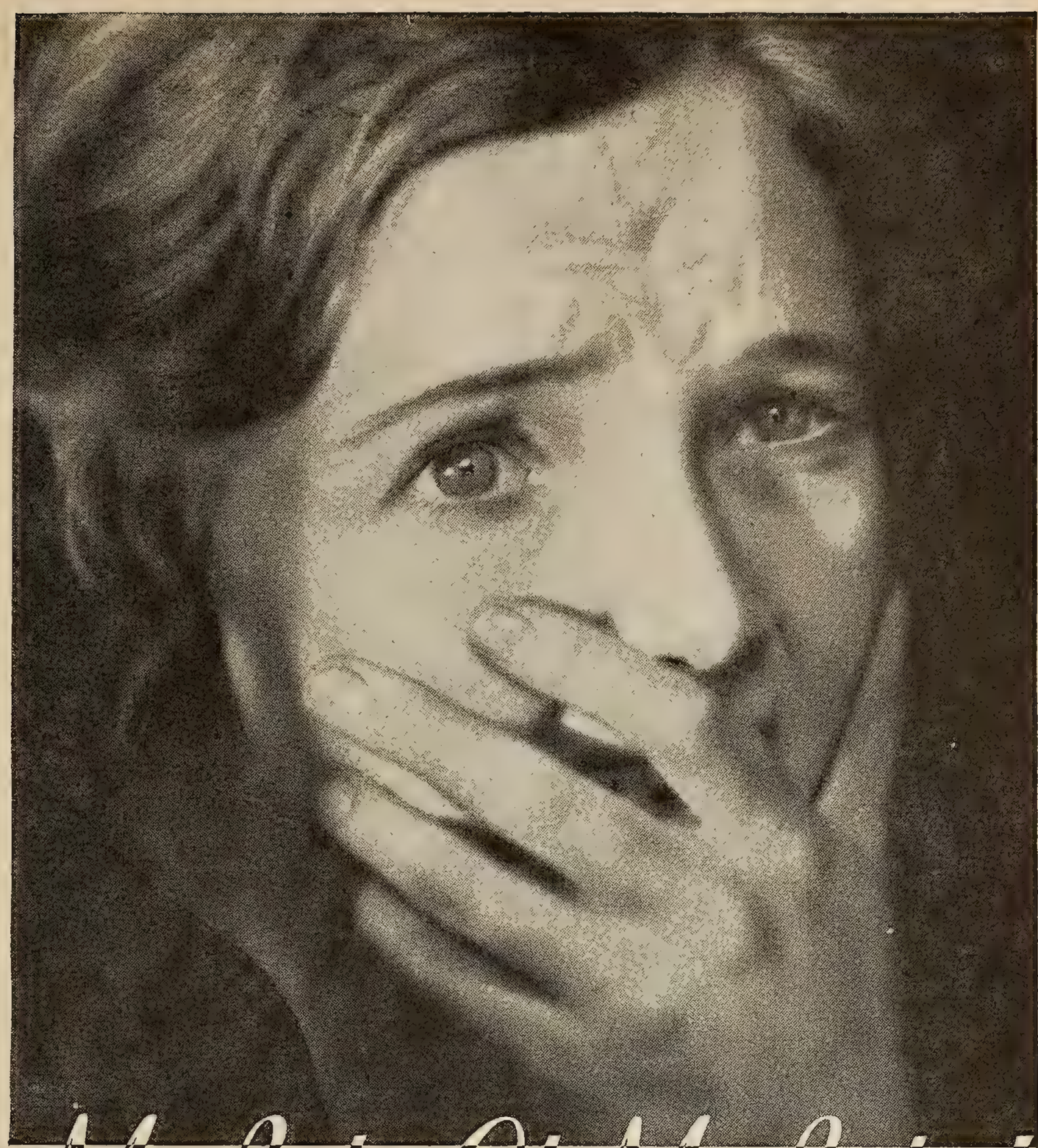
Then came the morning when shooting started . . . quiet discipline took the place of the pandemonium and Peggy "pinned back her ears," as they say in Arkansas, and gave a swell performance in Clara Bow's place. She didn't imitate Clara . . . she was too smart for that. She played the part as Peggy Shannon would have played it. And Mr. Schulberg took another bow for his sagacity as a picker. "Silence" was the next picture they put her in . . . just a few days after she was through with "The Secret Call"—and again she dealt the scoffers in Pine Bluff a body blow . . . she was better than before. Then came "The Road to Reno" and now, if you approach any of those proud Paramount executives and mention Peggy Shannon, they swell up and devoutly murmur: "Star material."

Such is the joke Peggy played on Pine Bluff. Go back there now; ask any of those eye-brow-arching mamas about Peggy and they'll say: "Why, I knew the darling child when . . ." and they'll go on by the hour, which only goes to show that a lot of folks never realize when a joke's been played on 'em.

For the statisticians; Peggy is a slender girl whose one hundred and eighteen pounds extend some five feet four inches up in the air. Her hair is long and red and her eyes are blue-gray. Her favorite sport, pastime and relaxation is, WORK. And she is married to an actor who is not in Hollywood with her.

For the Romeos, see last lines above.

For the astrologers, Peggy was born on the 10th of January. If you will write to her at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, she will probably tell you what year. She isn't ashamed of it.



My Baby-Oh My Baby!

AT THAT fearful moment when the Fangs of Fire strike one of *your* little ones—will you be able to stop the pain *quickly?* Or must your child suffer while you rush to the drug store?

Thousands of women to-day are eternally thankful that they had Unguentine on hand in the moment of emergency. For instance, this letter from Mrs. R. A. H., of Yonkers, N. Y. . . . (one of thousands of unbought letters from grateful mothers who've used Unguentine).

"When my baby was eighteen months old, he got hold of a can of acid. He got it on his hand, and when it began to smart he rubbed it right across his face and mouth! His face was like fire and little holes began to pit his cheeks. I literally smeared it with Unguentine. The baby's face is perfect to-day. Not a scar!"

Unguentine stops the pain—quickly! It helps Nature to heal more rapidly. Rarely ever is a scar left. And, being a *true antiseptic*—Unguentine guards against the danger of blood poisoning.

It is a duty you owe your family to have Unguentine on hand—ready to apply *immediately*. Be sure to get a tube from your druggist—to-day!

UNGUENTINE • *Quick!*

Norwich

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO.,
Dept. A, Norwich, N. Y.
(In Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto)

FREE SAMPLE—Please send me sample tube of Unguentine, and Dr. M. W. Stofer's booklet on household emergencies—"What to Do".

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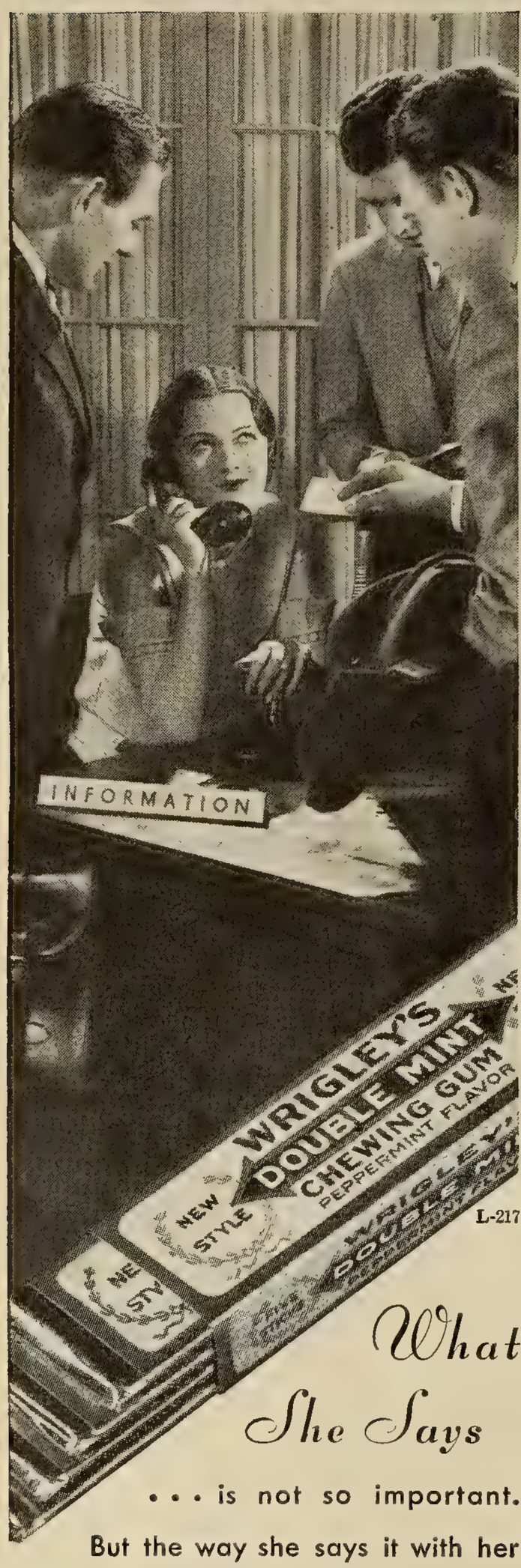
DECEMBER

THE
CHARM
OF LOVELY
LIPS



What She Says

. . . is not so important.

But the way she says it with her smiling, well shaped mouth, is responsible for her business success and her personal conquests. Enjoy DOUBLE MINT daily. It keeps lips charming in shape.

INEXPENSIVE
SATISFYING

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 14)

have been over forty—1889 to 1929 is forty years. Yet this boy appears in the last scene to be a youth in his twenties.

How come?

Ethel Bruce,
74 Boyd Avenue.

Welcoming Madge Evans

Danbury, Conn.

Three Cheers! for bringing back Madge Evans to the screen. In the picture "Sporting Blood" she showed marvelous acting as well as being very attractive. We would like to see more pictures like "Sporting Blood" and more acting like that of Clark Gable and Madge Evans. I think the two together make a very interesting pair.

Shirley Lawrence,
35 Main Street.

What Joan Crawford Needs

Park Ridge, Ill.

Will someone please give Joan Crawford just two things, a square meal and a story with a kick to it. I have been a Joan Crawford fan for ages and I don't think any other actress has half her charm. But not even the most enthusiastic admirer is going to spend money to see her favorite actress in a punk picture.

"Paid" was marvelous and it gave Joan her big chance to show her fans that she could act as well as dance. But why, oh why give her "Laughing Sinners" to struggle through? Even the splendid cast couldn't make it seem sincere. Well, Joan, we're all for you, but a few extra potatoes wouldn't hurt you. I hope "This Modern Age" is more what you deserve.

Peggy Sweet,
101 Cedar Street.

Liked "East Lynne"

San Francisco, Calif.

At last the Worm has Turned! After a surfeit of war, crime, gangster, underworld and similar pictures, Hollywood has given us an old-fashioned story.

A few years ago, perhaps, "East Lynne" would have been laughed at, if some producer had announced having the temerity to attempt to show it. Today it is a HIT! And a distinct relief from the many featureless pictures with which we are being regaled. True, "East Lynne" probably owes its greatness to Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel and the capable supporting cast, but nevertheless the story itself is of the heart-throbbing, interest-compelling type.

Incidentally it's one of Ann Harding's best portrayals.

Jasper B. Sinclair,
318-20th Avenue.

More About "East Lynne"

Washington, D. C.

Amid the pandemonium raised by fans anent Garbo *versus* Dietrich and the Bow situation, and while Hollywood itself has been made blatant by stars trying to outshine and outdo one another, a quiet young lady has come upon us unobtrusively with a display of genuine histrionics deserving of ovation. We liked her in "Holiday", knew she must be a lovely person by "The Girl of the Golden West," but it took "East Lynne" to make us realize that an Ann Harding is what we have needed to stimulate our too little used deepest emotions.

George Wilton, Jr.,
1620-R Street N. W., Apt. 324.

Wants News in Newsreels

Seattle, Wash.

You all know what a newsreel is. It's that part of the program which is stuck in between the feature and the comedy. It's supposed to be "the ears and eyes of the world's activities." Maybe so, but I'd appreciate it more if we'd see less ship-launching, foreign potentates saying nothing, school-children learning national anthems, and riot acts. If the newsreel is supposed to be the newspaper of the universe, why can't we have moving pictures of the people involved in outstanding scandals?

Is it any worse seeing them than reading about them?

Samela Kay Parkhurst,
1146 West 63rd Street.

Praise for Lionel Barrymore

Wilson, N. C.

You can rave about your Novarros and Gables and Montgomerys, but give me Lionel Barrymore any old time. There's a man who really can act. He knows the finer subtle points that few on the screen have acquired. Witness his performances in "A Free Soul" and "Guilty Hands." Splendid, superb, and all the other nice adjectives available.

E. B. Walters,
300 N. Pine Street.

SETH PARKER LOOKS AT HOLLYWOOD

Of course you have heard Seth Parker and the Jonesport folks on the radio. Seth and his friends now are in Hollywood making a motion picture. You will be highly interested in his impressions of Hollywood, presented exclusively next month

in

NEW MOVIE

The Secret of
GLORIOUS WAVES

LOOK to the waving lotion. That is what most successful beauticians are most particular about whenever they give a finger wave or water wave. And more than 25,000 of these beauty authorities use and endorse Nestle SuperSet.

It sets the hair quickly and easily. It assures a long lasting wave—a wave that is soft, fluffy and lustrous. And there is no after-deposit or sediment.

SuperSet is fast drying and completely free from grease. Use it once and you will use it always. Made by the originators of the permanent wave—the Nestle-LeMur Company, 10 East 49th Street, New York City.

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores large size at your beauty parlor.

The Girl Who Came Back

(*Continued from page 97*)

slide down is faster than any skyrocketing up.

"I hope to build myself up by easy stages. This is all very new to me. What I remember of the old way of making pictures is entirely different from talkies. If I can drift along until I feel confident of what I am doing I will be satisfied. Any rôles they give me will do. I am almost afraid my rôles have been too good for a beginner.

"FIRST I worked with Ramon Novarro. He is a charming chap and his assistance was invaluable to me. Never have I been placed at ease so completely as I was when he realized I was new to the business. My next picture, 'Sporting Blood,' was with Clark Gable. What an enthusiast! He was right in the midst of a whirlwind of acclaim that is making him one of the most popular men in pictures. Clark is an easy-going, unworried vagabond. He isn't going to allow himself to be swept off his feet. I couldn't help but think how many girls would have liked to trade places with me as his leading lady.

"After that I played with Lionel Barrymore. The last time I had seen him was when I played with him and his brother John in 'Peter Ibbetson.' No two people could be so utterly alike, and yet so different. John is a madcap clown. Lionel is intensely serious, and yet he is a good deal of a clown at times, too. He often had us all in hysterics. Lionel is very patient and considerate with newcomers, and is always apologizing for mistakes he knows darned well you made.

"Hollywood is so new to me that I'm as bad as an Iowa tourist. Everyone I pass on the street looks like a star to me.

"I was having my hair waved in the dressing room soon after I started work, and I heard one of the hair-dressers calling: 'Bring another hot iron to Miss Garbo's room.' It gave me the thrill of my life and I couldn't get out of the chair fast enough. I got out just in time to see the Great Garbo coming down the stairway, in make-up and costume, and enter a waiting car.

"Marriage? Now, how can you ask a question like that? Show me a nice sensible boy who isn't too good-looking and who is through sowing his wild oats and is ready to settle down and then—well, maybe I can think of a good answer!"

Herb Howe Writes a Fascinating Article in Next Month's NEW MOVIE.

THE LOWDOWN ON HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIFE

Watch for it. It is done with all this brilliant author's cleverness and sparkle.

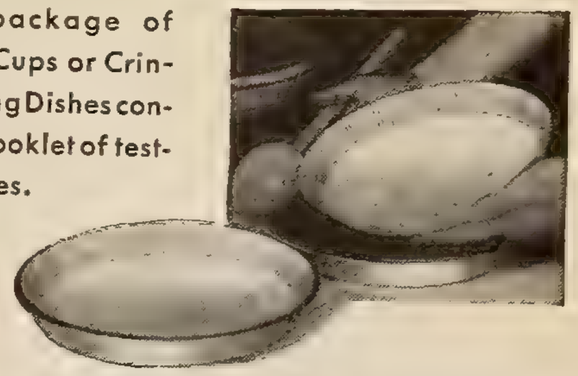
FOR CAKES THAT MAKE A HOSTESS FAMOUS

Crinkle Baking Dishes and Crinkle Cups

Perfect rounds of fresh-baked layer cake, or dainty little cakes, even-textured, delicately browned! Good hostesses take pride in serving delicious home-made cakes. You can make them better and easier now. Use Crinkle Cups for small cakes and muffins, Crinkle Baking Dishes to line your layer cake pans . . . and do away with greasing, sticking, burning, pan-washing.

Sold at F. W. Woolworth Co 5 and 10 Cent Stores

Every package of Crinkle Cups or Crinkle Baking Dishes contains a booklet of tested recipes.



THIS COUPON BRINGS YOU EASIER, BETTER BAKING

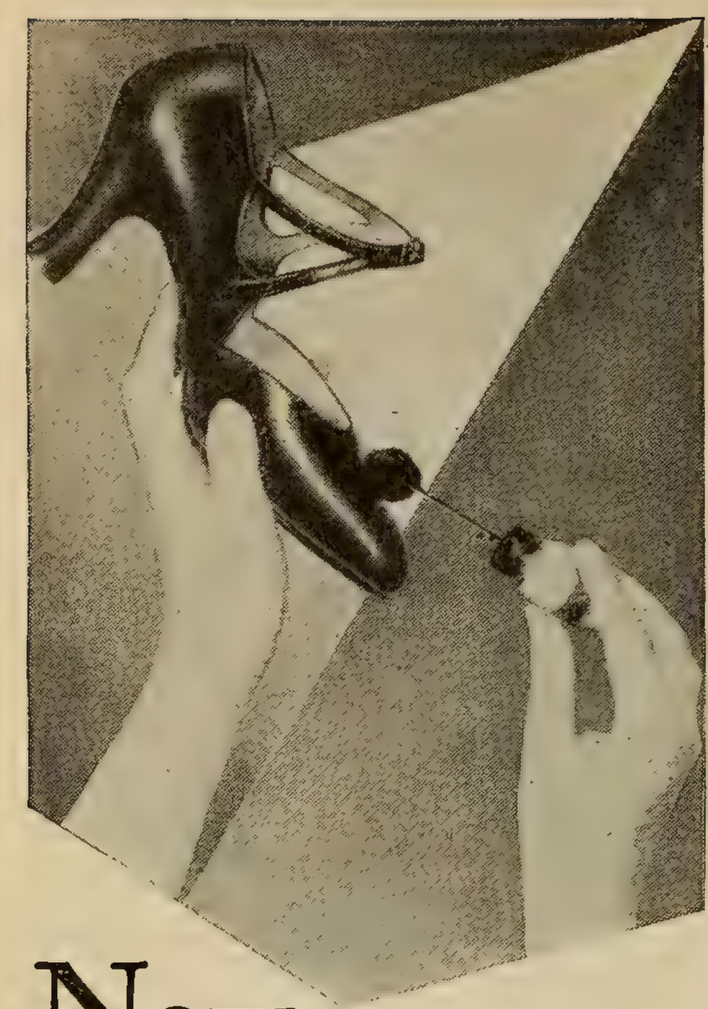
Oldmill Paper Products Corp.
Linden St., cor. Prospect Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose 10¢ for which please send me introductory package of Crinkle Baking Dishes for layer cakes. To fit ☐ 8 in: or ☐ 9 in. pans.

Name_____

Address_____

DECEMBER



Now It's So Easy *to Polish Shoes!*

HERE'S good news for you. Black shoes can be kept neat and shining *with no rubbing at all!* How? Chieftain Black French Dressing is the answer. This wonderful preparation not only gives black shoes a rich, smooth gloss, but its special ingredients soften, protect and preserve the leather.

Just apply a little with the handy dauber and in a few minutes, without any rubbing or polishing, your shoes will look almost like new! Mothers find it wonderful for keeping theirs and the children's shoes spic and span, and it actually makes them last longer.

Chieftain Black French Dressing is sold in 10¢ stores everywhere; (15¢ in Far West and Canada). Stop at the hardware counter the next time you're in the 10¢ store and get a supply. The Chieftain Manufacturing Company, Baltimore, Md.

CHIEFTAIN

Black French Dressing

Shines Shoes Without Rubbing

10¢

15c in Far West and Canada

She Tried to Stay Out of the Movies

(*Continued from page* 70)

After all, they are related for the theater began in the church."

By the time she graduated from High School, she knew she wanted to go on the stage. Her parents did not like the idea but no one could hold out against Zita's determination. She attended the Alvienne School of the Theater and then, after five weeks of pavement pounding, she got her first job with the Theater Guild, when she played in "Peer Gynt," "The Devil's Disciple" and "He Who Gets Slapped." Later she appeared with the Civic Repertory Theater in "Dawn" and "The Cradle Song."

"Machinal," the next step in her career, is stage history, for it was widely acclaimed and in it Zita Johann became famous overnight. In it, too, Clark Gable first attracted public notice. "Machinal" dealt in broad strokes with love, birth and death. It told the story of a girl who, to get away from office routine and her nagging mother, married her rich and older employer whom she did not love. Even motherhood did not change the bleakness of her life. Then, in a speakeasy, she fell in love with a handsome blackguard. It was the first time she had known love, and life suddenly became joyous and simple. Persuaded by her lover, she murdered her husband because she wanted to be free, and so she eventually died in the electric chair. The last scene of the play just before her death, where the bewildered girl cried out in her anguish for "Somebody!"—someone to unravel the tangle of life—was a moment that thousands of play-goers could not forget, and since the throbbing voice of Zita Johann made that moment, Zita Johann was made.

It was a juicy part and one can imagine the many already famous actresses who coveted it. But the producer, Arthur Hopkins, noted for his foresight, had seen Zita's work. He sent for her for a try-out and the part was hers.

ON opening night, there was a moment of intense silence after the curtain—so greatly was the audience moved—and Zita, mistaking that silence, ran to Arthur Hopkins and said she had failed and he must get someone else for the part.

"I wish I could remember that night more vividly," she says, "I'm always dazed at openings and I was especially so that time because it was my first big chance. I only remember Hopkins pushing me on the stage and hearing applause after the silence. The part was so strenuous, it took every ounce of energy and I had absolutely no relaxation during the run of the play. So I got to feel that I was that girl in prison. Although I cried when the play closed, it was a relief, for by that time it seemed to hang over me like a shadow."

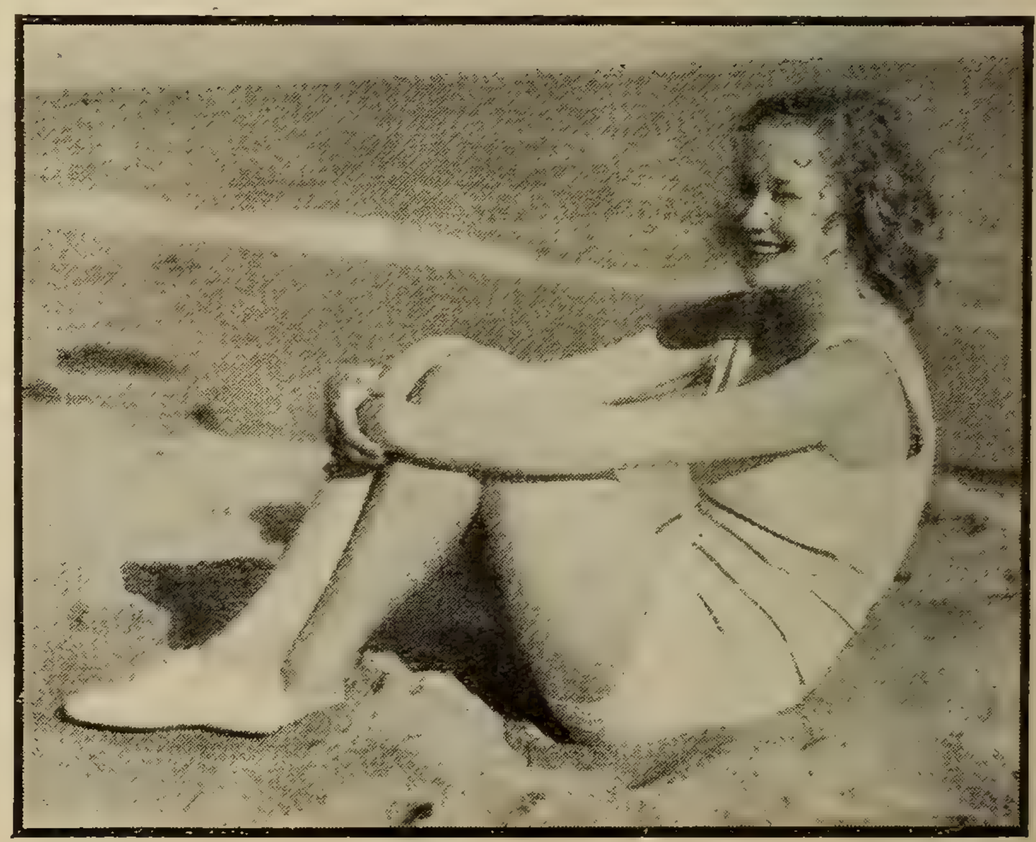
After some minor engagements, Miss Johann scored another big success last season in Philip Barry's play, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." But the technique of this was much more subtle, although again dealing with love and birth and death. It is in the portrayal of fundamental emotions that she has attained success. She has no formula other than "to try to do everything as simply as possible."

"Griffith's picture, 'The Struggle,' falls between 'Machinal' and 'Tomorrow and Tomorrow,'" she explained. "It is a simple story of a girl's struggle to hold her husband. She is beaten by nothing, falters only once and finally triumphs through her inherent strength."

"Do you like acting in the movies?" I asked.

"I do now," she replied, a twinkle in her eyes. "Working with Mr. Griffith has been wonderful. Like Mr. Hopkins, he lets me interpret my own way but is extremely sensitive and if I do something that does not satisfy me, he knows immediately and orders a retake. You know there are two kinds of acting—interpretive, where you follow the director's interpretation, and creative, where you create the character as you think it should be done. I can only do creative acting—anything else hampers me. That's why I tried so hard to stay out of the movies."

"Stay *out!*"



Miriam Hopkins on the sands of Malibu. Miss Hopkins, who scored in "The Smiling Lieutenant," will have a featured rôle in "24 Hours."

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On the Boardwalk at New Jersey Avenue
European or American Plan. French and German cuisine. Sun deck. Boardwalk porch. Dancing, Concerts, Entertainment. **A stay at the St. Charles makes one's visit to America's Smartest Resort altogether delightful.**

"Yes. My mother wanted me to go into the movies a long time ago and I always turned down offers because I wanted to wait until I was in a position to choose the sort of roles I know I can best portray. I was in Hollywood for five months for Metro-Goldwyn without doing a single thing, because I would only sign a contract that said I could approve my picture and I didn't want to do anything they wanted to give me. I want to play parts of universal appeal with true, universal emotions, not manufactured ones. If I do not feel the kernel of the story, I know I can never act it.

"To please mother, I tried out for Paramount too, in their Long Island studio. The picture was Maurice Chevalier's 'Love Parade.' They wanted me to play the queen. I couldn't see myself as a queen and so in the chinchilla and royal robes they gave me for the test, I acted the speakeasy scene from 'Machinal.' Naturally it was terrible and I was happy when they turned me down."

"How did you happen to go into 'The Struggle'?"

"Well, John Emerson, who wrote it with his wife, Anita Loos, came around to my dressing room one evening last season and asked how I'd like to go into the movies. I said I wouldn't. Then he told me Mr. Griffith was going to direct and related something of the story. It was the sort of thing I liked—and who wouldn't like the idea of being launched under Griffith? So here I am and I hope the public likes *me!*"

When asked if she missed audiences, as many stage stars do, Miss Johann replied, "Not at all! The electricians and carpenters are audience enough—and they're very hard-boiled. Even on the stage I have to get used to an audience. For when I get a part, I usually take it to the country and study it to music—Chopin, Beethoven and Bach. I'm introspective in my work, you see—I sort of keep it to myself. So that when I work before an audience I have to get used to it."

Miss Johann wants to portray every sort of emotion when she "grows into them" and although she has always appeared in serious drama she would like to do comedy.

More than anything else she loves freedom in both work and play. She would rather do the native peasant dances of Hungary than the modern dances of today. "I find going around the room with one person cramping. Perhaps that's my Dalcroze or Duncan training. I studied both. My sister is an Albertina Rasch dancer, but will appear on the legitimate stage this season. I'm crazy about dancing and wish I'd studied more of it. I like riding too, only I was thrown badly while I was playing in 'Machinal' and I'm still running to the doctor to have my spine fixed up. It's very painful."

Once again I studied Zita's face, without a line or shadow of either pain or weariness.

"Didn't it interfere with your work?"

"I wouldn't let it!" she said, her eyes widening with determination.

And that is Zita Johann—but not quite all. Griffith says of her, "She hasn't yet found a role worthy of her talents."

That from "the master," after "Machinal," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" and "The Struggle," is saying something and gives motion-picture fans something to look forward to!

Banish CHAPPED SKIN *Quicker than ever before*

HERE is news! Campana's Italian Balm, unrivaled skin protector in winter-loving Canada, is now sold coast-to-coast in the United States.

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DECEMBER

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LOVALON LABORATORIES
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San Francisco, California

10c size at 5c and 10c stores; 35c size at beauty shops, drug stores and department stores.

Hollywood's Own Cooking Page

(*Continued from page* 16)

minutes—add wine and cook for three more. Have yolks of eggs in a bowl. Add cream, beat well together and add lobster. Gently shuffle all over the fire for two minutes. Serve hot.

Spiced Oysters

Put oysters on the stove and let come to a boil in their own liquor. Add salt and cayenne pepper to taste, then take from stove and drain. Carefully wipe each oyster with a dry cloth, then judge the amount needed to cover the oysters and use half oyster juice and half vinegar. Put spices into mixture—use mace, cloves, cinnamon bark—and let all come to a boil. Then add the oysters that have been dried and let cook about ten minutes.

Oysters in Bread Cases

2 doz. oysters
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon mace
⅛ teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
2 anchovies
6 rolls
1 cup cream
1 egg yolk

Cook oysters in their own liquor until the edges curl. Remove them and to the liquor add the butter, flour—well blended—and the mace, thyme, parsley and anchovies. Simmer all gently for five minutes. Scoop the inside of the rolls out, leaving only the cases, which should be sauté in butter until a little brown on each side. Add the cream to the oyster liquor. Return the oysters to it and add the beaten egg yolk, taking care that the mixture does not curdle. Cook for a minute more, add a couple teaspoons lemon juice. Serve in the rolls at once. Sufficient for six.

Shrimp Pie

2 cups peeled shrimp
4 slices stale bread
1 tablespoon butter
2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs
1 can No. 2 tomatoes
1 green pepper, chopped fine
1 small onion, chopped
Salt, pepper and cayenne to taste

Fry onions gently in butter until brown. Break up bread in little pieces and mix with the tomatoes. Then add to the butter and onion the green pepper, shrimp and seasonings and cook about 20 minutes. Add eggs, chopped. Turn all into a shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with toasted bread crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes. (This will serve six.)

Terrapin Soup

1 large (fresh water) terrapin
2 quarts water
1 slice of bacon
2 dozen cloves
5 dozen allspice
Salt, cayenne and black pepper
Browned flour
½ cup sherry or sherry flavoring
½ grated nutmeg

Clean terrapin and put into a large kettle. Add water, bacon, spices, salt and pepper and boil slowly for three or four hours. Then thicken with browned flour. Just before serving add wine in which the nutmeg has been grated.

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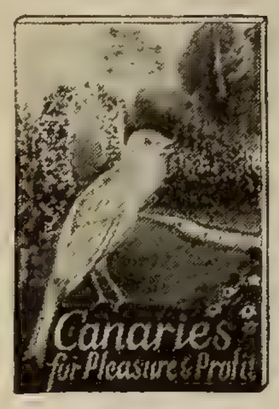

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First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 84)

rouge used under the chin is a good camouflage for incipient double chin.

Eye shadow should always be applied sparingly, even for evening events and one's most extreme gown. Otherwise the comment will not be "What beautiful eyes she has," but, "How much eye shadow she uses."

EYEBROW shaping is the first step in making up the eyebrows. We can affect the Greta Garbo long line, saying good-bye to most of our original eyebrow, but it isn't guaranteed to make us look like La Garbo. Generally the thinned eyebrow that still retains some of its personality is most acceptable. Pencils should be used with care so that only the hairs and not the skin will be darkened. Only the darkest haired women can look their best with a jet-black pencil—and they don't need it. Tones of brown can be used instead.

But before we ever start with our make-up box, we'll want something to start on. All the powders and rouges in the world won't completely hide a sallow skin or one with large pores or blemishes. Diet and exercise, regular hours, creams and massages must build up our foundation first. And a good vanishing cream or liquid is the basis for our operations. Then we can go to work and improve on nature, expecting not medals for our artistry but a chance to kiss and make up.

I am only 24 but I have deep wrinkles in my forehead and a number of little wrinkles around my eyes. What can I do to get rid of these?—Alice, St. Paul, Minnesota.

First you should make certain that your eyes are not the source of those frown wrinkles. Perhaps you need glasses. If that is not so watch yourself and smooth your forehead whenever a tendency to frown comes over you. To lose the creases and wrinkles you already have try face masks and home facials. If you will send me a stamped self-addressed envelope I will mail you complete directions for giving yourself a facial at home.

My eyebrows are straggly and won't stay down. Should I have them plucked out?—Grace, Denver, Colorado.

By all means pluck the stragglers, but don't make the mistake of leaving yourself only a thin line of eyebrow. The hairs that misbehave can be smoothed down with frequent applications of vaseline and repeated brushings. This will also help you secure a good eyebrow line.

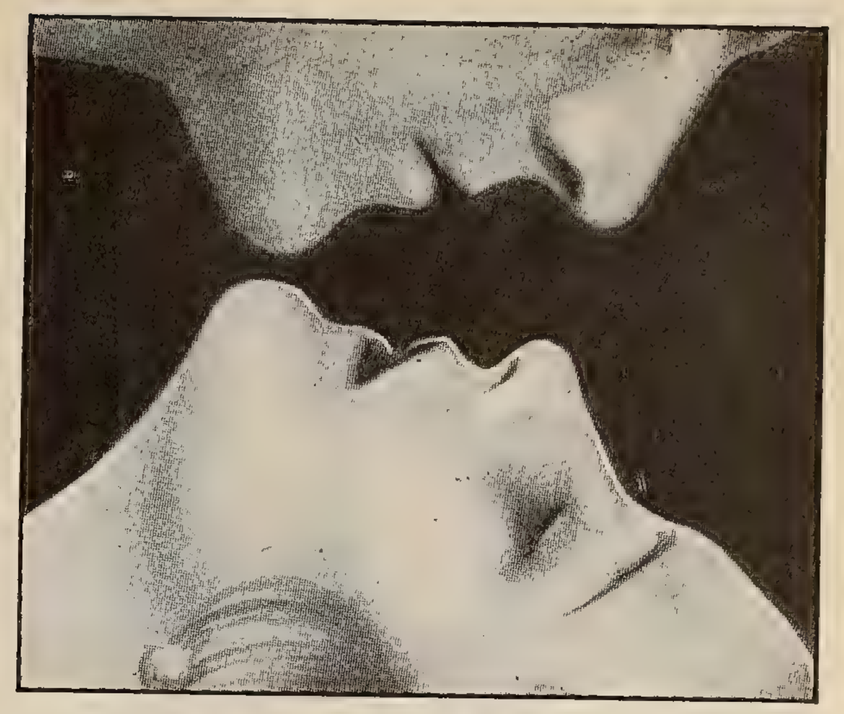
How can I make my brown hair blond? Many girls are becoming blondes. How is it done? Does it injure the hair?—B. of Marion, Illinois.

There are several methods of lightening hair, but I would advise you to go to a reputable beauty shop for your first treatment. If proper materials are used in dyeing, your hair will not be injured. The beauty parlor will test your hair and advise the best treatment for the type. Have them give the first dye and watch closely so you can

(*Please turn to page* 115)

All Day!

Lips and Cheeks Stay Lovely



without a touch of Rouge!

INSTEAD of having to rouge lips and cheeks every hour or so, try this new make-up ensemble that lasts right around the clock—for 12 full hours! Its charm and fresh beauty remain for hours after you put it on . . . What's more, it costs but a mere fraction of what you are used to paying for cosmetics.

You'll find this smart, all-day make-up right there on the 10-cent counter . . . Heather Rouge and Heather Lipstick in a wide variety of shades—both as pure and fine as you could possibly want — both having rare permanency not found in ordinary cosmetics, a permanency that weathers even kisses and caresses. Then for those who make up their eyes, Heather Cosmetiko, Eye-Shadow and Eyebrow Pencil. Now keep your lips and cheeks perfectly made up without forever daubing them with rouge . . . Use this new Heather All-Day Make-Up.

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Make *fading hair* LOVELY *again*

Just use ColoRinse in the rinsing water after your next shampoo. You will be surprised and delighted how easily it restores the shimmering color sheen. It gives the hair new life and tone. It adds that charming, natural softness you love so much.

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Written to end drudgery—it's free!

Women who have read this book are enthusiastic about it (252,000 of them!) Here are a few of the ideas it contains:

pages 6-9

How to budget cleaning time

How to *plan* your housework, to make a written cleaning schedule. By "budgeting" time you make every minute buy the most results.

page 11

To wash dishes faster

How to save many minutes each day by improving your dishwashing method.

page 12

To keep a refrigerator spotless

Spills attended to in time save elbow grease. Warm, soapy water works wonders.

page 21

To remove common stains

Ink, iodine, hot chocolate, meat-juice. How to remove these and other stains.

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Guide to the Best Films

(*Continued from page* 10)

The Finger Points. Richard Barthelmess becomes a reporter in a crime-infested city. *First National.* Class A.

Born to Love. Constance Bennett gives her impression of what a war nurse should be. She looks and acts well under all circumstances. *RKO-Pathe.* Class B.

Dirigible. The crashing of a giant dirigible provides the big moments of an otherwise conventional picture. *Columbia.* Class A.

Hush Money. The argument of this picture seems to be that it is safer to confess to a past than to try to tuck it away with the family skeletons. *Fox.* Class C.

The Girl Habit. As an inveterate philanderer, Charles Ruggles finds it difficult to make his eyes behave, even after marriage. *Paramount.* Class D.

Lover Come Back. After he has discarded a faithful secretary in favor of a vain little flapper, a foolish youth learns to regret his mistake. *Columbia.* Class D.

Laughing Sinners. The Salvation Army enlists a new recruit in Joan Crawford, who, following an emotional bust-up, has a try at practical religion. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Gold Dust Gertie. Winnie Lightner laughs so heartily that her gaiety becomes infectious. That is about all there is to this comedy. *Warner.* Class C.

Three Loves. Interesting because it introduces the glamorous personality of Marlene Dietrich. *Paramount. Class B.*

Up for Murder. Using a newspaper office as a background, the producer of this picture managed to develop an interesting intrigue involving the society editor. *Universal.* Class C.

I Take This Woman. An uneven picture but one that contains some impressive moments as registered by Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. *Paramount.* Class B.

Big Business Girl. Loretta Young is the big business girl in question. A passable treatment of a familiar theme. *First National.* Class B.

The Viking. The Varick Frissell Expedition is faithfully recorded in this impressive transcript of heroic adventure in the arctic regions. *Varick Frissell.* Class B.

Transgression. The temptations of Paris are almost, but not quite, too much for the alluring Kay Francis. *Radio.* Class C.

The Smiling Lieutenant. One of the gayest pictures of the year, with Ernst Lubitsch and Chevalier in happy accord. Place this on your list. *Paramount.* Class AA.

A Free Soul. Boosts Norma Shearer a few pegs higher on her ascending career. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Seed. Domesticity interferes with the literary aims of a young husband. He goes to Paris, thereby making matters worse. *Universal.* Class A.

Tarnished Lady. Tallulah Bankhead, a first-rate actress, in a third-rate story. *Paramount.* Class D.

Indiscreet. Although the story here is not unusual, Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon contrive to make it diverting. *United Artists.* Class A.

It's a Wise Child. Brought to the screen with Marion Davies playing the lead, this successful stage comedy retains much of its original interest. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

The Squaw Man. The newest version of this ever-popular drama retains the good points of its predecessor, plus dialogue. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Smart Money. Edward Robinson scores another bull's eye in a story of the quick-witted gentry. *Warner.* Class AA.

Daddy Long Legs. Sentimental and appealing with Janet Gaynor in her sweetest mood. *Fox.* Class A.

Night Angel. Despite the presence of Nancy Carroll and Frederic March, this Viennese medley misses fire. *Paramount.* Class D.

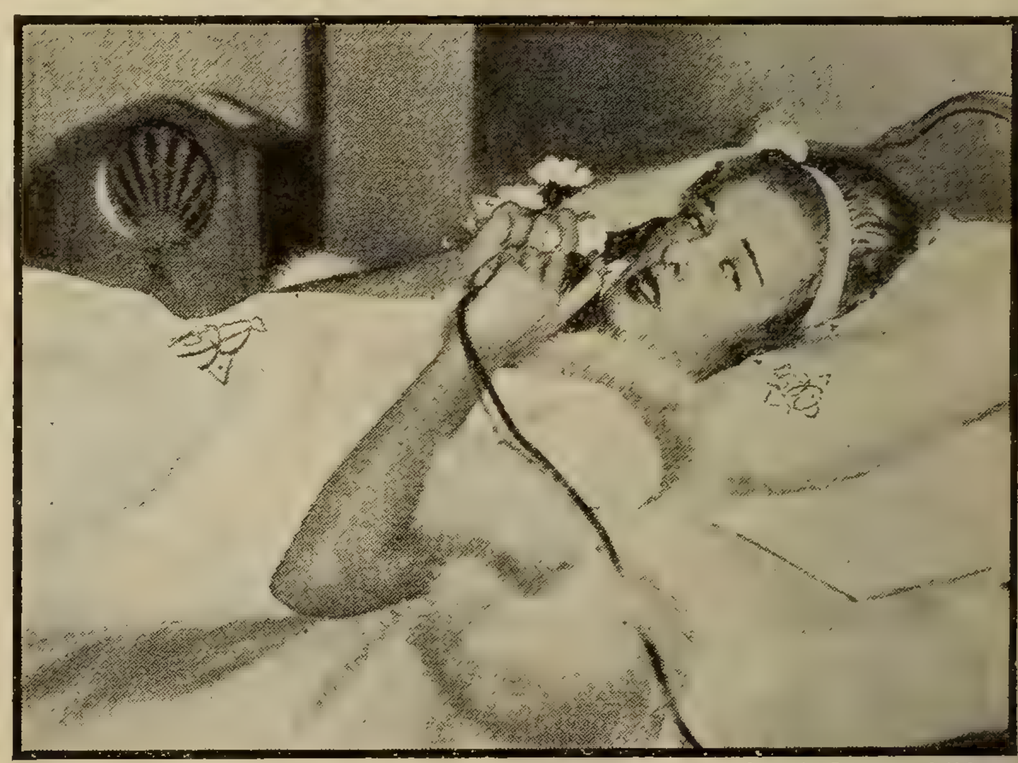
Five-and-Ten. The homely qualities of a Fannie Hurst story are transferred to the screen, Marion Davies playing the heroine. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Annabelle's Affairs. Jeanette MacDonald and Roland Young are the outstanding figures in this romance. *Fox.* Class B.

The Vice Squad. Not as big as the subject warrants, owing to a tendency to avoid too direct accusations. *Paramount.* Class C.

The Phantom of Paris. A melodramatic story with John Gilbert, who is still an uncertain quantity in talking pictures, giving passable performance. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Joan Bennett, the screen star, has to learn how to walk all over again. She was thrown from a horse on July 28th, sustaining a badly fractured hip. Miss Bennett has been in the hospital ever since. Now she has to teach her muscles how to navigate all over again.



International Newsreel Photo

He Sold Lunch Wagons

(*Continued from page* 39)

Runyon, and other leaders and entertainers of the modern scheme. Elinor Glyn, should she meet him, probably would write another thesis on the electric intangibles that radiate from care-free souls and from the pens of neurotic novelists.

Wally Reid had that quality.

As you might expect, Dunn was born in New York City. He has that thing which sentimental Broadwayites describe as "the New York manner." A verve and flair that are nothing more than a friendly, sincere interest in people and things. His New York background is kept as such, however. He does not wear it on his sleeve. At heart he is a Westerner and admits as much. Bright, sunny days always attract him more than bright, sun-arc nights.

After public schooling at New Rochelle, he went to work for his father, a stock broker. That lasted for three years. Then he went to work for a company that makes those bulkily impressive steel lunch wagons. Imitation pullman cars that specialize in quick meals and quicker dyspepsia.

He sold enough of those perambulating meal trucks through the East and South to accumulate $10,000. (He has that assured approach that makes for easy salesmanship.)

And then came the incident of the slippery hill and the town of Pelham.

Service is a credo of the lunch-wagon business, as well as that of others. Having sold one of the things to a customer who was in a hurry for it, Dunn rushed to the factory, found all the regular truck drivers out for golf or lunch, and leaped to the wheel.

Now, seventeen tons of motorized dining car can do a lot of skidding, particularly on a steep hill—and a wet one at that.

Arrived at the bottom, providentially brought to a stop by the aid of six telephone poles sheared off in a row, Dunn left the dining car where it rested on its side, 'phoned his company to tell them he had resigned and went to the bank.

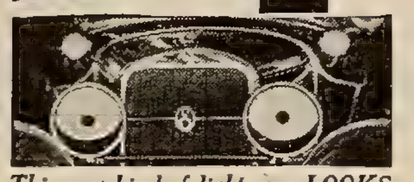
HE had decided on a Wall Street career.

With the knowledge gained from those three years as a broker's clerk with his father, he lost $10,000 in four merry weeks, acquiring nothing but a

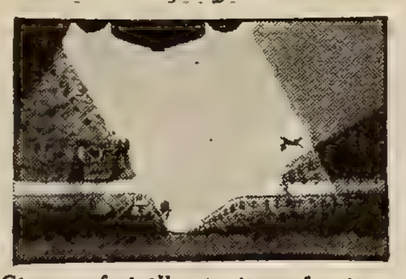
(*Please turn to page* 108)

Makes Night Driving Safer Than Day!

No more driving "blind" on a crowded highway at night! An astonishing new light invention permits every auto owner to see perfectly. Banishes night wrecks and smashups. Ends fear of running over children or animals. Guaranteed to do everything claimed here or it costs you absolutely nothing. Simply mail coupon for Free Test Offer.



This new kind of light even LOOKS entirely different



Gives perfect illumination of entire roadway without shadows.

Fits Any Headlight—Ends Dangerous Dimming

DOUBLES ROAD LIGHT!

AT LAST! An amazingly queer yet simple invention lifts the curse of night driving from the motoring world. This altogether new discovery called "Perfect-O-Lite," replaces old "glass" bulbs in your automobile headlights with truly amazing results. Road illumination is instantly doubled yet glare is absolutely banished. Ordinary objects in the road, ruts, animals, obstructions, etc., are made clearly visible at least **three** times as far. Instead of ordinary "direct" light, this beam is composed entirely of double-reflected or "infused" light. This new kind of light cuts right through the other fellow's headlights. Even shoots through fog, mist, rain and snow. Banishes the need for glare shields, special spot lights, driving lights, etc. No wonder concerns like Wallace & Tiernan, N. J.; Blue & Gray Bus Lines, Columbus Fire Trucks, etc., have already installed Perfect-O-Lite as standard equipment. To prove what this invention will do, the manufacturer now offers a set to every motorist on FREE TEST. Simply mail the coupon promptly for details.

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Full-time and spare-time workers. New Free Demonstration Plan with Sales Guarantee. Exclusive territory. Sell in bunches to fleet owners. A real chance for 8 to 14 very first hour; $6,000 to $10,000 a year. Wehner, of Pennsylvania, made $1,125 in 90 days' spare time. Davis, of Pa., actually made $1,400 in one week! No limit for distributors. Use coupon quick!

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DECEMBER

GOOD NEWS FOR WOMEN

This new type of Face Powder that *CLINGS* for Hours at a time!

MADE WITH PURE OLIVE OIL TO PROTECT AND BEAUTIFY THE SKIN

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At last their efforts have been rewarded! Today OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder — *made with a base of purest Olive Oil* — not only helps the skin to remain soft, pliant and fine of texture, but it has the amazing ability of *staying on* for hours at a time! Yet this distinctive powder is fluffy-dry in look and feel —it never cakes or becomes "patchy."

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover for yourself how it will protect your complexion and keep it smooth and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades and in 2 distinct textures.

Regular-size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and $1.00, *together with other* OUTDOOR GIRL *Beauty Products,* are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages at 10c each, may also be had at the toilet goods counters of leading chain and variety stores. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of artful make-up. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

LIGHTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box...

With OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

He Sold Lunch Wagons

(*Continued from page* 107)

new respect for speculators who operate at a profit.

Too proud to admit his predicament to his dad, not too proud to accept any kind of work that was offered him, Dunn went to work as an extra at a Long Island motion picture studio.

It was just about this time that hard luck and the Greenwich police sneaked upon him again. Motoring merrily back to town one night, after a day on location, his 70-mile-an-hour flight was rudely interrupted by a motorcycle policeman who could go faster than James could.

Three restful days in the Greenwich jail was his reward. Three sleepless nights for the jailer was the reward *he* got. Not even by the inspired courtesy of leaving Dunn's cell unlocked could the unhappy fellow bribe the effervescent James to stop his night-long song.

Some way, he seems to have a strange affinity for the police . . . an innocent affinity that merely serves to increase his coterie of friends.

The evening of the second day Dunn arrived in Hollywood to work for Fox he was sitting in his apartment, strangely enough, alone, when suddenly there was a great battering at his door. He opened it to confront two perspiring cops from the Hollywood station.

"We got a report that there's a wild party going on here," barked the spokesman of the two. "You gotta cut it out!"

James invited them in. The "wild party," it developed, was the new Dunn radio, turned on full blast to bring in a broadcast of the Friday night fights at the American Legion stadium. An excited announcer, screaming out his blow-by-blow description, had convinced a nervous neighbor that murder was being done.

"I knew it was sorta loud," apologized Jim, "but I didn't know anyone would mind."

The policemen stayed to listen to the remainder of the broadcast and to have some laughs with a new found friend.

DUNN likes it in Hollywood: as a matter of fact he'd like it anywhere. He and Helen Morgan literally owned Broadway when they were in "Sweet Adeline" together. Ten different supper clubs left them standing invitations every night.

Their presence meant good business for the place.

It's not only that Jim is a good fellow. He's a convincingly excellent actor, as well. In that period between extra work at the Long Island studio and the lead with La Morgan, he was in stock—that great training school for the acting profession—in Englewood, New Jersey, and in Winnipeg, Canada. That experience accounted for almost three years of his pre-Broadway time. Undoubtedly, it will be invaluable in his motion picture career.

That career has started off like a 9.4 man on a rubber track with a wind behind him. In the picture, "Bad Girl," his first, his performance was received by critics with praise that was most uncritical. "Sob Sister" is his next assignment, to be shared with Linda Watkins, under the direction of Alfred Santell.

Don't depend upon that title, however. Quite likely "Sob Sister," when released, will be re-titled "The Young Man With a Smile."

There's more than an eight-to-ten chance that it will be James Dunn's picture.

Vicki Baum, the talented author of "Grand Hotel," is now at the Paramount Hollywood studios, where she is writing an original screen story for Maurice Chevalier. Ernst Lubitsch will direct Mr. Chevalier in it.

He Wants to Marry an Actress

(*Continued from page* 59)

veteran in the game. He said very seriously that he had always wanted to be an actor. But I didn't believe him. A boy like young Bakewell must have gone through all the phases of coveting the career of engineer, cowboy, motorcycle officer, forest ranger and street-car conductor.

"When I was going to military school, the boys used to sit around and talk about the things they were going to do, but I always kept quiet about my ambitions. If you talk and talk about things you usually end up by just talking," Billy told me one day while sitting in his room, curled up in some fantastic, long-legged way in a chair.

Which proves that this young man was doing some thinking, even in the days of his callow youth. Ramon Novarro made the same remark one day when someone asked him why he had never mentioned his directorial ambitions.

"IF people would expend the same energy in doing things that they waste in talking about doing them, they might accomplish their goals," Ramon said. That was the Novarro creed, and look where he managed to climb. Billy Bakewell is following the same route.

"People refuse to take juveniles seriously," Billy went on, retwisting his long, thin legs in an uncomfortable position. "They expect us to be just empty-headed youngsters who are out for fun and nothing else. You'd be surprised at the way the younger crowd has changed in the last few years.

"The whole bunch has grown more serious, with a few exceptions, of course. They used to treat the movies as some grand and glorious game. They'd sign a contract for a picture or two at a salary which knocked them off their feet. Then they'd proceed to go out and blow the money on clothes and cars and whatnots. When the contract was over, they were out in the cold.

"Now they look on the game as a business, an exciting affair but still a business. They know that it's the one industry in this world where youth can make the money which normally comes with successful middle age. Why, do you realize that there are boys and girls barely twenty who are making more money than the President?

"But they also realize that the money which comes with youth may not continue with middle age. So they're building for the future and thinking of the days to come, instead of squandering what they're earning."

Billy agreed that the whole business was becoming more stabilized. He also agreed that no young man or girl should begin a screen career unless they were born gamblers and had a sense of humor.

"More things can happen in this business than in any other," he continued. "Of course, now it isn't as bad as it used to be. Success isn't as much a matter of lucky breaks as it was once. It's a matter of being ready for the lucky breaks. You've got to build

(*Please turn to page* 112)

Actual photograph of Elizabeth Gibbons after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

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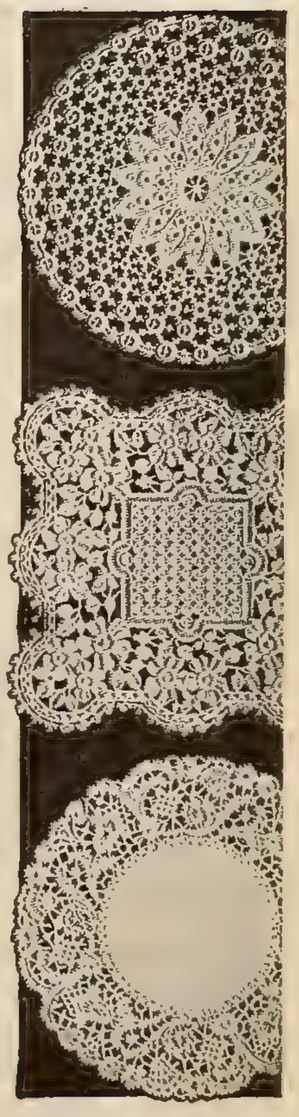

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He Wants to Marry an Actress

(*Continued from page* 111)

a screen success just the way you build progress in any other game."

That's where Billy has proven his seriousness of purpose. He hasn't wanted or expected any of those overnight popularities which have wrecked the careers of so many promising young people. He has plugged along from extras to bits to featured rôles, throwing into each one that same intensity and determination.

THEN, from business the conversation drifted to the discussion of girls. It wasn't spring, but, in spite of the poet, a young man's fancy isn't determined by the season. And Billy is a most normal young man.

It all started because, in one of his leg-twisting and untangling moments, he dragged a whole bunch of tiny snapshots from the pocket of his gray suit.

"We took these last week-end when a bunch of us chartered a sailing boat and cruised around Catalina," he explained. "Want to see them?"

Of course I did and only a blind person could have avoided noticing one young lady with brown hair who seemed to be the central figure of all the pictures.

"Cute, isn't she?" Billy asked in the self-conscious manner of youth when I remarked about the pictorial prominence of the certain young lady. "She's a swell girl. Do you know, girls are much nicer today than they used to be? They're better companions and a lot more interesting. They know what it's all about and they can do anything in the line of athletics.

"I suppose that fundamentally they're the same as they always have been, but they seem so much franker and more sincere. They say what they think and you can do the same. People can talk all they please about these modern girls, but I think they're swell."

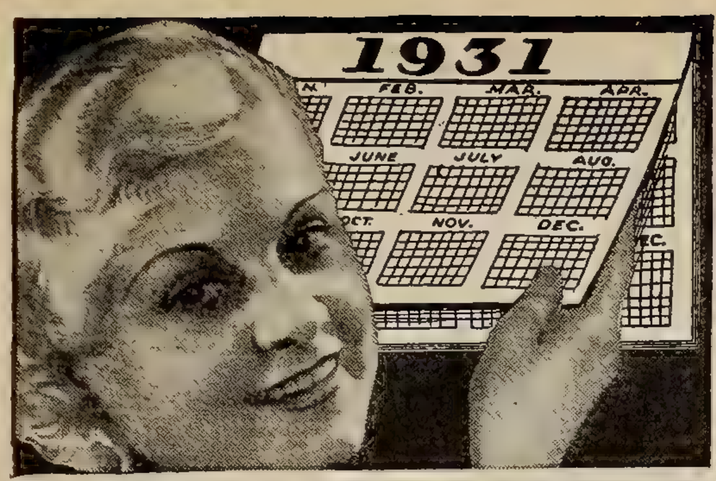
Billy admitted without a blush that he had had several pretty serious crushes.

"But something always happened to bust them up," he said, glancing now and then at the snapshots in his hand. "I hope that, when the right one comes along, she'll be an actress. It seems to me that marriages in the same profession are much more successful, as a general rule, than ones in which the husband or the wife is a non-professional. If you're both working in the same game, you understand each other's problems better and have a basis of mutual interest which helps a lot.

"I'D want my wife to keep on with her career." He was very serious now and had forgotten to retwine his legs around the arm of the chair, although they had occupied the same position for almost five minutes. "It seems to me that it would stimulate real companionship. I'd want a girl who had accomplished something, who had some real and definite ambition, and a girl of that type could never be satisfied, sitting back with her hands folded

Lil Dagover, German beauty and film star, has arrived in America to make pictures for the Warners. Mesdames Garbo, Dietrich and Landi will have to look to their crowns. Miss Dagover is reputed to have the most beautiful shoulders in the world. In fact, they're insured heavily, we have been told.

Associated Press Photo



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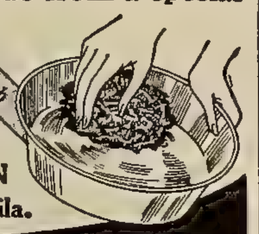

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and wrapping herself in her husband's career."

Let's hope, for the sake of Billy's dreams, that when the right girl does come along she'll not be a little brainless beauty who never had a single spark of ambition in her young life. Billy is so full of energy himself that he needs someone equally purposeful to encourage him.

His mother has filled that need so far in his life; his mother who, when she was left a widow with a ten-year-old son, went out and learned the business of selling insurance and made herself one of the most successful women in the city of Los Angeles. She and Billy live together and in the boy's driving ambition is the spirit of the young woman who looks like his sister and who is his mother.

Billy is one of the most sought-after young men in the motion picture colony. He goes to lots of parties, as do all boys of his age. He swims and dances and plays tennis and works. His best friends are Johnny Mack Brown, Lew Ayres and Russell Gleason. His "gang" is made up of the younger motion picture crowd.

"I honestly believe that the boys and girls in pictures are more interesting than the boys and girls of their same ages in other places," Billy remarked. "They are more sophisticated because they have to come in contact with so many people and so many situations. They have more poise and charm because that's their business. They take better care of themselves because they've got to look their best before the camera.

"PEOPLE can talk all they please about the wildness of the moving picture crowd, but I'd like to know when they have time to be so wild. I'm talking about the successful ones, of course, not the hangers-on and the unimportant ones. We don't have many late parties because there are always some of us who have to get up early the next morning to report to the studio.

"We have to do a lot of swimming and tennis and that sort of thing because we've got to keep physically fit. We're forced to keep ourselves as mentally alert as possible because our business is to sell ourselves, and you can't get very far with a sluggish mind or a sluggish body."

Other young people might learn a lesson from Billy's crowd. If they'd devote a little time and energy to keeping themselves as much "on their toes" mentally and physically as these Hollywood youngsters do, they'd be much more charming young people.

Billy stood up, probably because he couldn't find any other possible positions in the confines of that straight chair. He put his snapshots in his pocket and sighed. It was a violent sigh, like the look in his vivid blue eyes.

"He's a great actor and he'll go far because he's willing to work," several world-famous directors have stated.

"He's a swell guy," his gang believes.

If he had not been born in Hollywood, who knows what might have become of Billy?

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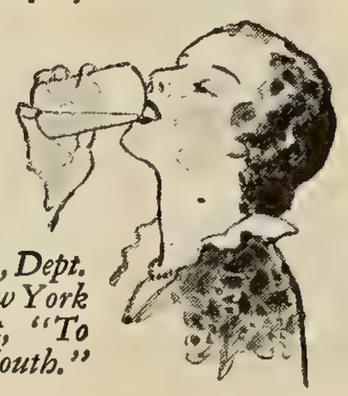

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. M-111, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."

Faith, Hope and Garrity

(*Continued from page* 62)

be old-fashioned and brush your blushing cheek with those feathery lashes. Be winsome. Be lavender-and-old-lacey. And," warned Mr. Stooge, sensing that his flattery was flopping, "don't let me catch you antagonizing Hope Rondeau, because she's a big name all over the country. 'Way back when she was in vaudeville she used to stop the show at every performance."

"No wonder," seethed Miss Meriweather, getting a hammerlock on her staring suitor and leading him to safety. "Because, my gullible genius, she always did her act just before intermission."

ONE sunny June morning three weeks later Two Bits, surrounded by the cast of "Hell's Vortex," dawdled away an hour on Stage F, awaiting the arrival of Miss Hope Rondeau. To hide his nervousness he was being excessively rough and boisterous, but underneath his leathery epidermis lurked the fear that his co-star would be frigidly patronizing. Nobody knew better than Mr. Garrity that, although the rain fell alike upon the just and the unjust, an uncouth villain could live on the same avenue with a fashionable star and never get far enough inside her door to find out the shape of her umbrella stand.

"Here she comes now," said Faith's creamy voice. "Stop scuffing your feet, honey; you're as good as she is, every bit. Don't let her snub—oooooh, she's throwing her net already!"

The mulberry-complexioned Two Bits, trying to crinkle his features into a mask of arrogance, stopped the strain and stared unbelievingly at the glorious vision that was rustling across the stage. Miss Rondeau, one of those languorously seductive, don't-care-if-I-do eyed ladies, was smiling at *him!* Or was it somebody in the rear? He whirled around, collided with a brick wall and then spun back again, conscious of a tropical glow as a velvety little hand caressed his own.

"Why, Mr. Garrity," gushed Hope, her cobwebby gown revealing contours that would have intrigued more than a map maker, "isn't this *too* wonderful for us to be in the same picture? Really, I'm alla-flutter at the thought of playing with you."

"Sure," said the menace dizzily. "Me, too. Yeah." And before he had overcome his amazement at this speech from the throne, along came the reason for it.

"I read in the papers last night of your challenge to that Bullock man at Galaxy Pictures, and I think you're so brave! My, but you have such vigor, Mr. Garrity, and such broad shoulders. Do you think you can defeat him—they say he's a lot heavier?"

"The extra poundage is in his feet," chortled Two Bits, now on familiar ground. "I'll probably fix him so he'll have to cancel a film or two, but the chances are he ain't lucky enough to have an elegant co-star like me." He winced under a stealthy kick that telegraphed Miss Meriweather's disapproval, then went ahead with the stubbornness of a New Yorker who can't get Jeritza on the radio but insists on sitting up half the night trying to tune in a hiccuping contralto from a Tia Juana bar. "I was proud enough to get this part, but when I found out that they were teaming us up, I was that honored, because I think you're—OOF!"

"Why, it's that Meriweather child," high-toned Miss Rondeau, pretending she had just made the discovery. "I really believe she stuck a pin into you. Playful, aren't you, Faith darling? Mmmmm—that's a gorgeous ring you're wearing."

"Mr. Garrity gave it to me," announced Faith, bearing down heavily on the pronoun.

"Anyone can see that he's generous as well as powerful," pulsated the vamp. "What do you do in 'Hell's Vortex,' darling, with that quaint little face of yours? Give up your boy friend to the sea, I'll bet. Business of moaning on the shore in the breeze with a shawl around you. Chilly, but effective, and how self-sacrifice does suit you. You must be getting used to it by—*I beg your pardon!*"

"I called you a wet smack," said Miss Meriweather, advancing ominously. "Take your hands off his lapels! Here's one man you won't lure with that suspension bridge work. Two Bits!"

"Huh?"

"Come here to me!"

"Are you my keeper, that you should give me the third degree?" inquired Mr. Garrity, enjoying the novel sensation of being a prize package. "What's Miss Rondeau done that it should earn me a puncture and a kick in the shins? Her and me are stars, dolling, and it's natural for us to get together to—er, to—"

"Discuss the mental concept of our parts," cooed Hope, linking arms with

(*Please turn to page* 116)

In NEW MOVIE Next Month

JIM TULLY

Writes one of his characteristically vigorous stories about the popular actor

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Watch for this feature in next month's holiday issue of this magazine.

The Talkies and Their Fate

(*Continued from page* 35)

in the history of the screen. There is, however, nothing in these indications which should strike terror to the hearts of talkie magnates or cause foreboding in the minds of talkie fans. Indeed, one feature of the Talkies' horoscope, which should confound those sceptics who looked upon the talking picture as a mere fad, is the fact that six of the nine planets are in what we astrologers call "fixed" signs, which would seem to promise long life and continued success to the talking picture.

Of all the remarkable horoscopes we have encountered during the past twelve months in a journey around the Zodiac which has taken us all the way from Gaynor to Garbo, these two charts of the silent picture and the talking picture are by far the most interesting. Each is an excellent example in itself of the way we on this earth fulfill our destiny as written in the stars. Taken together, they present to anyone who has even the slightest familiarity with the principles of astrology a most convincing lesson in contrasting vibrations. You, who have been following these monthly articles, will appreciate what I mean: Saturn is rising in the silent Movies' chart, and, therefore, their progress was slow. Pisces, ruled by Neptune, is rising in the Talkies' chart and therefore their progress was rapid. Jupiter in the silent Movies' chart is in a part of the heavens which indicates that success will come far from home, in this case South or Southwest of the home, hence California. Jupiter in the Talkies' chart is rising, indicating success in the Eastern city of their birth. Venus in the silent Movies' chart is in the House of Pleasure, indicating success in giving entertainment to the public. Venus in the Talkies' chart is accompanied by the Moon in the House of Pleasure indicating still greater success in entertaining the public. In short, it would be hard to find, if we searched the wide world over, two different charts which united more completely in the common purpose of proving astrology's infallibility!

First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 105)

follow the method later at home. One warning to you, B., you will have to keep continually retouching it as the hair grows out at the roots and you must decide whether you want to go to all that trouble. However, should you grow tired of your new blond hair and working on it continually, nowadays you can just have it dyed back to the original shade and let it grow out.

Are you reading Ann Boyd's beauty advice in NEW MOVIE every month? Special problems, forwarded to Miss Boyd, will be answered in the columns of NEW MOVIE. Address Miss Boyd, in care of NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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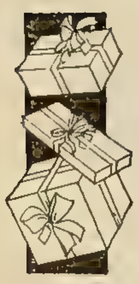

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Faith, Hope and Garrity

(*Continued from page* 114)

her prey, then suddenly using him as a blockade. "Mercy, Mr. Garrity, she's going to hit me! Oh, Mr. Stoo-hooge! Yoohoo!!"

"SO it's commencing, eh?" gasped the producer, cantering into action. "Listen, Meriweather, where's your loyalty to the organization? Don't tell me you'd spoil that perfect profile after all I've done to build it up."

"What would be the use," said Faith, growing calmer. "She'd only faint in his arms, and I'd be worse off than ever."

"Report to the director," Mr. Stooge ordered the co-stars. Then he turned to the rosy, old-fashioned girl. "Do you want that mullet head to be champion of Hollywood or don't you?" he queried.

"Of course I do, now that I can't stop the arrangements."

"Then don't cross him, baby, or you'll both lose. What if Hope does behave like a siren? She's always that way, and a week after the picture's over he'll be among the also-rans."

"But she plunged right at him, Oswald. I've worked with her plenty of times, but I never saw her be so ravenous."

"Love," said Mr. Stooge wearily, "is a creeping disease that accelerates the heart, narrows the viewpoint, and does something very peculiar to the optic nerve. You're seeing things that aren't there, baby, because Rondeau doesn't give a censor's cuss about your Two Bits."

"I hope you're right," said Faith doubtfully as she watched the pair posed chummily for some stills. "Very well, Oswald, I'll be good. I'll be sweet, simple and girlish, but I have a feeling that he'll end up by needing me worse than a song writer needs the South."

She marched bravely across the set, dispensed a cheery smile to Mr. Garrity, thereby taking some of the flavor out of his conquest, and spent the morning nodding at the proper moments when the director allowed his imagination to embellish the plot.

Remember the Gibson Girl? She upset the world in those placid, mellow days that closed the last century and opened this one. Wynne Gibson is posing as the Charles Dana Gibson heroine. Note the sailor, the pompadour and the boned collar — all essentials of the famous Gibson belle.

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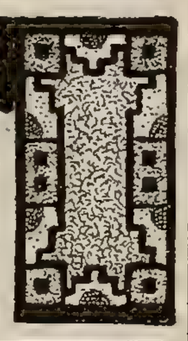

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REFERENCE: LIBERTY BANK OF BUFFALO

THROUGHOUT the day Miss Rondeau apparently found it impossible to concentrate unless Two Bits was within range. Lunch was endured in his sword-swallowing company; the tiniest bit of business had to be discussed, preferably in some remote corner, and when he finally accepted a pressing invitation to dinner the bewildered Mr. Garrity felt called upon to blurt across the olives:

"How come you like me like you do? Gosh, I've been seeing you almost every day for two years, and you never gave me a tumble."

Hope had the grace to blush. "It may sound queer," she murmured, "but I never fully appreciated your possibilities until I read the newspapers. There's a real man at last, I told myself, so utterly different from the sway-backed cavaliers I've been wasting time with. I suppose it's the primitive cave woman in me coming to the fore. Imagine the thrill of trickling into the Brown Derby on the arm of a gentleman who can dent anyone in the place! W-will you have to do much fighting in 'Hell's Vortex'?"

The villain outlined the battle with the stokers, while Miss Rondeau shuddered prettily. "And all through the picture I'm socking guys," he bragged, "in order to create enough audience hatred so they won't be sorry to see me swept to my doom. What a part! They'll go home saying how it served me right, but wasn't it another grand performance, just like Garrity."

"I'll adore watching you. Tell me, do you really like to fight?"

"Why, sure, providing I'm in the mood. You know how it is with us mental conceptors."

"But how do you work yourself up to an artistic frenzy?"

"Sweet verbena."

"Y-you mean the perfume?"

"Yeah. Some days, y'see, I'm so good tempered I can't get the feel of my part, so to cook up a little fury I take a whiff of a handkerchief soaked in the stuff, and zowie! I'm away to the races."

MISS RONDEAU blinked at this revelation. "Are you telling me that sweet verbena rouses the savage—oh, it's too ridiculous!" Her voice trailed off into a melodious peal of laughter.

"I don't know why," said Two Bits, wrinkling his two inches of forehead, "but the smell of it drives me nuts. It ain't that I'm snooty against perfume in general, y' understand. Violets, carnations, lilies of the valley, I'm strong for them, and," he sniffed appreciative-

(*Please turn to page* 118)

What the Hollywood stars like to eat in the privacy of their own homes; Gary Cooper's recipe for Buttermilk Griddle Cakes; Spanish Chicken à la Constance Bennett; fudge by Mitzi Green; and many others; they're all to be found in "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars." Pictures of the stars supervising their own concoctions are also included in the little book. Send ten cents and three cents postage to Tower Books, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and we will mail you your copy.

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That certain coarseness of the hands . . . that tinge of red and wrinkles that hint of housework . . . how embarrassing to the woman who is sensitive of her personal appearance! And to think that in just two minutes those hands can be transformed into hands that are really beautiful—soft, white, petal-smooth! No, not with ordinary lotions or all-'round beautifiers, but with a remarkable cream, scientifically prepared for the hands.

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Let ColorShine SHOE POLISHES Make Your Shoes Look New 10¢

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Faith, Hope and Garrity

(*Continued from page* 117)

tively, "what's sprinkled on you now is my favorite. Ummmmm."

"This lilac? D—does it make you feel amorous?"

"I'll say," beamed Mr. Garrity. "I could tackle three more lamb chops without a struggle. They're swell to train on."

Hope's ivory shoulders quivered dangerously, then her slanted, licorice-colored eyes sparkled shrewdly. "Why, I'd almost forgotten the fight, watching your reactions. Will you have much trouble with that Bullock man? I'd like to know so that I can make some money on you."

"About four rounds and then I'll upset him right under the handiest newsreel camera. Y' see, I'll be in great shape after battling through this picture because most of the bit players will be broken down pugs from the wrong end of Fifth Street, and I won't have to pull punches."

"Don't they mind being hurt?"

"Not for twenty-five dollars a day, they don't. The director explains how long they're to resist, and then I walk in and belt 'em, and if most of my knockouts are the real thing, it's on account of I don't know my own stren'th."

"You marvelous gladiator," cooed Hope, wafting more lilac across the table by fluttering a square of rose point lace. "I'll be watching every scene, so mind you do your very best. And now, what about taking me out to dance tonight and to dinner tomorrow and the day after that, unless you're going to let that Meriweather child order you about like a flunkey?"

"Huh," grunted Mr. Garrity, and with that reckless statement commenced a week of uneasy freedom from the shackles of love. Seven days of being catered to and flattered by an expert; seven days of wondering why Faith treated him as though nothing had happened and announced that she was enjoying the evenings with a good book. The old-fashioned girl might disapprove of fighting, Two Bits told himself, but she understood thoroughly the art of feinting an opponent off his balance.

THE week was studded with sundry episodes of "Hell's Vortex" wherein Mr. Garrity committed assault and battery ashore or afloat with equal efficiency, and the plot gradually unrolled to the scintillating sequence in the boiler room. Around the stage lounged several repulsive gentlemen stripped to the waist and tastefully sprayed with glycerine to simulate the effects of toil. These were the pugilistic stokers, and in their midst, gaping respectfully, were the Four Bounding Maloneys, eager to do the day's work which would entitle them forever after to begin all conversations with "When I was in the talkies—"

"Now, boys," rasped the director, "what I want here is life in the raw. Give me the good old snarling visages and smothered groans at all times, and when Two Bits drops you, don't lie like a corpse but be there with a spasmodic

Rita Flynn places a wreath before the Valentino Statue in De Longpre Park, Los Angeles, on the fifth anniversary of the famous star's death. Fifty memorial societies all over the world paid tribute to Valentino's memory on that day. No, Rudy is not forgotten.

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twitch or two to pile on the horror. You've all been through the rehearsal, every man knows where he's to fall, so go to it. Two Bits!"

"Present," grunted the languid Mr. Garrity, who was seated between Mr. Stooge and the almond-eyed Hope, his face adorned with a placid grin.

"Are you ready?"

"Sure, but I'm feeling kind-hearted this morning."

"Well, hurry up and get bestial."

"Be right with you," said Two Bits obligingly, drawing a soggy handkerchief from his pocket. Several enormous sniffs drew sweet verbena up his nose, and as the hated perfume took effect his features arranged themselves in their most hideous expression. Miss Rondeau watched amazedly as further sniffs transformed him into a muttering rage, and the director, knowing the symptoms, climbed hastily onto the rubber-tired camera platform that would revolve in the center of the room to catch the running battle from all directions. Then, just as Two Bits was ready to charge, a quiet little voice dimpled the silence.

"Give them a good slamming, honey," advised Faith from a doorway. "Remember, this is to be a workout for the big fight, and it's only a week away."

"You!" husked the leader of the mutiny. "What are you doing here? You, that always disappears when I'm pulling a massacre because the sound of blows bothers you."

"I'm not going to wait for this one, either, but I just wanted to wish you luck."

MR. GARRITY'S cloudy eyes shuttled from his fiancée to the lustrous Miss Rondeau, who was perched eagerly on the edge of her chair. "That's all right," he said indulgently. "Of course, if you don't care enough about my art to see me perform, I s'pose it's because you ain't sophisticated enough. 'S too bad, baby, but you better beat it before I start trampling 'em."

Another wave of the handkerchief, a gleeful signal from the director and the recording commenced. Before the tilted cameras had described half a circle it was apparent that an epic was being enacted amid the clangs of splintered shovels and flying lumps of synthetic coal. Grunts of pain that were eighty per cent genuine marked Two Bits' progress around the boiler room; extras sprawled underfoot, the Bounding Maloneys hurtled skilfully through aerial somersaults, and when two of them were stuffed into a red isinglass firebox even the bloodthirsty Mr. Stooge was seen to tremble.

Purple with achievement, Mr. Garrity steamed abreast two sullen youths, who immediately attacked him. He recognized them dimly as the ones who were to give him his goriest encounter, a couple of once prominent heavyweights who had caused their own downfall by developing beer tumors, and in he rushed, remembering that after a flurry of blows both parties were to fold up in a corner. All three actors slugged away, rolling their heads to lessen the blows, and after the final uppercut which was to have knocked one on top of the other, Two Bits regaled himself with a little heroic chest heaving.

Suddenly a straight left darkened one eye, and as he let out a bellow of fury he was seized from behind with a stranglehold. He twisted loose,

(*Please turn to page* 120)

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IT'S TRUE—true and proven. A mascara which gives lashes a *Double Treatment*—that is the new discovery.

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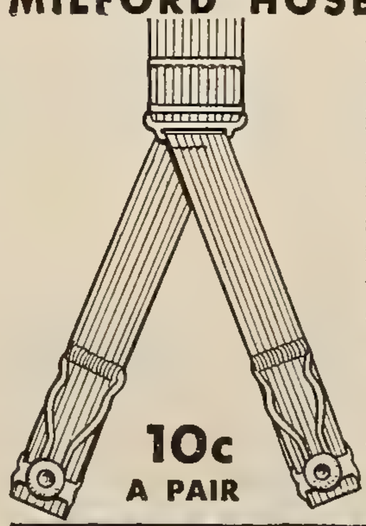

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Seattle, Wash. . . . . *Please send a free sample.*

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Faith, Hope and Garrity

(*Continued from page* 119)

thrashed out wildly and crouched to meet his assailants, who had apparently forgotten that they were supposed to be *hors de combat.* Up on his platform the director capered in silent ecstasy. Here was something often dreamed about but seldom witnessed. Extras, stung to recklessness, doing their best to wreck a star, and far be it from any megaphone marvel to halt proceedings while they promised unusual footage.

BACK and forth swayed Mr. Garrity, bruised but undaunted by the unequal odds and wondering when these two saps would remember to stay down. Not until they switched their attack to the body, hammering his ribs as if they were a xylophone, did it occur to him to be really annoyed. Then the truth broke right in his face—they were jealous of him, trying to show him up, so they could brag about it to their friends! He went to work with a deadly earnestness that brought Mr. Stooge and his slaves to their feet in silent enthusiasm.

"You dirty, double-crossing dummies!" said Mr. Garrity between his teeth in a tone that fortunately registered as a mumble. "Trying to gang me, hey? You couldn't swing a towel for a real fighter like me!" And after absorbing their last concerted battering, he floored the sullen young men with a ferocity that needed no aid from sweet verbena. Then, with remarkable presence of mind, he leered his evilest for a closeup before the director stopped the recording.

A storm of congratulations, led by Mr. Stooge, poured upon him, but his principal sensation was that he had borrowed Leon Errol's legs, for without warning he began to reel and stagger about the set, finally collapsing in a rubber-limbed heap.

"My hero!" trilled Miss Rondeau, throwing herself on the floor and drawing his head on her lap. "You're mah-h-h-velous! Such brawn, such skill—I don't see how you did it!" Her golden voice held a fascinating note of unbelief as she dabbed clumsily at his features. "Your poor eye is all shut and your nose is—oh, did I hurt you?"

"Yeah," said Mr. Garrity, "but I don't mind. Just let me hear you say I'm wonderful once more."

"I'll say it for her," enthused Mr. Stooge. "Two Bits, my boy, you made history this morning, and the best of it is that no cantankerous biographer can ever call you a bum so long as we've got 'Hell's Vortex' in the can. Why, you're all on edge for next week, too. What's a black eye?" inquired the producer, who never had suffered anything worse than an ingrowing hair. "Just a stimulant to a man like you."

Two Bits smiled a sickly appreciation. "Thanks, Oswald," he husked. "Say listen, can I do something different in my next picture?"

"Anything you like, old sock."

"Well, then," said Mr. Garrity groggily, just before he passed into oblivion on the full-fashioned Rondeau knees, "I think that maybe I'd be pretty good as a man about town."

AT the end of the week Two Bits counted and recounted three thousand dollars worth of crisp bank notes, and then passed them to the wistful Miss Meriweather, who met his gaze dubiously.

"So you take my week's salary," he ordered, "and spread it around where it'll do the most good. It wouldn't look so modest for me to go betting on myself, making me look too confident, y'see, and gosh knows the odds are short enough as they are. One to three, which means we can't win more than a grand, but at least it shows that the colony's wise as to who's the best man."

"I'll bet it on one condition," said Faith. "You'll have to promise never to do anything like this again. It's unspeakably common."

"Maybe I'm wrong," grinned Mr. Garrity, "but wasn't it a lot commoner when I was putting tights on hamburg steak and calling 'em hot dogs? Little did the tourists on the Yellowstone Trail know that they were being served by a future champ. And say, it ain't every girl whose fiancé crashes the front page from coast to coast, don't overlook that."

Miss Meriweather blushed happily, then threw herself at her massive hero and squeezed him frantically. "Oh, I'm so relieved to hear you call me that," she tinkled. "I was beginning to think you'd rejected me for—why, what's the matter?"

"Not a thing," grunted Two Bits, wriggling loose. "I—I don't feel so affectionate today, see? No, no I don't love anyone but you—hey, layoff, don't squeeze me again!"

For a second Faith's brown eyes shone with apprehension, then she smiled dazzlingly. "All right, honey," she fluttered, "but aren't you glad I'm not one of those suspicious women? Let's go to work."

Mr. Garrity lumbered over to Stage F, prepared to go through a few minor retakes, and he was posed magnificently at the entrance when a sudden stabbing pain made him leap several feet in the air.

"Who done that!" he roared in agony. "I'll take him apart and—oh, it's you!"

"Of course it is," giggled Miss Rondeau, flourishing a gaudy parasol. "All I did was give you a playful poke in the ribs; surely you don't mind *that.* You must be nervous about the fight, or something."

"Not nervous, anxious," growled Two Bits flushing. "All on edge, just like Oswald thought I'd be. Say, are you coming to see the Battleship stove in?"

"TRY and keep me away," cooed Hope, with a shaky glance at Miss Meriweather. "I simply adore seeing you fight—this time most of all. And I've bought a beautiful pink silk dressing gown for you to wear into the ring to bring you luck. Toodle-oo."

"You won't weaken?" asked Faith as the vamp oozed out of earshot. "It's just a game with her, but you men—"

"Listen," said Mr. Garrity with charming candor, "her and me are pals for life, she says, because she'll never forget what I've done for her in this

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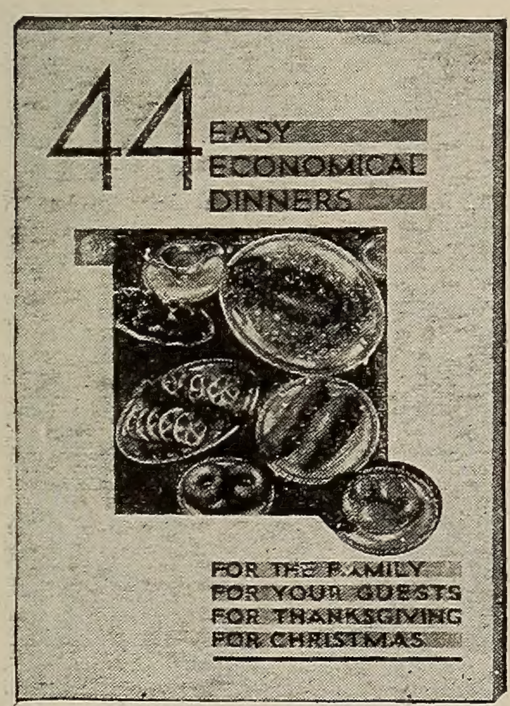

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picture. I wouldn't have no trouble at all falling for her, and I don't suppose she'd dare say no to a champ, but here's the way I figure it. When a guy marries a girl as swell as her he has to spend most of his time at the front door with a club. Not that you're not—uh, are *you* coming to the scrap?"

"Never mind the alibi," commanded Miss Meriweather icily. "Yes, Apollo, perhaps I'll be there just to get a laugh out of you in your pink negligée."

The night of the fight found Two Bits swaggeringly confident as he climbed into the ring at the American Legion Stadium and waved a muscular arm at the crowd. Cheers from the assembled Cinemagicians boomed in his large and receptive ears, jeers and ribaldry from the Galaxy supporters went unheeded, and after a fearsome scowl at his opponent the villain squatted regally in his corner while Mr. Stooge buzzed around him.

"I got ten grand bet on you," he confided. "Don't play with him, Two Bits, sock him quick and let's go home."

"How will the fourth round suit you?"

"Swell," said the little producer, "but the Battleship looks pretty tough." He glanced over to where the hirsute Mr. Bullock sat beetling at the world in general. "They say he's been training like a pro for this, and Galaxy, the dirty crooks, led me to believe he was on location doing nothing but act."

"Stop crying, Oswald, and I'll make it the middle of the third. Where's Hope?"

"I don't see her yet," babbled Mr. Stooge, as the seconds adjusted the gloves. "Here, take off that bathrobe and slip on this silk contraption she gave me for you. There's something you'll need in the pocket, she said, in case you're not sore enough at the Battleship."

"I don't need no aromatic assistance tonight," gritted Two Bits. "The mood is on me, Oswald, and one good wallop—"

"There's the bell!" shrieked Mr. Stooge. "Gangway for Garrity, boys, here comes the executioner!"

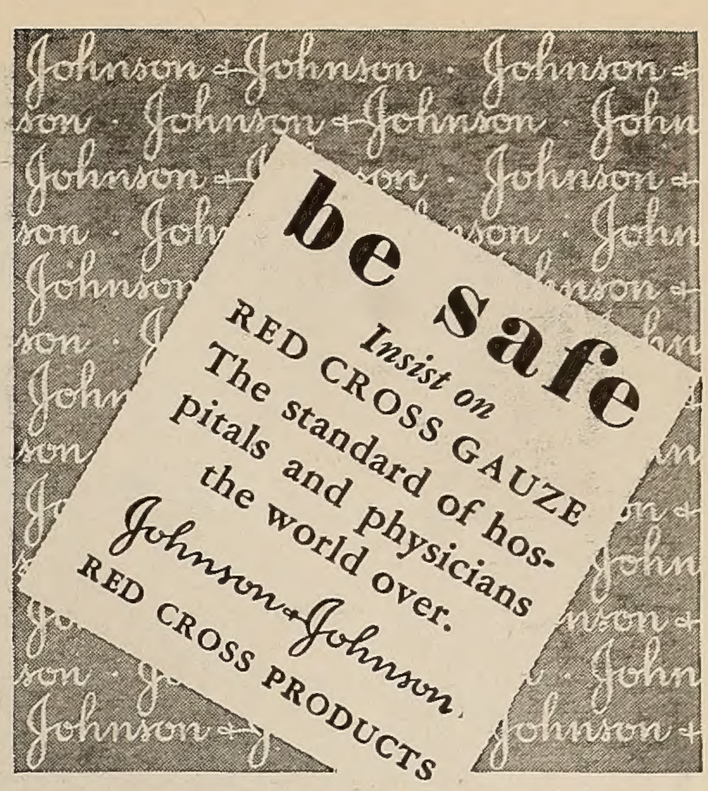
WITH the clang of the gong Two Bits stepped nonchalantly forward and was surprised to see Battleship Bullock tearing at him with all the grace of a moving van out of control. Head down, the pride of Galaxy Pictures came charging in, and Mr. Garrity amused himself by blocking several wild swings until suddenly a crashing right broke through his guard and thudded against a rib. He winced slightly, and before he could recover his balance, a series of blows sent him to one knobby knee to think it over.

Telling himself that he had slipped, Two Bits arose at the count of four and rushed into a clinch, and as he did so a familiar voice, sultry with emotion, came to his ringing ears.

"Rock him to sleep!" screamed the Rondeau contralto. "Knock that sneer off his silly fat face, the big bum!"

"Okay, baby," gasped Mr. Garrity as his head flew back from an uppercut. "I'll wrap him up for you in a couple of rounds, but first I'll tire him out." Spurred by this support, even though he failed to locate the venomous Hope, he slammed Mr. Bullock amidship, only to receive a hammering about the body that stretched him on the canvas in the pose that painters portray Cleopatra, except that his eyes were closed.

(*Please turn to page* 122)



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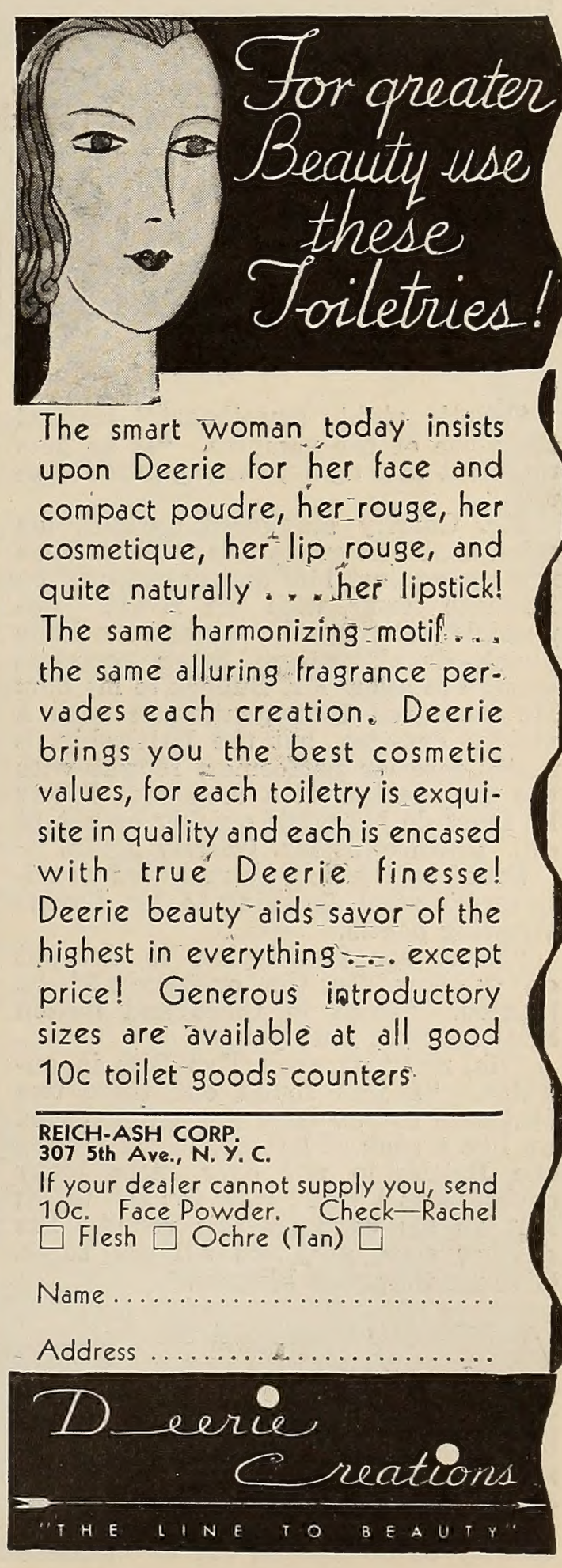

Here's another beautiful Bennett girl. You know Constance, Joan and Barbara, but you must get acquainted with Adrienne Bennett Fox, daughter of Joan. Looks like another box-office pet, doesn't she?

Faith, Hope and Garrity

(*Continued from page* 121)

"That's right, sweetheart," seethed the voice of the vampire. "If he gets up, clout him again, the lop-eared egotist!"

Mr. Garrity staggered upright, his mind unable to grasp this perfidy. Hope rooting against him and apparently on intimate terms with his rival? Impossible. Perhaps he might be a little punch-drunk after being careless enough to allow Mr. Bullock to hit him. He measured that gentleman with a vicious one-two, but the Battleship, a really inferior performer, fought with the desperation of a man who knows he must do his work quickly or not at all. Down went Mr. Garrity again.

Saved by the bell, he sprawled wearily on his stool, listening to Mr. Stooge strewing pearls.

"What are you trying to do, put on a show for the customers?" he bleated. "Rush in there and flatten him; he can't hurt you."

"Oh, no?" groaned Two Bits in anguish. "I just found out them two obstinate extras have got me softened up like a sack of lettuce, which is why the Battleship put over them lucky socks. But I won't wait for the third; I'll jab his head off this round. I'm getting sore, see, and I'll get sorer. Give me that pink kimono!"

A SECOND tossed him the garment and, with an anticipatory sniff he pulled a pink silk handkerchief from the pocket and inhaled with gusto just as the bell rang. And with that act an amazing change came over Mr. Garrity as he ambled out to meet his victim. The scowl, instead of deepening, had vanished entirely, and in its place was an expression of gratification for, pungent in his nostrils, delicate as the breath of a Carolina springtime, lurked the perfume of lilac!

Try as he would Two Bits could coax no fury from his disposition. He swung absent-mindedly at the Battleship and received a counter jolt that jarred his teeth. Lilac! Memories of Hope in the moonlight or snuggled cozily beside him in his car, of her thistledown elusiveness the time he chased her across a lawn, of the way she had bent over him after he had conquered the extras who—a glimmering of the truth hovered like a firefly and he plunged desperately at the now triumphant Mr. Bullock, but a battery of artillery seemed to be in the way.

Thirty seconds later he discovered that a velvety hand was smoothing his hair, and a sultry voice was declaring, "I guess that'll show the big gorilla where he gets off! The nerve of him, challenging my brand new sweetheart! But he was tough, Battleship, and if I hadn't propositioned those ex-prize fighters you'd probably have been up the spout. Aren't you proud of your intelligent Hope? And you'll almost expire when I tell you about the dressing gown—" The voice trailed off into a delicious hum, interspersed with smacking noises.

"DON'T mind her, honey," soothed the owner of the hand, and Two Bits became aware that Faith was among those present. "It served you right for being so sure of yourself, but I love you just the same—more, in fact. When the truth comes out everyone will know you're really the best man, but I'm glad it ended like this. Imagine the trouble of being married to a champion! I'd have to spend most of my time at the front door with a club."

"I'll release you from your obligations, as they say in the twa-twa films," said Mr. Garrity bravely. "Why should you waste yourself on a guy who's lost his pride and his wages, not to mention a swelled head? But say, how did you have pluck enough to get here?"

"I—I was afraid it would turn out like this, and that you'd need me."

"You mean you thought I was a bum, too?"

"Not exactly, but when a man is so tender that he won't allow his fiancée to squeeze him, it just naturally makes a girl suspicious. And so darling," crooned Meriweather as she kissed the fallen Samson, "please don't be angry with me, but after looking you over I bet your three thousand on Battleship Bullock."

More amusing yarns about Hollywood and movie folk by Stewart Robertson will appear in future issues of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

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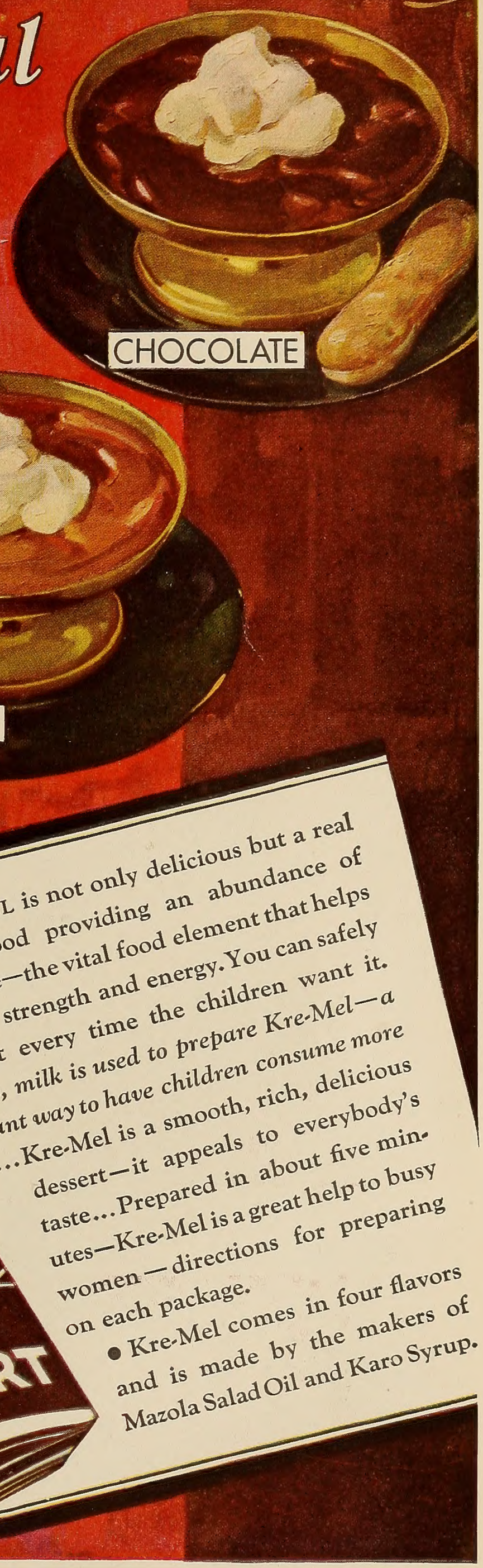

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